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ON SOME VERDICTS OF DANTE IN THE 'INFERNO.'

BY EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, K.C., F.R.S.L.

[Read 27th November, 1907.]

BEFORE we venture to review the verdicts of Dante we must take careful note of the conditions under which they were delivered. First, we must remember the date of his Poem. In the year 1300 Catholicism was not only dominant but rampant, and Dante was at once the self-constituted champion of its speculative dogmata, and the expositor of the hopes and terrors by which its domination over the minds of men was maintained. The claims of the Church, as to this world and the next, admitted of no compromise; Baptism, orthodoxy of belief, submissiveness in conduct, with repentance and absolution, if not intermediate, at least final, were essential to Salvation; outside these all was damnation, and there was no hope for goodness or piety beyond the pale. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that the well-known phrase, "the uncovenanted mercies of God," had much, if any, meaning for the Author of the 'Commedia.'

It would be a mere truism to say that by temperament, as well as by conviction, Dante was well fitted to be the Epic Poet of Mediæval Catholicism. If he had not been so constituted the 'Commedia' would not have been written, at all events by him.

He must be pronounced then, in spite of occasional outbreaks of judicial tenderness and humane hesitation, to be the impersonation of that uncompromising and therefore pitiless organisation of which he has made himself the immortal mouthpiece. If we wanted a typical instance of this reluctant sternness, this inability to burst the trammels of the spiritual logic which bound him, we need not go beyond the fact that he has damned Virgil, the leader to whom he clings, the master whom he lauds and reveres, simply because he happened to die a few years before Christ was born, while he promotes the inferior Statius to Purgatory, introducing him as he takes wing for Paradise, in deference to some bare and faint tradition at most—possibly even manufactured by himself—that through Baptism he had become technically entitled to the Christian's hope.

My hearers will doubtless remember that at the outset of their journey, in a sort of suburb of Hell, on the hitherside of Acheron, Virgil and Dante encountered a multitude of despicable souls, of whom the former contemptuously said—

> "Waste we no words on them; look, and pass on."

These are very properly placed where they are. It was natural to treat first, and with a haughty leniency, those who, having committed no positive crime, were still, if undeserving Hell, certainly no less unworthy of Heaven; creatures who had passed through life in a state of faulty faultlessness, arising either from apathy or poorness of spirit, or from both. Perhaps for such negative sin, if we may use the term, exclusion both from Heaven and Hell, and

relegation to outer misery is not a bad sentence. They are thus made to pass their eternity as forgotten caitiffs whom Satan does not care to claim, nor God to hand over to him. Their own sense of self-contempt is, perhaps, their worst punishment. They are conscious of the aptness of Virgil's description of them:

> "This miserable state
> They keep, the wretched souls of those who lived
> Alike unworthy or of praise or blame.
> And with their caitiff company are mixed
> Those Angels who rebelled not, but who yet
> Stood not for God, but for themselves alone:
> Heaven drave them forth, to keep its beauty pure,
> And the infernal deep received them not,
> Lest haply should the damned take glory of them."

But among these Dante has elected to place a certain Pope, who is generally supposed to be Celestine the Vth, and whose Spirit he recognises, and describes as—

> "The shade of him
> Who out of vileness made the Great Renouncement."

Now if this Prelate be the personage intended, as a preponderance of the best commentators agree, Dante's verdict is at least so far questionable that the Poet himself lived to see him canonised. He was, indeed, induced to resign the Papal Tiara, but it was by trickery of the most shameless kind. He had lived the life of a simple and unambitious hermit in the mountains of the Abruzzi, whence, against his will, he was dragged, to have thrust upon him a greatness for which he was doubtless unfitted. But from the first moment of his elevation he was pes-

tered and persecuted by an unscrupulous faction, of which the Cardinal Gaetani, his actual successor, was the head, and which never let him rest till it had brought about his resignation. Gower, in his 'Confessio Amantis,' has given a long account of this intrigue, and tells us that it culminated in a device by which the distracted Pope was made to hear Celestial voices in his bedchamber, crying, "Resign, Celestine, for thy soul's good, resign?" At last resign he did, but under pressure, which hardly justified the phrase—

"Chè fece per viltà il Gran Rifiuto."

Celestine was, perhaps, a poor, silly, guileless priest, but his credulity did not surely deserve a contemptuous damnation, even if his simplicity may have been somewhat over-honoured by canonisation.

But let us now deal with something far more important than any individual case of condemnation, namely, the treatment accorded to those great hosts of choice spirits who had adorned and illustrated the Human Race in pre-Christian times. These Dante has elected to place, and apparently for ever, along with the undistinguished millions of their fellows, in a special region which he has named "Limbo" or "Lembo." Though the name means "Borderland," it is still within the realms of damnation, even if the life in it be not damnation itself in its most active sense of torture. On entering it Dante hears no cries of Anguish; nothing save a vast tremor, as of sighs that made the eternal air to tremble. This, he tells us,

"Came of sadness untormented, such
As held those vast and varied companies
Of children, and of women, and of men."

These hosts of sufferers he makes Virgil to acquit, without reservation, of actual ill conduct. They are where they are simply for lack of Baptism, and because they died before Christ came. They were thus fated by mere force of chronology. Here is the great Guide's description of them:

"I would have thee know,
Ere thou goest farther, that they have not sinned;
But that their merit, whatsoe'er it were,
Failed, for the lack of that Baptismal Grace
Which makes the portal of thy faith and creed.
And, for they died ere Christ had come and gone,
Not rightly was to God their worship paid.
And as they are, I am; for such default
Alone, and for none other, are we lost;
But so far only suffer, that we live
Life without hope, for ever in desire."

Now Dante was perfectly free to deal with this vast and blameless multitude as he pleased. Indeed, he has himself shown that on this particular subject Catholicism was no fetter either to his imagination or his judgment. It needed but a very admissible extension of that amplification of St. Peter's declaration that Christ "went and preached to the spirits in prison," which he himself has made to have given room for the salvation of all deserving Heathendom. For St. Peter confines the definition of "spirits in prison" to the antediluvian Patriarchs, whereas our Poet carries the evangel of the Redeemer far beyond that. If, then, there were to be any expansion at all, why should it be limited to some

thirty or forty Hebrews at most, and to them alone? If, in spite of chronology and its logical consequences, Christ could, by the merit of his death, release not only Adam, Eve, Abel, and Noah, but Moses, Abraham, Jacob, Rachel, and David, why, in the first place, could he not by parity of reasoning be represented as having borne away more of the eminent personages in Jewish history? Why is no mention made of Isaac? Why none of Hezekiah, Josiah, and of such flaming ministers of spiritual truth as Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel? And having passed by these, was it not a little phantastic to include the eleven sons of Jacob, in spite of their murderous and fraudulent conspiracy against their brother? Why, lastly, having gone as far as he has, could he not have made room for some of the august company whom we find immured in Limbo? It is not that he did not recognise their deserts; he calls them,

> "Great Shades, whom yet I glory to have seen."

But he is hardly less capricious in the list of those whom he has introduced to the Castello, than in that of those whom he has emancipated. We do not quite see why Camilla should be there, or even Averrhöes, "who made the Commentary;" still less, from Dante's own point of view, Democritus, "who would to chance assign the making of this world." His ignorance of Greek Literature excuses his omission of the three great Tragedians from that company of transcendent Poets to which the unduly honoured Lucan was admitted; and a corresponding lack of acquaintance with Greek History accounts for his

not having named Herodotus who was the father of it, or Miltiades, or Leonidas, or Pericles. It is only fair, however, to admit that, apart from these blemishes, negative and positive, Limbo with its Castello remains, not only the most picturesque and dignified of all the scenes in the 'Inferno,' but altogether worthy of comparison with kindred descriptions in the Iliad and Aeneid. I will even add, by way of further extenuation of the charge I have brought against its creator for the damnation of its occupants, that it seems almost as appetizing, from a residential point of view, as that cramped elevation in the 'Lista' of the great Martian Cross, out of which Caccia Guida must have felt it almost a relief to step down for awhile, as he does during some three cantos of the Paradiso.

Perhaps one piece of internal evidence of the innate pitifulness of Dante may, without too much fancifulness, be deduced from the configuration of his Hell. It is, as we know, an inverted cone. Each one therefore of its concentric circles is less than that which is next above it. Indeed, Dante calls the lower ones "cerchietti" and not "cerchi." The lower the circle the more intense the suffering, but then the fewer presumably are its victims, until in the Apex we reach the Father of Sin in solitude, save for the presence of those three unhappy beings whom Dante regards, next to Lucifer himself, as the three Arch-traitors of the Universe, and whose excruciating, if supreme, companionship with the Fiend consisted in being eternally champed in one of his triple jaws. And here once more a modern must find himself at issue with our great Master.

That a Catholic and a Christian should have so placed Judas Iscariot seems to have been obligatory. But the association with him in his bad eminence of Brutus and Cassius is by no means so obvious. Brutus, like his supposed ancestor and namesake who rebelled against Tarquin, must still be regarded as one of the greatest Apostles of liberty, even though he may have confused it with the restoration to power of the great families of Rome. And though it be true that he had been a close friend of Julius Cæsar, and had accepted his benefits, his revulsion in favour of ideal freedom in an aristocratic Commonwealth hardly merits a place in the lowest pit of Hell. As for Cassius, he was little more than a commonplace leader in an abortive revolution, with just so much of blood-guiltiness as has attached to the character in all places and ages. Both he and Brutus were heroes of a lost cause—for which they gave their lives, as Cato did, in all honour. In their view, Cæsar had to be removed, and there was no more thoroughly daring method of effecting his removal than that which they adopted. Besides, morality is relative; and no modern, however much he may repudiate assassination, can place Brutus and Cassius alongside of Judas Iscariot. It may well be that the position assigned to these two was partly an artistic concession to the presence of Virgil, the Epic Poet of the Roman Empire, and partly a gratification of Dante's own Imperial proclivities. But, anyway, it is not easy to bring one's self to admit that Brutus and Cassius were two out of three of the most villainous specimens of human kind.

Dante's classification of crime is threefold. First, incontinence, or self-indulgence; second, violence; and third, fraud. These classes are parcelled out into many subdivisions, through which, at this moment, we need neither track nor test his ingenuity. He considered incontinence, or self-indulgence, the lightest of all, and fraud the most abominable. In the main his order is defensible; for the activity of crime, the positiveness of perverse effort, and the refinement of villainy do increase convincingly as he carries us downwards. In his first class there is, or should be, little beyond weakness, the negation of moral force, self-abandonment to passive impression. And, of all forms of this declination from the standard of right, Dante concedes most to misconduct arising from the excessive influence of love. Something is to be said for this allowance to, and sympathy with, the sweetest of all natural impulses; but we must insist that he has not been happy in the instance by which he has illustrated his indulgent theory. It is too probable that he has employed all the tenderness of which his genius was capable in throwing a glamour over an intrigue, which was only not commonplace, because it involved treason of the deepest dye and most complicated features. Francesca was Paolo's brother's wife, of mature age, and the mother of at least one child. He himself had been married many years, and was the father of a family. He was also several years older than his partner in crime. All this the Poet ignores, and touches nothing but the sentimentality and romance of their passion, fall,

and murder. He is content with Francesca's very simple and somewhat self-complacent apology:

> "Love 'twas that brought us to our common death;
> Caina waits for him who murdered us."

Now Caina, as we know, is that "giro" or ring in the Ninth and lowest circle of Hell, which Dante reserves for the treacherous murderers of kinsfolk. But there was no treachery in Gianciotto's wild justice. It was an act of wrath alone, and that not without circumstances of great extenuation. Indeed, if the extreme version of the incident be true, it was justifiable homicide by the law of England. The treason was in its victims, not in its perpetrator. It seems to me that the former should have found a place themselves in Caina, low down among traitors, and not comparatively aloft, with such mild sinners as the unhappy Dido, who died for the love of the insouciant Aeneas, and is only stated to have committed the very novel and fanciful crime of breaking faith with the ashes of her dead husband:

> "Ruppe fede al cener di Sicheo."

It is a funny idea that one can commit treason against the contents of a cinerary urn.

But it has been pleaded that Dante may not have known the true story of Paolo and Francesca; that he may only have heard and accepted what was undoubtedly a current version of it. How that Francesca, betrothed politically to the uncouth and deformed Gianciotto, had been told, in order to gain her acquiescence, that the handsome Paolo, who was to wed her in form, was, in reality, Gianciotto him-

self, and not the mere proxy for his crippled and repulsive elder brother. If that version was true, her love at first sight for her mock husband would multiply her disgust when she found the real one by her side, and would much extenuate her fault. But even with this apology, improbable as it seems when we consider Dante's intimacy with the Polenta family, and the consequent chance of his knowledge of the true facts, we still feel that the Poet, by the glamour of romance which he has thrown over this story, has contracted a great responsibility to subsequent generations. Who can say how much of false literature, down to the last French Novel or London Problem Play, may not be traced, through centuries of devolution, to the poisonous beauty of this lovely episode? But, all the same, let nobody suppose that I don't enjoy it.

It is not by any means clear why Achilles should be placed in this company. His love for Polyxena, the daughter of Hecuba and Priam, was perfectly legitimate, and his marriage with her would probably have saved Troy. It was the doubly dyed traitor Paris who, interested in the maintenance of war, for the sake of his retention of Helen, slew him at the Hymeneal altar. In default of any other reasons for his damnation, the Castello would have been the proper haven for the greatest of the legendary Greeks, along with Hector, Aeneas, Saladin, and the rest.

Nor have I yet mentioned all the difficult juxtapositions in Canto V. Helen and Paris, Tristan and Iseult, were all traitors more than they were lovers, while Semiramis has the credit of having been the

Chaldaean analogue of Catherine the Second, in whose proceedings love was no element at all. Some other place in so carefully graduated a Tartarus should have been found for such delinquents. On the whole, while we don't quarrel with the leniency shown to those who have *bonâ fide* erred under the overwhelming stress of that which is the most picturesque as well as the most powerful of the passions, and almost as seductive to its judges as to its victims, we must demand, as the price of our compassionate concession, that there should be as little treason as possible involved in the fault, and as many extenuating circumstances as may be, so as to lessen the claim of those whose injuries might otherwise fairly plead for severer condemnation.

After leaving the Gluttons, the Prodigals, and the Misers, to whose position, and to the instances by which it is illustrated, there is no exception to be taken, we descend with the two illustrious visitors to that slough of despair in which are made to wallow the Wrathful and the Sullen. Of these again there would be no special note necessary, and the "guarda e passa" of an earlier Canto might well be our injunction here, were it not for an incident, rather than a judgment, which strikes us as hardly creditable to Dante himself, careful though he has been to give it to us in fullest detail. The two Poets, as they took their way past these unfortunates, over the waters of the Stygian fen, in a skiff which Phlegyas had reluctantly provided for them, were accosted by the shade of a Florentine noble. His name in full was Filippo de Cavicciuli-Adinari. There seems no doubt that he had been

famed on earth for his imperious and violent temper, no less than for his arrogance and pride of purse. He had acquired the nickname of "Argenti," from the vanity which had led him to have his palfrey shod with silver. He rose up covered with mud and slime, as the two visitants passed him, and asked Dante who he was, and why he had come thither before his time? The latter, as he admits, affected not to know him, and treated him with an inhuman and quite indefensible rudeness, which came near to ferocity. I am not conciliated by the fact that Dante makes Virgil, whose sanction in the circumstances he could command, and which I antedate by announcing it, throw his arms round his neck in a rapture of approval, crying out, "Disdainful soul, blessed is she who bare thee!"

I am even disposed to resent the use thus made of the mild Roman's shade. Why I insist that on this occasion Dante besmirched his white robe is that the motive for his ebullition is well known. It is a fact that the family of the poor wretch who is so roughly made to suffer, besides being of the opposite faction to that to which Dante was still nominally attached, had fiercely resisted the cancellation of his banishment. It is therefore difficult to avoid the feeling that a desire to revenge himself upon the Cavicciuli-Adinari, provoked the representation of one of their house, not only as wallowing in the mire, but also as receiving their own victim's insults as he lay.

The incarceration in super-heated tombs of the founders of the great philosophical and theological heresies with their followers, involves a theory

which I prefer to touch very lightly. I will only say that to hold that heresy, thoughtfully conceived, and honestly preached, should involve damnation, has always seemed to me one of the crowning delinquencies of irresponsible authority; and the best apology for Dante's acquiescence in it, is that he wrote when he did. But here once more, though we may fully understand and condone his acceptance of the principle, we are prone to challenge his application of it. He names Farinata degli Uberti as an Epicurean heretic, whom he recognises in torture, and with whom he has some talk. History says nothing of the philosophic tendencies of Farinata; but it does let us know that he was one of the most illustrious leaders of the Ghibillini party, and a favourite of the Emperor Frederick the Second. We know too that he was banished, and that subsequently, having obtained the assistance of the Sienesi, and of Manfred, Frederick's natural son, he defeated the Florentine Guelphs in a great battle on the river Arbia in 1260, and returned in triumph to his native city, where he and his for many years reigned supreme. Farinata is made to say that he shares the superheated chamber with an Emperor and *the* Cardinal. The Emperor is avowedly Frederick the Second, and in the Cardinal is with equal certainty to be recognised Ottaviaro degli Ubaldini, a politician very hostile to the Papal Court, and a great protector of the faction disliked by Dante. The retort of the Poet when Farinata boasted to him that he had twice driven his ancestors into exile could only have been made by one who was still a Guelph at heart;

"If they were driven out," I answered him,
"They came again each time, and from all parts;
But your folk have not learned that art aright."

The Epicureanism of Ottaviaro was probably as hypothetical as that of Farinata or The Emperor Frederick; they were all labelled heretics on account of their politics, and put in torture accordingly, just as Cinna the Poet was torn in pieces by the Roman mob, as a conspirator against Cæsar, because his bad verses had rendered him sufficiently unpopular.

In the Seventh Circle, where those who have been conspicuous for violence against mankind are immersed in the boiling blood of Phlegethon under the superintendence of three Centaurs, Nessus, Pholus, and Chiron, we encounter one of the most perplexing instances among the judgments of Dante. Here are, as Nessus is made to tell the Visitors,

"Tyrants who gave themselves to blood and plunder;
Here they bewail their pitilessness; here
Are Alexander, and that savage Syracusan
Who wrought such dolorous years for Sicily."

If Alexander the Great be here undoubtedly designated, nothing could well exceed the enormity of the injustice. If Cæsar and Saladin, to go no further, were worthy of seats in the plaisaunces of the Castello, what do we know against Alexander that should involve him in so dire a punishment. The very association of his name with that of Dionysius of Syracuse is an affront to history. To avoid this conclusion, so disastrous to the repute of our Poet, strenuous efforts have been made on the part of commentators. Two alternative personages

have been suggested, neither of whom seems at all satisfactory; one is Alexander of Pherae in Thessaly, the other Alexander Balas of Jerusalem, a contemporary of the Maccabees. To begin with, these two, undoubtedly most unamiable, personages, are surely too obscure for such typical notice. There is, indeed, sufficient warrant for the ascription of considerable ingenuity to the Thessalian among professors of cruelty, if it be true that one of his pet diversions was to clothe his slaves in the skins of wild beasts in order to have them torn to pieces by his hounds. As to the ruffian of Jerusalem, he, too, seems to have an expert in ferocity, but his renown, like that of Alexander of Pherae, was too provincial for such eminent selection. On the whole, we are impelled, with much reluctance, to take sides with Benvenuto da Imola, Pietro Dante, the Author of the commentary known as the 'Ottimo,' and others, and after 'Alessandro' to read in 'Il Grande.' It goes for little that Dante has in his 'Convito' expressed great admiration for Alexander of Macedon. He has done exactly the same by Bertran de Borne, but that has not saved him from a place still lower down in Hell. And there is one further point to be kept in mind. Dante had no taste for marauding political warriors, however eminent, as his location of Frederick the Second clearly shows. His main thought, after all, was given to the spiritual supremacy of the Papacy, and he might well feel inclined to gibbet even the colossal fame of Alexander, who overran Asia, as a warning to any Potentate who might cross the Alps, or the Sea, unbidden, to the disturbance of Italy, and the pre-

judice of her sacrosanct theocracy. In a minor degree, we may take exception to the condemnation of Pyrrhus of Epirus, whose sole known crime was a vain, though perfectly natural, attempt to stem the growing flood of Roman supremacy. On the contrary, with the boiling of Sextus, on the hypothesis that he stands for Sextus Tarquinius, the destroyer of the beautiful and blameless Lucretia, we are perfectly content.

With a word or two upon the selection of Pietro delle Vigne to illustrate the doom of suicides, we may quit the group of crimes punished under the various heads of violence. The unfortunate Pietro was a confidential and devotedly attached servant of Frederick the Second. He was calumniated to his master, who threw him into prison, and put out his eyes. Unable to vindicate himself, or to obtain any mitigation of his sufferings, he took an opportunity to destroy himself. He assures Dante, with an air of complete truth, that he was innocent of the charges laid against him; and the Poet gives his readers to understand that he believed the statement. If ever suicide could be considered a venial act, it surely might be so regarded in Pietro's case.

Eleven forms of fraud occupy thirteen cantos of the 'Inferno,' from the eighteenth to the thirtieth inclusive. In these the ignoble army of panders, flatterers, simonists, diviners, corrupt officials, hypocrites, robbers, fraudulent counsellors, disseminators of strife, forgers, and coiners get their deserts. The last four cantos are reserved, in order of descent, for traitors to their kin, to their country, to the special ties of friendship and hospitality, and lastly

to their benefactors, as Brutus and Cassius to Julius, and Judas to Christ. Among the hypocrites we find all the members of that Sanhedrim who condemned the Saviour. Their punishment is special, as their act had been; it is that to which they had contrived to bring their victim, namely Crucifixion. By their hypocrisy Dante would seem to have intended the false motive suggested to them by Caiaphas, and accepted of them all, "that it was expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation should perish not." It is curious to notice that Dante makes no provision for the punishment of Pontius Pilate. I don't think that he even mentions his name throughout the 'Inferno.' Possibly he regarded him as an Imperial servant bound by the terms of his Proconsulship to leave Jesus to the Jewish law on a charge of blasphemy; possibly, also, he may have accepted Pilate's declaration after washing his hands before the multitude, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person, see ye to it"; further, he may have thought it fair to give effect to the priestly rejoinder, "His blood be upon us and upon our children."

Ulysses and Diomede are obviously placed among the fraudulent counsellors because their stratagems wrought ruin to Troy and involved the wanderings of Aeneas, the mythical progenitor of the Alban kings. In fact Dante seems to have regarded them as the Annas and Caiaphas of Roman legend.

To my mind very hard measure has been dealt out to Guido da Montefeltro. He is condemned to the ambient flames of the Fraudulent Counsellors for having given counsel of deceit to Pope Boniface

the VIIIth. Guido's character had been that of a great warrior and an astute politician, of a modern Ulysses in fact. After a long and successful career, he entered the Order of the Franciscans. He is made to say of himself:

> "A warrior once, I wore the Friar's cord,
> Trusting, thus girt, to make my peace with Heaven."

Nothing that we know of him up to the moment of that change in his life would warrant his location so far down in Hell. Moreover, his desire for repentance, *faire son ame*, as the French have it, seems to have been sincere. But upon his retirement is said to have broken in Boniface the VIIIth, whom Dante hated as he knew how to hate, and who, sore perplexed in his great quarrel with the Cardinals of the House of Colonna, came to the old statesman in quest of counsel. In vain Guido pleaded his absolute renouncement of the world and its affairs. The Pope, his spiritual superior in a double sense of the word now that he had become a Monk, insisted; promising antecedently plenary absolution for any fault which his acquiescence might involve. Guido thus unduly pressed, and spiritually assured, gave his advice, which did in fact cover both craft and fraud. These are the words of the confession which Dante puts into his mouth:

> "'Father,' said I, 'since thou dost wash my soul
> From that offence whereinto I must fall,
> Take this my hint of counsel; promises
> Fairer in making than of keeping long
> Shall seat thee steady in thy lofty chair.'"

Nobody knew better or endorsed more strongly than Dante the claim by Popes of absolute obedience

from all Catholics, especially from Ecclesiastics, and the equally absolute powers of absolution with which they were supposed to be endowed. He further admits that he was aware of that great reluctance of Guido to transgress, which itself almost amounted to anterior repentance, just as a promise to absolve was anticipatory absolution. Hard cases, no doubt, make bad law, but if ever there was a hard case, looked at from all points of view, it was this of Guido da Montefeltro.

Low down in the Eighth Circle we are shown Mahomet, the great Prophet of Arabia. We cannot wonder that Dante was unable to appreciate either his mission or his character. He could only see in him the greatest Disseminator of Religious Strife who had ever led a section of mankind astray. He esteemed him at once something greater and worse than a mere dogmatic heretic. He took him to have based his temporal and spiritual power alike and alone upon blasphemy and fraud. Such was doubtless the mediaeval conception of Mahomet. But to us who look back from a more distant, and so from a clearer standpoint, to us, for whom History has largely disrobed herself of her mists, he stands forth as the great regenerator of the Arab race. He gave to its Nomad tribes a faith, a code, a conception of polity, and even of morals, which, though far below, both in motive and sanction, ideal Christianity or pure Judaism, were still much above anything which its recipients had theretofore enjoyed. With all the negative shortcomings and positive blots which deface and debase his system, and with all our hope for its ultimate replacement by some-

thing higher and more elastic, Mahomet must be classed among the benefactors of the human race; he remains a figure which cannot be refused a niche in the great temple; and the author of the Koran could only have been placed in the lowest Circle but one of the kingdom of Hell through a lack of materials for true historic appreciation against which even the genius of Dante struggled in vain.

When once we have entered upon the last and most terrible Circle, which embodies Dante's conception of supreme condemnation, we hear nothing more of winds, hail, rain, heat, flames, filth, wounds, flagellation, outcry, as instruments or concomicants of torture. The symbols of its sublimity are stillness, solitude, blackness, ice; such as, save for the ice, we moderns may imagine for the limitless regions of interstellar cold. Dante divides this into four "Giri" or "Rings." First, "Caina," which holds traitors to their kin; Second, "Antenora," which holds traitors to their country; Third, "Tolomea," wherein are herded the betrayers of guests and friends; Fourth, "Giudecca," which contains traitors to benefactors. As we pass through the first three of these quarters, we need not even pause upon the splendid episode of the Conte Ugolino, unsurpassed as a piece of art by anything in the whole Commedia; and of their other named occupants there is nothing to be said. They are but the shades of ephemerally infamous Italians, well known, no doubt, to Dante and his contemporaries, but lacking that element of universality as types, which alone would have made them inter-

esting to us. Of the Three who are named as sharing "Giudecca" with Lucifer, I have already said all that I think necessary. Perhaps, however, I might advantageously admit that the triumvirate of arch-criminals is not unnaturally chosen from Dante's standpoint. He believed Christianity, as embodied in Catholicism, to be the one and only source and form of spiritual light, truth, and power; and in the magnificence and sanctity of the Roman Empire as the supreme civil executant of Christendom. In his view therefore, Judas, Brutus, and Cassius, were of kindred guilt, as traitors to the two Founders of the twin Institutions to which his Spirit paid almost equal reverence.

Here, then, we leave our by no means exhaustive sketch of one aspect of the 'Inferno.' In its classification of crime we see little to amend. It is only when we turn to the concrete verdicts by which Dante illustrates it that we feel obliged sometimes to point out indications of political partiality, and even of personal spleen; and at others to take note of imperfect appreciation of the facts of history, natural no doubt to his epoch, but which, as inheritors of the grand result of time, we should be false to ourselves if we did not recognise.

TOLSTOI AS SHAKESPEARIAN CRITIC.*

BY JOSEPH B. MAYOR, LITT.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 22nd, 1908.]

A CENTURY and a half ago the undisputed arbiter of literature in Europe was Voltaire. Of all his innumerable activities, perhaps the most persistent was that which had for its object the determination of Shakespeare's true position in the world of letters. Voltaire always claimed to have been himself the discoverer of Shakespeare. On his visit to England in 1726 he found that the semi-barbarous islanders boasted of a dramatic genius, whose merits they no doubt greatly exaggerated, but who combined extraordinary power with no less extraordinary want of taste and refinement. Voltaire himself condescended to translate portions of Shakespeare's tragedies for the benefit of his own countrymen, and borrowed largely from him in "Zaire," "La Mort de César," and other plays. But this patronising tone was exchanged for a severely critical tone, when the ungrateful English not only charged him with plagiarising, but even had the effrontery to prefer Shakespeare's plays to his own. What was especially provoking was that Lord Kames' 'Elements of Criticism' (1762), in which Shakespeare was lauded as the finest genius for the stage the world had ever known, while the French dramatists were depreciated

* Tolstoi's Shakespeare, 'traduit du Russe,' par J. W. Bienstock, ed. 2.

as artificial and declamatory—this very book not only passed through many editions in England, but was translated into German, and had a wide circulation on the Continent. It was even more galling to find that the French themselves were becoming infected with what we may call the "ultramarine heresy," and that Shakespeare's plays were being translated and acted in France in spite of all that the Academy could do to uphold the pre-eminence of the old French stage. It was under provocation of this sort that Voltaire was betrayed into the use of the phrase "drunken savage" as descriptive of Shakespeare; but his deliberate criticisms may be summed up under the heads, neglect of the dramatic unities, mixture of comedy and tragedy, admission of low life upon the stage, the use of coarse, violent, and even horrible ingredients to suit the taste of the vulgar.

For better or for worse we have now no *arbiter elegantiarum* to lay down the law for Europe. If the various civilised nations were required to agree upon one, I suppose few would have a better chance of election than the author of 'Peace and War,' and of 'Anna Karenina.' It was, therefore, with much interest that I saw the announcement of a French translation of a book of Tolstoi's, bearing the title 'Shakespeare.' One hundred and fifty years ago comparatively nothing was known of Shakespeare; the text teemed with inaccuracies, and the acted plays bore only a slight resemblance to the early editions. What do we find to be the effect of the fresh light thrown upon this subject by the prolonged study of later years, upon a mind, which, if far inferior to Voltaire's in wit and cleverness and ver-

satility, is certainly superior to his in imaginative power, besides being unencumbered by his prejudices in favour of obsolete rules and theories? As we might expect, Tolstoi abandons the dramatic unities, and entirely disagrees with Voltaire's idea that the stage should be limited to the upper classes; but this, I am afraid, is all the advance he has made upon Voltaire. He is as inaccurate, as hasty, as prejudiced, though not quite in the same way, and, what one would hardly have expected, he has really far less sense of the genius of Shakespeare than had Voltaire himself. But I turn now to the examination of his book.

Tolstoi begins by telling us that, after vainly endeavouring for many years to find out what it was that the world admired in Shakespeare, he determined in his sixty-fifth year to read through his works again in English, German, and Russian, but his last careful perusal has only confirmed the weariness and disgust produced in him by his earlier studies, and he is able now to assert with confidence that, so far from being a great writer, Shakespeare falls below the level of mediocrity. King Lear, being regarded as Shakespeare's masterpiece by Johnson, Shelley, Swinburne, Victor Hugo, Brandes, and others, Tolstoi makes this his test and gives a business-like *précis* of each scene, followed by criticisms and quotations. In the latter he adopts Voltaire's method, picking out such passages as are omitted in the Clarendon edition and on the stage, in order to exaggerate the coarseness of the play. The later part of the book contains his general charges against Shakespeare's dramatic art. I propose to deal with these first, and afterwards to make

such reference as may be needed to his comments on the particular play which he has taken as his test.

In p. 108 Tolstoi signalises three elements of excellence in poetry, which he finds to be wanting in Shakespeare, viz. (1) the greatness of the subject selected, *i. e.* its importance for the life of man; (2) beauty of form, consisting in the correspondence of the language to the character, in natural and touching exposition, in the logical succession of the scenes so as to exhibit the development of character, and, added to this, in a sense of proportion; (3) sincerity, by which he means that the author must feel what he represents, or his work will not be a work of art. Now, Shakespeare measures greatness merely by an external standard. Rank and power command his admiration: for the inferior classes he has only contempt. So strongly does Tolstoi feel this, that he devotes by far the largest section of his book to Shakespeare's view of the working classes. A glance at the *dramatis personae* is, he says, enough to prove that the presence of royal or ducal personages was deemed by him to be essential to the dignity of tragedy. What degrading names are given to the plebeian actors in "Midsummer Night's Dream"! What insulting terms are everywhere used by the rich of the poor; by Coriolanus, for instance, of the Roman commons, by Petruchio to Grumio and the tailor, by Pistol to the soldier, by Rosalind to Phoebe, by Jaques to Touchstone and Audry! How rarely is any good quality allowed to servants or inferiors! Almost the only virtue of which they are capable is fidelity to a master, such as we see in Adam towards Orlando, in the fool towards Lear, in Gloster's tenants towards

Gloster. Tolstoi cannot account for a servant of Cornwall's venturing to protest against his cruelty to Gloster. "On ne sait pourquoi" is Tolstoi's remark, but the reason is plainly given in the words, "Hold your hand, my lord; I have served you ever since I was a child, but better service never have I done you than now to bid you hold," and his fellow-servants are represented as sharing his feelings. Tolstoi allows that a soldier is sometimes praised for courage, as in Macbeth and Henry V before Agincourt; "Mais, revenons à Tommy Atkins, il n'est plus Mr. Atkins" after the battle, when the French herald comes to ask for the bodies of the slain princes, many of whom, "woe the while,"

> "Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood."

It will be noted that Tolstoi writes here (p. 169) as if it were the English king still speaking of his Englishmen,

> "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,"

and not the French herald, speaking of his own dead, that comes

> "To sort our nobles from our common men."

One would think Tolstoi might have remembered that, at the time when Shakespeare wrote, the fierce independence of the English lower classes was as proverbial throughout Europe as the beauty of their women or the drunkenness of their men; that he might at least have bethought him that the strength of England always lay in her "astonishing infantry," while France put her trust

only in her nobles and cavaliers. Shakespeare himself has taken special pains to mark the contrast by the picture he has given of the two camps on the night before the battle. In the French camp there is nothing but the vanity of fine gentlemen, boasting of their fine horses and armour, and of their certain victory; while in the English camp there is praise, it is true, of "that good old commander and most kind gentleman, Sir Thomas Erpingham," but it is praise uttered in his absence by the common soldiers, who fill the scene and are represented as in familiar talk with their disguised king. There is not a word of boasting, but a settled resolve to fight to the end in spite of the odds against them.

Tolstoi finds the same snobbishness, the same want of sympathy with the poor, the same hatred of democracy in Shakespeare's omission to speak of Magna Charta, of Wycliff, and reforms in general, in his account of Cade's insurrection, in his choice of subjects from Plutarch—why did he not take the Gracchi?—in his contemptuous reference to the Utopias of his time, perhaps worst of all, in his slavish attitude towards authority. For the last Tolstoi (p. 177) quotes Claudio's words in "Measure for Measure":

> "Whence comes this restraint?
> From too much liberty, my Lucio."

And again, I, 3, 5 (Tolstoi's paraphrase):

> "Thus can the demigod, Authority,
> Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
> So heaven wills. It strikes or spares at pleasure;
> But it is always just."

Tolstoi forgets that the whole purpose of this play is to exhibit external authority rebuked by the higher authority of conscience, and he actually takes the sarcastic irony of the offending Claudio, just as he takes the Nemesis-provoking pride of Coriolanus, as expressive of the real mind of Shakespeare. His other proof of Shakespeare's worship of authority is the speech of Ulysses in "Troilus and Cressida," where the failure of the Greeks to take Troy is ascribed to their want of union and discipline. One would have thought that even an anarchist might have allowed that anarchy was out of place in an army on active service. But we need go no further than this play to show how groundless is the allegation that Shakespeare is a slave to authority. In IV, 6, Lear himself says: "Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar and the creature run from the cur. There thou mightest behold the exact image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office." And where shall we find truer sympathy for the poor than in Lear's speech (III, 4), beginning "Poor naked wretches," and in Gloster's (IV, 1), "Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,' etc.

Tolstoi (p. 95) is indignant with Gervinus for venturing to compare Shakespeare with Homer, the *semblance*, as he calls it, with the *reality* of poetry. But Homer has the same aristocratic tone which Tolstoi condemns in Shakespeare, only in a far higher degree. Thersites represents Homer's idea of the *demos*, and the action of the story is carried on almost exclusively by gods and heroes.

As to Shakespeare's choice of subjects, we may

allow that he was guided in part, like Homer and Pindar, by what would please his patrons and his audience, and partly by his own strong feeling of patriotism, which would lead him, in that critical period, to dwell upon what would unite and not divide his countrymen. What England wanted then, and knew she wanted, was strong government to save her alike from enemies abroad and conspirators at home.

I proceed now briefly to discuss the truth of Tolstoi's general principles. "A great poem demands a great subject, and a great subject means something very different from external greatness." With this we should probably all agree; but yet external greatness may tend, if not to develop inward greatness, at any rate to set it in a more striking light. The fate of a Napoleon involves much more than that of some village Hampden. The history of temptation appeals far more powerfully to the heart and conscience, when we see Macbeth acted on the stage, than when we are present at any ordinary trial for murder. The story of Mary, Queen of Scots, or of Marie Antoinette, if not in itself more pathetic than that of the Bride of Lammermoor, has at any rate a wider scope, and affords a more impressive περιπέτεια. But never in Shakespeare do we find the interest of the play turning on mere outward position. What so deeply affects us in his tragedies is beauty of character, as in Desdemona or Cordelia, strength of intellect and will, as in Iago or Edmund, the over-powering might of noble passion, as in Othello or King Lear, and behind all, in the background, the over-ruling Providence which shapes our

ends, rebuking selfishness and pride, turning loss into gain, and bitter experience into the patience and sympathy of wisdom.

Tolstoi's second requisite is beauty of form, as shown especially in the suitability of the language to the speakers. In p. 65 he says that this beauty is not to be found in Shakespeare, all whose characters speak the same bombastic, artificial language, a language never spoken by any living being. As examples, he refers to Lear's words to Regan (II, 4, 120), in answer to her professed joy at seeing him.

> "Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
> I have to think so; if thou should'st not be glad,
> I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
> Sepulchring an adulteress."

and secondly, to Lear's appeal to heaven in II, 4, 185,

> "O Heavens,
> If you do love old men; if your sweet sway
> Allow obedience; if yourselves are old,
> Make it your cause; send down and take my part."

As to the latter, I think every unprejudiced reader must feel it to be a splendid example, expressed in language as simple as it is beautiful, of what Ruskin has called the pathetic fallacy, by which man imputes his own feelings to Nature. The majestic movements of the heavens have been regarded in all ages, by Jewish psalmists no less than by Greek philosophers, as a natural symbol of authority. It is dwelt upon by Ulysses in "Troilus and Cressida," I, 3, and is nobly expressed in Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty':

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through Thee are fresh
and strong."

As to the former passage the expression objected to, "sepulchring an adulteress," is an adaptation of one which was unhappily too common in the loose society of the Tudors and Stuarts, as we see in Gloster's reference to Edgar (II, 1, 80), "I never got him," and Lear's to Goneril, "degenerate bastard." It is even put into the innocent lips of Miranda: "I should sin to think but nobly of my grandmother." As Tolstoi takes no exception to the general use of the expression, I suppose what he dislikes is its seemingly far-fetched application, "Divorce me from thy mother's tomb." But the tomb is that which is really most closely bound up with his love. It was at her tomb that Lear recalled his wife most vividly to mind.

Two more passages may be quoted to illustrate what Tolstoi means by his use of the word "artificial" in regard to Shakespeare's language. In "Lear," iv, 1, where the blind Gloster tells the old tenant who had been leading him to look to his own safety, the latter replies, "Alack, sir, you cannot see your way." To which Gloster makes the simple, touching, and truthful answer:

"I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw."

And this Tolstoi calls a specimen of the artificial language, in which ideas are suggested by a play upon words. A little below, when Gloster tells the old man to leave him in charge of Edgar, the answer is

"Alack, sir, he's mad," on which Gloster makes the natural reflection:

"'Tis the time's plague when madmen lead the blind."

The remark appended by Tolstoi, "Gloster profite de l'occasion pour dire un bon mot," can only be characterised as brutal.

I cannot help thinking that all this insistence on the adaptation of the language to the speaker betrays a certain shallowness of mind in the critic. A great poet makes us conscious of unity of character through the feelings, thoughts, and actions of the person, and also through the way in which others behave to him or address him. For instance, the careless reader thinks "monsters of cruelty" a full description of Goneril and Regan, but a more thoughtful reader becomes conscious of a subtle distinction between them, as he notices the difference in Lear's way of addressing them in Scene I, "Goneril, our eldest born, speak first," and afterwards, "Our second daughter, our dearest Regan." Then in II, 4, 128 and 167:

"Beloved Regan, thy sister's nought.

* * *

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curses:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn."

Compare, too, the answers made by the two daughters to Lear's question:

"Which of you shall we say doth love us most?"

While Goneril dwells on the greatness of her love:

"Beyond all manner of so much I love you";

Regan insists on her delight in being loved:

> "I am alone felicitate
> In your dear highness' love."

Notice also the contrast in II, 4, after Lear has gone out into the storm. Both are agreed in leaving him there, but Regan attempts to justify herself by the circumstances:

> "The house is little, the old man and his people
> Cannot be well bestowed";

while Goneril makes it a matter of principle:

> "'Tis his own blame, . . . must taste his own folly,"

which Regan echoes shortly afterwards in the words:

> "To wilful men,
> The injuries that they themselves procure,
> Must be their schoolmasters."

Goneril's is a strong, masculine, self-sufficing nature: she sets the tune, which is taken up by the feminine, caressing, falser, but equally cruel Regan. Observe how the latter professes terror when she hears her father's curses on Goneril:

> "O the blest gods; so will you wish on me,
> When the rash mood is on."

But Goneril is always entirely unmoved, as may be seen in her "At your choice, sir," after one of Lear's most passionate outbreaks. Both are beauful, both clever—much cleverer than Cordelia—cold, clear-sighted and practical in their outlook.

I gather this from their *tête à tête* at the end of the first scene, from Goneril's way of treating Albany, and from the alteration in Albany's tone from the words in I, 4, 304:

> "I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
> To the great love I bear you,"

to those in IV, 2, 62, which I think should be read:

> "Thou changed and self-*discovered* * thing, for shame,
> Bemonster not thy nature."

Language in itself is a very secondary thing, determined in a great degree by outward circumstances, like the use of "Alack!" here in the mouth of the peasant, or like Pistol's fag-ends of old plays. What is really essential is that a man's own feelings and thoughts, however expressed, should combine with his actions and with the relations in which he stands to others, to produce the total impression which we know as his character.

When Tolstoi says that no one ever talked in Shakespearian language, he utters what is in one sense a truism. In common life we do not speak in blank verse, the use of which implies a highly imaginative and poetical treatment, with a view to the production of an aesthetic pleasure out of incidents which would otherwise be productive of horror or pain. If he means that Shakespeare's words contain more of thought, and, where it is required, a far greater depth of passion than our

* Compare I, 1, 280:
> "Who cover faults at last shame them derides."

common language, he is quite right; and this sometimes makes him difficult to understand. So far we can go together. But if he means that Shakespeare intentionally avoids simplicity, I entirely deny it. Where does Shakespeare soar highest in this astounding play of Lear? Not in the raging storm of Nature and of man, but in the still small voice, in those two simple phrases which might be uttered by a child of five years old, "And so I am, I am," "No cause, no cause." Yet Shakespeare gives such intensity to these simple, childlike words, that in them the very soul of Cordelia lies open before us. I might use the same words to disprove Tolstoi's allegation that Shakespeare's characters all speak the same language. Try them on Goneril and Regan, on Cleopatra, on Portia, or on any other of Shakespeare's heroines. You will try them in vain. It is impossible to fit them. The result is the same if we try to transpose a speech of Hotspur and Glendower, of Brutus and Antony, not because they use a different vocabulary, but because they are different persons, expressing different thoughts and feelings. So far as mere language goes, Cordelia and Goneril have the same stately dignity at command when occasion calls for it, as in Cordelia's delightful dismissal of her half-hearted suitor:

> "Peace be with Burgundy!
> Since that respects of fortune are his love,
> I shall not be his wife."

and in Goneril's well-reasoned, but far from delightful remonstrance with her father:

"Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But others of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known to you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance," etc.

There is, however, one speech in King Lear, to which Tolstoi seems to me to have justly taken exception, and that is in II, 2, where Kent belabours the steward with Falstaffian abuse, such as "A base, proud, shallow, beggardly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave, a lily-livered, action-taking knave," and so on. Kent, as he tells us himself, has "more man than wit about him," and was not at all the person to use what wit he had in providing amusement for the gallery. Perhaps, too, the fine description of Dover cliffs may fairly come under Tolstoi's censure, as being wrongly placed in the mouth of the counterfeit madman, Edgar. Even Gloster, though absorbed in his own sad reflections, notices that he speaks in better phrase and matter than he was wont.

In p. 113 Tolstoi shows his confidence in his own estimate of Shakespeare, by challenging the admirers of the latter (among whom he mentions Tourguenieff) to adduce, out of his whole works, a single passage of ten consecutive lines, "comprehensible, natural, suited to the speaker, and productive of an artistic impression." I think one desiderates here some of that sense of proportion which Tolstoi finds so lack-

ing in Shakespeare generally. In answer to his challenge, I would simply ask him to read through Henry V's speech at Agincourt, and say in what respect it fails to come up to his requirements. I mention this, not because I think it better than hundreds of other speeches, but because Tolstoi himself happens to have just now re-called it to my mind.

In p. 91, foll., Tolstoi says the fame of Shakespeare is supposed to rest on the double foundation of his fine thoughts and his power of characterisation. As to the former, they are appropriate in prose collections of aphorisms, but in a drama they destroy the required illusion, unless they are suited to the persons who utter them. Now Shakespeare's fine things (if such there are) are foisted in without regard to the situation or the characters. The action drags owing to the interpolation of unnecessary and incongruous matter. From pp. 28, 29 we should gather that Tolstoi means this description to apply to Lear's speeches in Act III. He says they are "as senseless as the fool's"; and certainly, as rendered in Tolstoi's bald prose, the speech beginning "Blow winds and crack your cheeks" might well be charged with bombast and exaggeration. The language of passion and the language of imagination are naturally unmeaning or disgusting to that unsympathetic common sense, to which alone Tolstoi here appeals. Judging from this book I should say that he was utterly incapable of appreciating the great English style, the style of the Elizabethans and of Milton. "Pompous exaggeration" would, I expect, be all that Tolstoi could find in the

'Areopagitica,' or even in the authorised version of 'Isaiah.'

Similarly of the speech beginning, "Let the great gods find out their enemies now," Tolstoi writes, "Lear says to Kent, '*on ne sait pourquoi, que pendant cette tempête on trouvera tous les criminels.*'" The speech naturally rises out of the preceding words of Kent, "Man's nature cannot carry the affliction nor the fear." Tolstoi seems never to have observed the fact that great convulsions of Nature naturally force upon man the conviction of his own weakness in presence of the stupendous powers which might crush him to death in an instant. In his terror he bethinks him of the sins he has committed, and cries for mercy to the power he believes himself to have offended. But Lear, while rising to a higher conception of the intention of the gods, as revealed in the storm, than he had reached in his former speech, where he regarded them simply as "servile ministers to two pernicious daughters," still maintains his own integrity as "a man more sinned against than sinning." Tolstoi entirely misses the lesson παθήματα μαθήματα, which makes itself more distinctly felt in each successive speech both of Lear and of Gloster.

To show Shakespeare's weakness in characterisation, Tolstoi examines the speeches and actions of Othello, Hamlet, and others. Of Hamlet he says, critics have exhausted their skill in endeavouring to prove the depth and subtlety of his character, the fact being that he has no character at all, but is simply a mouthpiece for any ideas which came into Shakespeare's head. Wherever we find any traces

of character in his plays, these may be always traced to the old plays or chronicles from which his subjects are borrowed, and in his adaptation of which the characters are, as a rule, either weakened or destroyed. He illustrates this from the old play of "Leir," which he compares with Shakespeare's "Lear," greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. I will first notice the faults he finds in this, and then give his abstract of the old play (pp. 59–62).

(1) Lear has no occasion or motive which should cause him to abdicate. His action is inconsistent with his knowledge of the characters of his daughters, just as Gloster's behaviour is inconsistent with his knowledge of his sons. (2) The personages of all Shakespeare's plays are inconsistent with the time and place in which they are supposed to live. Lear belongs to the eighth century B.C., and yet the action of the play is only suitable to the Middle Ages, in which kings, dukes, armies, bastards, gentlemen, doctors, soldiers, etc., play their part. We will take leave to test these objections by a comparison with the old play. In the old play Leir abdicates after the funeral of his wife, "in order to think upon the welfare of his soul." In Shakespeare Lear says:

> "'Tis our fast intent
> To shake all cares and business from our age,
> Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
> Unburthened crawl towards death."

Surely there is motive enough in the latter, and a motive better suited to the time, than that given in

the old play. "To think upon the welfare of his soul" was a very appropriate reason for the abdication of Charles V, but not for that of a heathen chieftain in the eighth century B.C.

The next objection is that Lear's proposal to divide his kingdom equally between his daughters, and his fury against Cordelia for refusing to follow her sisters in their high-flown expressions of affection, are unnatural and inconsistent with the knowledge which a father must have had of his daughters' characters. But are there no fathers now who make mistakes about their daughters' characters? And not only was Lear's time too much occupied with his duties as king to see much of his daughters, but it seems natural to suppose that, since their mother's death, the daughters had been brought up under other guardianship. This, perhaps, may have been the reason why Shakespeare omits the reference to her recent funeral, which we find in the old play. In any case Lear is there deceived about his children, just as much as he is in the new play.

We are told a little more about "Cordella" in the old play, but it does not help us much. It seems she had refused all offers of marriage. Lear wanted her to marry a British prince. He meant, when she told him, as he fully expected she would, that she loved him more than her sisters, to urge her to prove her love by yielding to his one request:

> "Accept a husband whom myself shall woo."

Cordella answers, perhaps more gently than in Shakespeare:

"I cannot paint my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report of me.
But look, what love the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I bear, my gracious lord."

At which Goneril and "Ragan" (such is the form in the old play) both exclaim, and Lear answers much as in Shakespeare. Tolstoi thinks Cordella's words here more likely to excite Lear's wrath than the answer:

"I love your majesty according to my bond,
Nor more, nor less."

herein contradicting what he had said in p. 13, that she who was intended to personify all the virtues, speaks as if it were her special object to exasperate her father.

As to Tolstoi's charge of anachronism, it is true Shakespeare is careless as to the scaffolding of his plays. Bohemia is on the sea coast. Edgar here is Lear's godson. What does it matter? We do not read Shakespeare in order to learn the history and antiquities of Britain in the year 800 B.C., but to learn the workings of the human heart in all centuries. As to the anachronisms which Tolstoi discovers in our play, one can hardly believe him serious. Plunge as deep as we will into barbarism, go back as far as we may in the history of the world, I am afraid we shall never be quit of kings, bastards, soldiers, and the other inconveniences of the middle ages.

But all this talk of anachronism is just on a par with the charge we have already considered, of the

unsuitability of the language to the person. As Shakespeare creates a character, so he creates an atmosphere, creates it as no man ever did either before or after him. He gives us two pictures of the dark mysterious north in Macbeth and Hamlet. In the former we are haunted throughout by the presence of the three weird sisters, in the latter by the ghost of the King of Denmark, in conflict with the civilising influences from the south embodied in Hamlet. So Juliet is the embodiment of the bright sunshine of the southern spring with its beauty, its fragrance, and its passing storms. In Julius Caesar and Mark Antony we have the mighty spirit of Rome depicted in its transition from the republican to the imperial form, and falling a victim, in the latter play, to the charms of the hellenised east. Here in King Lear is a representation of primaeval savagery with passing flashes of light presaging the ordered government which is to take its place. Legend made Britain the scene, but it is more like Russia under Ivan the Terrible. Atmosphere and environment are the Shakespearian equivalents of time and place.

To return, however, to the old play. In Tolstoi's view, Shakespeare's "characterless Cordelia" is far surpassed by "the tender, loving, resolute, and captivating Cordella," who, after being disinherited by her father, sets to work to earn her living as a sempstress. To her comes the King of France, disguised as a palmer, to solicit her hand for his supposed royal master. She says she will only marry where she loves, and that she loves, not the king, but his messenger, the palmer. This is, no

doubt, a pretty episode in the old play, but hardly consistent with the grim tragedy of Shakespeare. The behaviour of the French king towards "the unprized, precious maid" of Shakespeare seems as startling to Tolstoi as to Lear. "*On ne sait pourquoi*" is his remark, when he finds that "from coldest neglect love kindles to inflamed respect," and that to the French king "she is most rich, being poor."

The treatment of Leir by Goneril is much the same as in Shakespeare, but his own behaviour is very different. He is represented as a mirror of mild patience, putting up with all wrong and never making reply. Perillus (the Kent of our play) persuades Leir to leave Goneril for Ragan, who is, however, already inflamed against him by a letter from her sister, and plots his murder. Tolstoi, who is much perturbed by the successful disguises of Kent and Edgar in Shakespeare, notes with satisfaction that Perillus wears no disguise; but apparently he might just as well have been disguised, so far as Leir is concerned, for the latter accosts him with the words:

> "What man art thou that takest any pity
> Upon the worthless state of old Leir?

Of course to an actor, accustomed to play many different parts, disguise in itself presents no difficulty, and Kent particularly mentions the pains he has taken to change not only his appearance but also his accent. I think, however, Shakespeare puts the power of disguise to too severe a test in some of the later scenes, where it would seem that over-

powering emotion must have brought to light the real man.

Tolstoi is especially pleased that in the old play there is no horrible tempest, no tearing of white locks, but simply the helpless, broken-hearted king, pursued by the assassin sent by Regan. There is, however, a thunderstorm, which has the Shakespearian effect of deterring the assassin from his crime.

I think we may pause here and ask whether Tolstoi's purpose in giving this abstract of the old play has, so far, been accomplished. He proposed, we remember, to show that what character there was in any of Shakespeare's plays was a relic of the old play from which it was borrowed, and that this character was, in any case, weakened or destroyed in the remodelling. Do we find, then, greater strength of intellect and passion in the tame Leir of the old play, or in the terrible Lear of Shakespeare's tragedy? The question answers itself; we might as well impute weakness to the "Oedipus" of Sophocles as to Shakespeare's Lear.

To return to the old play, Leir and Perillus make their way to France through many dangers and in great misery. Before they arrive there we have a beautiful soliloquy of Cordella's, in which she returns thanks to heaven for her own happiness, grieves that she has offended her father, prays for his happiness and for the repentance of her sisters, ending with an anachronism not noticed by Tolstoi: "I will to church and pray unto my Saviour." In a later scene we have a still more flagrant anachronism, where Goneril calls her sister "Puritan."

Shortly afterwards Leir and Perillus are brought

before Cordella, who, on her husband's advice, refrains from revealing herself to her father. On hearing his story, however, she betrays herself by her tears. Lear kneels to ask her forgiveness, and she kneels both for forgiveness and blessing. As Tolstoi contrasts the "simple and profoundly touching characters of Leir and Cordella" in the old play, with Shakespeare's "unnatural characters," and speaks of this particular scene as "unparalleled in all the writings of Shakespeare," it becomes necessary to put the two side by side. To begin with the old play (Leir speaks):

> If from the first I should relate the cause,
> 'Twould make a heart of adamant to weep;
> And thou, poor soul, kind-hearted as thou art,
> Dost weep already, ere I do begin.
> *Cord.:* For God's love tell it, and when you have done,
> I'll tell the reason why I weep so soon.

Leir tells his story and concludes by saying,

> And now I am constrained to seek relief,
> Of her to whom I have been so unkind;
> Whose censure, if it do award me death,
> I must confess she pays me but my due;
> But if she shows a loving daughter's part,
> It comes of God, and her, not my, desert.
> *Cord.:* No doubt she will, I dare be sworn she will.
> *Leir:* How know you that, not knowing what she is?
> *Cord.:* Myself a father have a great way hence,
> Used me as ill as ever you did her;
> Yet, that his reverend age I once might see,
> I'd creep along to meet him on my knee.
> *Leir:* O, no men's children are unkind but mine.
> *Cord.:* Condemn not all, because of others' crime;
> But look, dear father, look, behold and see,

Thy loving daughter speaketh unto thee. (*Kneels.*)
Leir : O stand thou up, it is my part to kneel,
And ask forgiveness for my former faults. (*Kneels.*)

None can deny that these are beautiful lines, so beautiful that I am inclined to think Shakespeare himself must have had a hand in them; but, in any case, they do not penetrate so deep as the later version. To begin with, the situation itself is less piteous, less terrible. The later Lear is just waking out of the madness into which he has been thrown by his daughters' cruelty; and Cordelia, on the doctor's advice, is the first to address him "How fares your Majesty." But Lear is still distraught: he imagines himself in another world, where he is punished for the wrong done to Cordelia;

"You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald, like molten lead."

When Cordelia asks, "Sir, do you know me?" his answer is—

"You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?"

and then, while Cordelia and the doctor are watching him, he breaks out—

Where have I been? where am I? . . .
. . . . . I know not what to say,
I will not swear these are my hands; let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition.
Cord. : O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.

No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear : Pray do not mock me.
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward,
And, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is. . . . .
Do not laugh at me;
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cord. : And so I am, I am.
Lear : Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray you, weep
If you have poison for me, I will drink it. [not.
I know you do not love me, for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong;
You have some cause, they have not.
Cord. : No cause, no cause.

I do not know whether Tolstoi had any remnant of doubt in his own mind, but in p. 75 he gives another set of reasons for preferring the old play. The attention, he says, is not diverted from the main subject by the interposition of needless characters, such as Gloster and his two sons. The play is free from "scènes entièrement fausses" such as the mad Lear on the heath, the talk of the fool, the impossible disguises and misconceptions, the horrible blinding of Gloster (pp. 93, 34), the needless deaths; and it closes in accordance with the demands of poetical justice.

I am very much afraid of tiring out my hearers, but these points are not without interest, and in any case Tolstoi's name carries too much weight to allow one to leave any part of his criti-

cism untested. Was Shakespeare, then, justified in borrowing a secondary plot from Sidney's 'Arcadia' by way of reiterating the moral of the first plot? The impression produced by the want of natural affection on the part of the sisters and daughters, and by the fatal credulity of the father in the main plot, is much enhanced by the same want of affection on the part of Edmund towards his father and brother, and the same credulity on the part of Gloster in the subordinate plot. What might have seemed an isolated piece of cruelty and hard-heartedness, if we had only the one plot, becomes characteristic of the time by the addition of the second plot, in which we are told of portents in the heavens foreboding unnaturalness between the child and parent, dissolution of ancient amities, banishment of friends, nuptial breaches and so on; and the close union of the two plots is especially marked by the fact that the villain of the under-plot is made the unconscious interpreter of the motives of the actors in the main plot, so putting in clearer light their defiance of all rules of morality and religion. We find this in such phrases as, "Thou, Nature, art my goddess"; "Wherefore should I stand in the plague of custom?"; "I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny"; "The younger rises when the old doth fall." The speaker, Edmund, is closely bound up with the action of the larger plot. It is he who is responsible for the blinding of Gloster by Cornwall and Regan, for the jealousy and ultimate ruin of the pernicious sisters, and for the death of Lear and Cordelia.

Tolstoi's complaint of the want of poetical justice in these deaths is widely shared by many English readers; it was acted upon by Nahum Tate in his stage version, and was strongly expressed by Johnson. But surely Kent is in the right when he says:

> "Vex not his ghost, O let him pass! He hates him
> That would upon the rack of this rough world
> Stretch him out longer."

It would be scarcely more reasonable to blame Sophocles for not restoring Oedipus to the throne of Thebes than it would be to ask that Lear should survive. Oedipus was received into the grove of Colonus as a consecrated being. His memory was cherished there along with that of the Eumenides, and the place where his body lay was regarded as the Palladium of Athens. So we may suppose Shakespeare to have dreamt of some Elysium for Lear, where he and Cordelia and the poor fool and knave, whom he seems at the end (V, 3, 306) to have confused with his daughter, should find rest at last from the storms of life.

Many before Tolstoi have objected to the blinding of Gloster, an incident borrowed from the 'Arcadia' but which becomes more horrible by being enacted on the stage. In it the savagery of the time reaches its high-water mark. Even Coleridge seems to think that Shakespeare has here overstepped the limits of art. Still, it must be remembered that it was not an uncommon practice in what, I suppose, must be called the civilised court of Constantinople, and that it was inflicted on her own

son by order of the Empress Irene, whose name appears as a saint in the calendar of the Greek Church. It is also worthy of note that we are familiarised with the idea of blinding in the play itself, in which it is mentioned four times before it is actually carried out. Twice in Lear's speech to Goneril (I, 4, 292):

> "Old fond eyes,
> Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
> And cast you with the waters that you lose,
> To temper clay."

And just below of Regan:

> "When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
> She'll flay thy wolfish visage."

Then in III, 7, hearing of the French landing, Regan says of Gloster: "Hang him instantly," but Goneril exclaims, "Pluck out his eyes;" and when Gloster is brought in and examined as to his reason for sending the King to Dover, his answer is:

> "Because I would not see thy cruel nails
> Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
> In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs."

Tolstoi has no patience with the fool, whose tedious jests only produce on the mind "cette pénible gêne qu 'on ressent à entendre des plaisanteries sans sel." He does not see the value of the fool's loving sympathy to the suffering king, flouted by his unnatural daughters, with no intimate friend to keep him company (for Kent is only known to him as his new servant Caius). While others think only of their own interests, the weakest, gentlest, and tenderest of his followers stands by his master's side with

dog-like fidelity, in spite of the threats of Goneril and the raging of the storm, and is thus the means of saving him from utter despair. The fool's attempt to divert him reminds him of his old courtly life, while his love for Cordelia forms a link between Lear and the daughter whose ill-treatment by himself he now so deeply deplores. There is something most touching in his frequent inquiries after his "pretty knave," in his striking Goneril's gentleman for chiding his fool, in the remark of one of his knights, "Since my young lady's going into France the fool hath much pined away," and in Lear's answer, "No more of that: I have noted it well"; most of all, after his wits have begun to turn in the storm: "Come on my boy; art cold? I am cold myself"; "Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee"; and in his insisting that he should take refuge in the hovel: "In boy, go first," "Nay, get thee in." The last words of the fool: "And I'll go to bed at noon" have been, I think, rightly interpreted as implying that the physical and moral strain has been too much for him, that his day of life is over before it has reached its noon. Much of the fooling of which Tolstoi complains is exactly appropriate to the situation, and the nonsense which is mixed with it is perhaps needed to disguise it under the mask of folly.

The scene which supplies Tolstoi with more quotations than any other is III, 4, where the fool and the true and counterfeit madmen are met on the heath, because he thinks this exhibits more clearly than any other, the ineptitude of the playwright.

And no doubt it raises many difficult questions. How is it that Edgar is so well up with the patter of poor Tom, and so familiar with the names and properties of the foul fiends Flibertigibbet and the rest? Most of it is to be found in Decker's 'Bellman' and Harsnet's book, both of which may have been known to Shakespeare, but what is there to make it probable that the Edgar of the play should have had such knowledge? Edmund addresses him in the earlier scenes as interested in astrology, and in II, 1 he tells Gloster that Edgar was "mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon." This acquaintance with demonology is, therefore, not inappropriate in Edgar, who is driven to some sort of disguise in order to save his life. Besides, it contributes to the action of the play, because it not only helps to create the human bedlam, which matches the elemental hubbub without, but it has the further effect of stimulating the madness of Lear, who is greatly taken with the learned philosopher and is tempted to imitate him in throwing off all the sophistications of civilised life.

Tolstoi's criticism of the opening scene calls for a word or two. He condemns the vulgar ribaldry of Gloster's allusion to Edmund's birth, considering that the only purpose of it is to inform the audience, in a way suited to their depraved taste, of the fact that Gloster had two sons, one legitimate, the other illegitimate. Coleridge, on the contrary, rightly asserts that its object is to set before us in the fewest words the premises and data for our own after-insight into the minds of those whose character, passions and sufferings are the main subject-matter

of the play. Lear's rash resolve, Gloster's weak and shallow nature, the insulting levity with which he refers to the position of his proud and ambitious son—these form the foundation on which the play is built up, while they also suggest the low tone of morality natural to a barbarous age, and prepare the way for the atrocities which follow.

The last and worst charge which Tolstoi brings against Shakespeare is that he is without religion or morality, in fact that he has no convictions of any kind (pp. 107, 130, 131), and that this is the secret of his popularity with the upper classes, because he shares their immoral and irreligious spirit.

I have no time to go fully into this question. Incidentally I have touched upon it already. I allow that the charge may be brought with some justice against other dramatists of the Elizabethan age, against the dramatists of the restoration, and against some of the present day, who make light of moral distinctions, debase our ideals, leave no room for the exercise of imagination. But who could say this of Shakespeare? Where has he given incentives to vice? Where has he represented vice as triumphant? Where has he failed to make us sympathise with virtue, even when seen in such a poor feeble character as Gloster's? And it is no luke-warm sympathy he instils into our minds, but a burning enthusiasm for the good, the true, and the beautiful, and a burning hatred of their opposites. I cannot but think that Tolstoi's violent prejudice against Shakespeare is partly due to the latter's power of entering into the characters he represents. Shakespeare is a man to whom "nihil humani alienum."

He interests himself in all and does justice to all. While he never confuses between good and evil, it is very rarely that he makes a character all black or all white. Even in the blackest there is usually some relic of humanity, or at least something to show how humanity was lost, as in the case of Edmund. Now Tolstoi seems to me to be mainly guided by political considerations in his æsthetic judgment. His experience of Russian tyranny has so perverted his natural sense of justice that law and authority have become utterly abhorrent to him, and every rebel wears a halo of glory. An aristocrat being to him an arch-fiend, he cannot endure that Shakespeare should allow any good qualities to Coriolanus, or, again, that he should venture to impute fickleness to a mob. In some respects a one-sided man of genius, who is carried away by his own ideas, is less capable of being duly impressed with another man's writings, than a critic like Ste. Beuve, who is not self-engrossed, but can passively surrender his mind to receive new influences, before he proceeds to weigh their exact value in his critical scales. In the case of Voltaire we saw that personal jealousy had a good deal to do with his depreciation of Shakespeare. I do not think the personal motive weighs so much with Tolstoi. But he is weary of Shakespeare's supremacy, as the Athenians were of the pre-eminence of Aristides, all the more because Shakespeare embodies English hatred of extremes and English constitutionalism, broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent, which is as hateful to Tolstoi as it was to another famous Slav, his exact opposite in politics, the late Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonostseff.

ANNA JANE VARDILL NIVEN, THE AUTHORESS OF "CHRISTOBELL," THE SEQUEL TO COLERIDGE'S "CHRISTABEL." WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHY.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

WITH AN ADDITIONAL NOTE ON "CHRISTABEL."

BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read February 26th, 1908.]

THE publication, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature, of a facsimile of the MS of Coleridge's "Christabel," with critical apparatus by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, gives a new interest to a literary problem which, if not of first-rate importance, has certainly excited some curiosity for many years—that is the authorship of "Christobell," that sequel to "Christabel" which appeared in print in the year before Coleridge's poem was published.

In 1815 there appeared in the 'European Magazine' for April a poem entitled "Christobell, a Gothic Tale," which the author states was "written as a sequel to a beautiful legend of a fair lady and her father, deceived by a witch in the guise of a noble knight's daughter."

This is an accurate description of Coleridge's

"Christabel," which was not published until 1816 although written at the close of the eighteenth century. Strange to say the spelling adopted in the title of the sequel is one that Coleridge occasionally employed. Although not printed there were manuscript copies of "Christabel" in circulation among a limited circle, and one of these must have been seen by the contributor to the 'European Magazine,' who uses "V." as a signature.

On examining this new edition of "Christabel," for which Mr. E. H. Coleridge and the Royal Society of Literature deserve the high praise due to an excellent idea worthily executed, it occurred to me that it would be worth while to make an effort to identify the writer of "Christobell" in the 'European Magazine.' The thought came all the more readily that in former years I had been somewhat familiar with that periodical, and had carefully examined many of the volumes for quite other purposes of research. The results of my inquiry were given briefly in the 'Bookman,' August, 1907, and are now more fully stated.

I found that V. was a constant writer of verse and prose for the 'European Magazine.' The first contributor under that signature appeared in May, 1814 (p. 432); the last in April, 1822 (p. 325). The discontinuance of V.'s aid may, perhaps, be connected with the fact that under the new proprietors there had been a somewhat ungenerous reference to the Asperne family, to whom the magazine had previously belonged. (See the article "The Editor's Converzatione," behind the title of the number for April, 1822, and also p. 374.) That V. was a woman may be

concluded from the verses which appear in April, 1821 (p. 533), "The Editor's Compliments of the Season to his Well-beloved Public, Readers, Contributors, and Correspondents," in which he says:

"Yes,—we'll uncloak them all!—V., R., and D.,
Delta, and T., and S. W. X. *Izzard.*
For when their goodly articles ye see,
And hang delighted o'er them, it is hard
The writers should, like money lenders, be
Concealed behind so strange and thick a vizard,
That e'en to guess them you are quite unable—
'Tis sitting at the play without a play-bill."

After some reference to himself the editor proceeds:

"What, Variella, can we wish to thee?
For thou possessest all that's dear unto man;
Wit, talents, erudition, though they be
Not always so delightful in a woman;
Yet those who read thy tales and poems, see
A soaring mind, and genius most uncommon.
Still, still soar on! In prose and verse still
charm us,
For whilst thou leadst the van, there's nought
can harm us."

The signature "Variella" does not appear in the 'European Magazine,' but the description given of her work applies to the articles signed V., though a modern reader might, perhaps, be less enthusiastic in his praise.

Amongst the contributions to which V.'s signature is attached is one that appears in December, 1817, which is headed "Anacreontic, by the late Rev. Dr. Vardill" (p. 550). This suggests a relationship between V. and the author of the "Anacreontic."

The Rev. John Vardill, D.D., was a graduate of King's College, New York, now Columbia University, and was a tutor in that institution. In 1774 he embarked for England for the purpose of taking Holy Orders; was created M.A. of Oxford June 28th of that year, in which he was also elected assistant rector of Trinity Church, New York. He declined the office and did not return to America. He was a Loyalist, and for a time was employed by the British Government. In 1785 he was in Ireland. He was the author of some poetical satires on the Whigs, and Trumbull, in his 'McFingul,' says:

> "In Vardill that poetic zealot,
> I view a lawn bedizen'd prelate:
> While mitres fall, as is their duty,
> On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty."

He died in England in 1811, at the age of fifty-[illegible], Rector of Skirbeck and Fishtoft, Lincolnshire.*

Another poem of his, "The Spirit of Toussaint; a Fragment," appeared in the 'European Magazine,' for July, 1814 (p. 46). An inscription for a memorial tablet appears in February, 1811 (p. 134), from the [illegible] of his daughter, and the editor, in eulogising her beauty and literary attainments, mentions that "several instances" of her talents have appeared in the magazine.

Anna Jane Vardill was the authoress of two volumes [illegible], one anonymous and the other bearing her [illegible] on the title-page. The first in point of time

* [illegible] Sketches of Loyalists of the American Revolution,' [illegible] (Boston, 1864), vol. ii, p. 381; Foster's 'Alumnae [illegible] 1464.

POEMS
and
TRANSLATIONS.
From the
Minor Greek Poets and others.
Written Chiefly
Between the Ages of Ten & Sixteen.

BY A LADY.

Dedicated, by permission, to Her Royal Highness
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

..... 'A pilgrim in the throng,
She sought the simple flowers of Poesy —
Accept the wreath.' ..... *Sotheby.*

Third Edition.

LONDON:
Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Paternoster Row.
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J. G. Barnard, Printer, Skinner Street. 1809.

was: 'Poems and Translations from the Minor Greek Poets and Others: Written chiefly between the ages of ten and sixteen, by a Lady. Dedicated by Permission of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Charlotte of Wales.' (London: Asperne, 1809.) This is reviewed in the 'European' for February (p. 142). Another eulogium appeared in the 'Poetical Register' for 1808–9 (p. 612) which was edited by R. A. Davenport. The copper-plate of the engraved title-page designed by the authoress is still in existence, and has been lent for the illustration of this paper by Mr. J. Arthur Slingsby.

The authoress states that, "a most indulgent father, in the retirement permitted by his station in the church, found amusement in familiarising his only child with the poets of antiquity." She passed the early part of her life in the village of Gatehouse of Fleet, Galloway, Scotland, "noted for the extensive cotton works of a near relation." The poets from whom she translates are Anacreon, who occupies the greater part of her attention, Sappho, Alcaeus, Theocritus, and Horace. An "Address to the Patrons of the Refuge for the Destitute," written by her for the Anniversary Dinner, January 26th, 1809, is given in the January 'Magazine' (p. 78; *cf.* p. 141). An enlarged edition of the 'Poems' appeared in the same year, and is noticed in the August number (p. 126). A third edition appeared in 1816. The little volume includes an "Address to the Ancient and Honourable Society of Freemasons, at the Anniversary Meeting for the Benefit of their Charity School, April 14th, 1809"; and three hymns, namely, "Occasional Hymn for

a Benevolent Society" ("Almighty Love call'd into birth"), p. 178; second occasional hymn, sung by the Freemasons' orphans ("When faint and comfortless we strayed"), p. 179; third occasional hymn ("Sublimer than the choral song"), p. 18.

As a fair specimen of these earlier verses we may quote:

AN HUNGARIAN GIPSY'S SONG.

1.

"From Presburg's plain, from Buda's tow'rs,
From old Carpathia's mountains drear,
To bounteous halls and fruitful bow'rs
We chartered libertines repair.*
Here by the Danube's silent wave,
Or 'mid the shades of Szelitz cave,
Our ample feast we share:
And round the bowl with fearless glee,
Rejoice in love and liberty.

2.

"And oft the Vaivod's fur-clad dame
Soft-smiling thro' her azure veil,
In whispers tells some cherished name,
And fondly hears our mystic tale:
While where the honied chesnut dwells,
Or where the melting melon swells
In Temeswara's dale,
We fill the bowl with fearless glee,
And sing of love and liberty.

* Gipsies, so numerous in Europe for about 400 years, are now scarcely seen except in Hungary. From Saxony and the Alpine regions they have been expelled by special edicts. ('Grellman's Dissertation on the Gipsies.')

3.

"And when o'er Torna's * saffron fields
Our chiefs the flying elks pursue,
The prize a richer banquet yields
Than Ban or Pandour † ever knew;
Then where the herb of wisdom ‡ glows,
Or where to Kazan nectar flows,
We bid our cares adieu;
While round the bowl with fearless glee
We sing of love and liberty.

4.

"Now though in Alpine wood no more
Our lawless revelry we hide;
Tho' chas'd from Elba's envied shore
By Saxon wealth and Saxon pride,
Still o'er this gem-fraught mountain's head,
Or to yon river's golden bed §
Our weary feet we guide;
Then round the bowl with fearless glee,
We sing of love and liberty!"

Her second work was: "The Pleasures of Human Life" (London, 1812). At p. 86 is a reference to her father, and in a note (p. 99) she says: "These and the subsequent lines are a feeble tribute to the memory of a most revered and lamented father, whose death is still recent. His keen wit and fluent

* A fertile district in Upper or Northern Hungary at the feet of the Carpathian hills, and not far from the celebrated cave of Szelitz, and the vineyards of Tokay.

† Titles of German nobility.

‡ Tobacco which abounds there.

§ Gold mines and precious stones are frequent among the Carpathian mountains.

eloquence were enriched by the mildest urbanity, and his profound scholastic knowledge by the most endearing social virtues. His presence was the light of his domestic circle, and gave joy to every society he entered. Ever devoting his rare talents to the purest philanthropy, he beautified religion by his example." Miss Vardill does not refer to her father's interest in the drama, but a play entitled "The Unknown" was performed at the Surrey Theatre in 1819, and was written by Dr. Vardill.*

There is a long and eulogistic notice of the "Pleasures of Human Life" in the 'European' for April, 1812, and in the course of it her authorship of 'Poems and Translations' is revealed (p. 275).

The 'European Magazine' for November, 1813, contains an "Epitaph designed for William Franklin, Esq., late Governer of New Jersey, Ob. Nov. 16, aged 82." This is signed A. J. V. So are the "Elegiac Verses on the Death of Miss Charlotte Demys" who died at the age of 15, in the number for October, 1815 (p. 357). The third edition of 'Poems and Translations,' does not include any of V.'s contributions, but neither does it include the pieces signed A. J. V. The probable reason is the desire to preserve the character of the first volume as a collection of juvenilia. The identity of V. and Anna Jane Vardill is pretty clearly indicated in a poem in the 'European' for September, 1819 (vol. lxxiv, p. 261).

* R. Inglis, in 'Notes and Queries,' second series, ii, 437.

To Her who Deserves it.

*Addressed and inscribed to Miss V******

"No envy mingles with my praise.
Though could my heart repine
At any Poet's happier lays,
It would,—it must at thine!"
Cowper.

"Round the cloud-kissing margin of Helicon's spring,
To the lute of Apollo the Graces were dancing;
But the Muses had quarrell'd, and now to their King,
To beg his decision, their steps were advancing,
Yet deem not, that their's was that contest of hate,
Which sours with its passions all mortal debate;—
No!—Harmony e'en from their discord arose,
And when friends thus dispute, they can never be foes;
—But now for the cause—To a daughter of earth,
Whom Science, and Poetry, blest at her birth,
The sisters had given so much of their art,
And so much with their protegèe's skill were delighted;
That, while each wish'd to rule unrestrain'd in her heart,
They all were averse to sway o'er it united.

"Cried Thalia,—'She's mine!—every trace of her pen
Has shewn it already,—will prove it again—
Lampidosa's wild Legends, all genius, are glowing
With wit, like our Helicon's rill, ever flowing;
Not dismal, and sad, like a Melo-drama, darkling!
But lively and bright, with my gaiety sparkling—
While Humanity's pleasures proclaim in each line,
That their Authoress must be a pupil of mine!'

"With an air somewhat proud,—like a Goddess when vext—
Stern Melpomené spoke, and her claim advanced next,
To her sister she said,—'Flirting trifler! away,—
Shall the mind which I've formed for all hearts to admire,

Yield its powers to the fancies of thy fickle sway,
And be ruled by the whims of the laughing Thalia ?
Forbid it, those feelings inspired by her lay,
When the Rosebud of Britain had faded away ;
When the Bride's Dirge of Death round the Green Island
floated,
And its voice o'er the Silver Sea woe had denoted !—
Like my Byron she thrills every nerve of the soul,
Terror, pity, and love, own her magic control,
And spell-bound by me, with dark Tragedy's zone,
The strains of fair Anna, are strains of my own ! '

" 'Twould be useless to tell, all the con's and the pro's
And the pleadings—which long before Phoebus arose,
How Clio, Euterpé, Calliopé, join'd
To establish their claims to the realms of her mind,
Till at length, said Apollo, 'Let jarring no more
Be heard from those lips, which all music should be ;
But soften your glances, and peace to restore,
Attend my decision, and mark my decree.
To none but to me can your Anna belong—
Who dare claim without rival, this votary of song ?

" 'When e'en by yourselves it is own'd that Earth's daughter
Excels all alike, in the arts ye have taught her ;
No more then betwixt ye, her talents shall lay,
She must be your equal—the Muse of her day ;
And, trust me, her genius her own will advance,
For all gifts shall unite, in—The Muse of Romance ! ' "

J. T.

Thursday, September, 24th, 1818.

In this, whilst several of V.'s contributions are identified, her Christian name, Anna, is also revealed.

Apart from "Christobell," there is one of Miss

Vardill's contributions to the 'European Magazine' that demands special notice. An anonymous poem, sometimes called "Lines to a Skeleton," sometimes "Lines to a Skull," has had a wide popularity and has been included in various anthologies. Finding it in "Weeds and Wild Flowers, gathered by William Wrightson" (York: J. Hodgson, 1868), I attributed the verses to him in an article which appeared in 'Notes and Queries' (seventh series, xii, 481).

I find it, however, with the signature of V. in the 'European' for November, 1816. It will be worth while to give this impressive poem as it came from the author's pen, for the text is sometimes found modified, and not always for the better.

A Fragment found in a Skeleton Case.

"Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull,
Once of etherial spirit full:
This narrow cell was Life's retreat;
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous pictures fill'd that spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor Love, nor Joy, nor Hope, nor Fear,
Has left one trace, one record here!

"Beneath this mould'ring canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!—
If Social Love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dew of kindness beam'd;—
That eye shall be for ever bright,
When stars and suns have lost their light.

"Here in this silent cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:
If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
And when it could not praise was chain'd;—
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle Concord never broke;
That tuneful tongue shall plead for Thee
When Death unveils Eternity.

"Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them;
And if the page of truth they sought,
And comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

"Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod
If from the bower of joy they fled
To soothe Affliction's humble bed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
And home to Virtue's lap return'd;—
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!"

Mr. E. H. Coleridge had been inclined to attribute "Christobell" to James Hogg, but on these notes being submitted to him he has adopted the theory they are intended to support and at once supplied an important piece of additional evidence. How came V. to be familiar with Coleridge's work? The answer is to be found in the 'Diary' of Henry Crabb Robinson, who records:

"December 19th, 1814. Took tea with the Flaxman's and read to them and Miss Vardel (so he spells the name

here, though elsewhere more correctly, Vardill] Coleridge's 'Christobell' with which they were all delighted, Flaxman more than I expected." ('Diary' i, 465.)

I have been obliged to give these facts in some detail in order to show the process of identification. To me they appeared conclusive, and it was a great gratification to find that they convinced Mr. E. H. Coleridge, to whom one naturally looks for light and leading in Coleridgean problems.

Some biographical details have incidentally been given in this statement of the data which convinced me that Miss Vardill was the writer of "Christobell." It is more than half a century since she died, but I have been able to communicate with representatives and friends of the family and in this way to add some additional facts.* That she wrote "Christobell" was known to her relations.

The authoress of "Christobell" was born November 19th, 1781, at 81, Norton Street, Portland Road, London. She began to write at a very early age. Her first volume contained poems written between ten and sixteen. Two letters from Lord Moira have been preserved which relate to the negotiations about the dedication of the book to that hapless princess whose untimely death was so greatly mourned.

* I have to express my warm thanks to Mr. John P. Allan, writer, Glasgow, Mr. Charles Birtwhistle, J.P., Stroud, Mr. Adam Brown, writer, Kirkcudbright, Mrs. Anna Jane Niven Candlish, Leicester, Mr. Arthur H. Kaberry, Scarborough, and Mr. J. Arthur Slingsby, J.P., Skipton, to whom I am specially indebted for important and precise data.

December 10th, 1808.

My Dear Sir,—I am happy to tell you that Princess Charlotte accepts with great pleasure the dedication of Miss Vardill's Poems, and there is no necessity for Miss Vardill's name appearing on the title-page or subjoined to the dedication if her delicacy would wish it otherwise.

Your very obedient servant,

W. Fusteen, Esq. Moira.

St. James' Place,
February 11th, 1809.

Madam,—My own acknowledgments for the book with which you honoured me appeared a poor return for your flattering compliments, and they seemed still more inadequate when measured with the gratification which I had in the perusal of your Poems. I therefore wished to render them less inacceptable by transmitting at the same time those thanks which I knew the Prince of Wales would commission me to offer as soon as he should have been able to read the work. It is with peculiar satisfaction that I now obey his commands in expressing to you, madam, the Prince's sense of your polite attention as well as his assurance of the pleasure he found in what he has been studying. Insignificant as my professions of obligation must be after those of His Royal Highness, allow me still to add them, and believe, madam, that I have the honour to remain

Your very obedient and humble servant,

Miss Vardill. Moira.

She was a most constant contributor to the 'European Magazine' whilst it was the property of the Asperne family. The editor appreciated her work: "The Contributions of V.," he says, "are always acceptable" (vol. lxvii, 377); and again: "We can assure our correspondent *Henricus*—N.O.P.—M.A.L.

T. P.A.—L. of Bath and several other inquirers that the beautiful poetical tales signed V. are original and not extracted from the works of either Scott, Southey or Lord Byron" (vol. xvii, 473). She ceased to write for it soon after it changed hands. It must be observed, however, that the Aspernes relinquished the proprietorship at a period when another and absorbing interest was entering into her life. After her marriage to Mr. James Niven, of Glenarm, on May 17th, 1822, at the New Church, Marylebone, she ceased, if not to write, at all events to publish. We catch glimpses of her before and after marriage in Crabb Robinson's 'Diary.' We read:

"March 1st, 1820. Took tea at Flaxman's. I had not seen him since his loss. There was an unusual tenderness in his manner. He insisted on making me a present of several books, Dante's 'Penitential Psalms' and [a blank in the Diary], both in Italian, and 'Erasmus's Dialogues,' as if he thought he might be suddenly taken away and wished me to have some memorial of him.

"The visit, on the whole, was a comfortable one. I then sat an hour with Miss Vardill, who related an interesting anecdote of Madame de Staël. A country girl, the daughter of a clergyman, had accidentally met with an English translation of 'Delphine' and 'Corinne,' which so powerfully affected her in her secluded life as quite to turn her brain. And hearing that Madame de Staël was in London she wrote to her, offering to become her attendant or amanuensis. Madame de Staël's secretary, in a formal answer, declined the proposal. But her admirer was so intent on being in her service in some way that she came up to London and stayed a few days with a friend, who took her to the great novelist, and speaking in French, gave a hint of the young girl's mind. Madame de Staël,

with great promptitude and kindness, administered the only remedy that was likely to be effectual. The girl almost threw herself at her feet, and earnestly begged to be received by her. The Baroness very kindly, but decidedly, remonstrated with her on the folly of her desire. 'You may think,' she said, 'it is an enviable lot to travel over Europe and see all that is most beautiful and distinguished in the world, but the joys of home are more solid, domestic life affords more permanent happiness than any that fame can give. You have a father—I have none; you have a home—I was led to travel because I was driven from mine. Be content with your lot: if you knew mine you would not desire it.' With such admonitions she dismissed the petitioner. The cure was complete. The young woman returned to her father, became more steadily industrious, and without even speaking of her adventure with Madame de Staël, silently profited by it. She is now living a life of great respectability, and her friends consider that her cure was wrought by the only hand by which it could have been effected."

In 1826 he writes:

"During this year I was made executor to a Mrs. Vardill, a character. She was the widow of a clergyman, an American loyalist, a friend of old General Franklyn. The will had this singular devise in it, that Mrs. Vardill left the residue of her estate, real and personal, to accumulate till her daughter, Mrs. Niven, was fifty-two years of age. I mention this will, however, to refer to one of the most remarkable and interesting law cases which our courts of law have witnessed since the union of England and Scotland. The litigation arose not out of the will, but out of a pending suit, to take from her property in her possession. The question was whether a child legitimated in Scotland by the marriage (after his birth) of his father and mother can inherit lands in England. But, happily for my friend, the English lawyers were almost unanimously of

the opposite opinion. Connected with this decision is an act of Lord Brougham's, so curious that it deserves a place in the future biography of his lordship. I will therefore relate it here. The trial, at York, took place while Mrs. Vardill lived. The special verdict was argued in B. R., and judgment given unanimously in favour of the defendant.* There was then an appeal to the House of Lords, and it was argued before Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst.† The judges attended, and a certificate was put in giving an opinion also in our favour, but Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst went out of office without giving judgment. Brougham came in office. Nothing was done. As we were in possession with a judgment in our favour, it was not our business to stir. And so matters remained till we were startled, not to say alarmed, by Lord Brougham's rising in the House‡ and making a speech to this effect: 'I have to move that a case which has long been waiting for your lordships' judgment—Birtwistle *v.* Vardill—should be argued again by a single counsel, that judgment may be given.' He then stated the point, and proceeded: 'I argued this case for the English heir, and my argument was successful, for the learned judges gave in a certificate in favour of my client, but my argument was a very bad one, and the learned judges were all wrong. In fact, my lords, the learned counsel who argued the case for the Scotch heir never understood the case, and the right argument was not used. I knew what it was, and I knew that I had no answer to it. I therefore move that it be heard again.'§ On this Lord Lyndhurst rose and said, that the

* See 5 Barnwall and Creswell's 'Reports,' p. 438.

† In 1830.

‡ September 2nd, 1835.

§ This is a paraphrase only of Lord Brougham's speech, which will be found fully reported in 2 Clark and Finelly's 'Reports of Cases in the House of Lords,' p. 582. But the official report shows that his Lordship stated himself to have argued the case in support of the English heir's claim, and to have succeeded on grounds which he had maintained professionally at the Bar, but which were unsatisfactory

case had been argued by the noble and learned lord on one side, and by very eminent and distinguished persons on the other; and he agreed that it ought to be argued again. The argument was, of course, ordered. Now, what makes this so curious is that the argument which was delivered, as Lord Brougham said, by one who did not understand the case, was the argument of Lord Brougham himself. This blunder is easily accounted for.

"On the trial at York, Mrs. Vardill's counsel were Scarlett, Brougham, and Courtenay. After the verdict, when I had become interested as devisee in trust, I spoke with Brougham on the subject, and he said, 'Don't flatter yourself that we shall succeed, for the law is against us. We have not a leg to stand on.' Knowing this I objected to Brougham's being chosen to argue the case before the Lords (before B. R. Courtenay as the junior argued it, and he had a brief to take notes). It being found that we had left Brougham out before the Lords (we had Scarlett and Courtenay), the plaintiff put in Brougham and Tindal. Brougham felt very strongly in this case. His whole heart and soul were in it. When it was argued for the last time by Attorney-General Campbell for the plaintiff in error, and by Dampier for the defendant, Brougham was very busy running from one judge to another. Our attorney, Mr. Law, heard him say to Campbell after leaving some of the judges, 'Damn 'em, I can't shake them.'"

On October 1st of that year Crabb Robinson visited the Nivens at their house at Kirkcudbright and made this entry in his 'Diary.'

"Mr. Niven, no slanderer of his countrymen, related to me in a few words a tale, which in every incident makes one think how Walter Scott would have worked it up. Sir — Gordon wilfully shot his neighbour. The man might have

to himself sitting in the House as a judge whereas it would appear he had really held a brief and argued for the Scotch heir.

been cured, but he preferred dying, that his murderer might be hanged. The Gordon fled, and lived many years in exile, till he was visited by a friend, Sir — Maxwell, who persuaded him that the affair was forgotten, and that he might return. The friends travelled together in Edinburgh, and there they attended together the public worship of God in the Kirk. In the middle of the service the Maxwell cried aloud, 'Shut all the doors, here is a murderer!' The Gordon was seized, tried, and hanged, and the Maxwell obtained from the Crown a grant of a Castle, and the noble demesnes belonging to it. The account was given to me while I was visiting the picturesque ruins of the castle."

Mr. Niven died February 11th, 1830, at the age of sixty-one. There was one child of the marriage, Agnes Vardill Niven, who was born January 24th, 1825. After her husband's death Mrs. Niven returned to England and lived mainly at Woolwich Common and Skipton in Craven, where she died June 4th, 1852. Some letters written by her to her cousin Mrs. Kissock are in the possession of that lady's daughter, Mrs. Candlish, but they are almost exclusively of domestic interest. The only child of Anna Vardill and James Niven died unmarried at Skipton October 7th, 1872, as I learn from her godson Mr. Arthur Helder Kaberry. Mrs. Niven left behind her in MS a diary extending from November, 1837, to September, 1848. It consists almost exclusively of accounts and of memoranda as to her property. The entries show, however, that during her widowhood she made some tours at home and abroad. Hastings, the Lake District, Buxton, Bristol, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Bath are mentioned, and in 1843 she visited France and Italy.

Milan, Parma, Modena, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Turin are amongst the places mentioned in this journey, which extended over ten months. She was again in France in 1845 and in 1847, when she also visited Scotland. The diary also records letters sent to Miss Mitford, and has many references to H. Crabb Robinson and the legal matters in which he represented her interests. Mr. Slingsby also possesses a MS written in 1830 for her daughter. It has prefixed to it a letter of great interest, which reads:

December 31, 1830.

My Dear Little Daughter,—The trifles you will find in my portfolio were chiefly written for a young friend not more than twice your age. She had a very infirm mother, for whose amusement she placed a little box of Athenian cedar, the gift of Professor Flaxman, in the corner of her drawing-room; and all who were acquainted with the aperture in its side slid in such pieces of prose or verse as they thought acceptable. On the first and second Wednesdays of the winter months the Attic Chest was unlocked by its owner after tea, and the contents read to the small party of her select friends. On the last of these evenings each acknowledged his or her share, and a dance concluded the social pastime. My dear friend's marriage with Sir John Franklin, whose adventures at the North Pole you have already heard, and her early death closed the Attic Chest; and its principal contributors, Dr. Benjamin Franklin's only son, Dr. Hutton [or Hatton] and his grandson, Flaxman and his gifted wife and sisters, William Hayley and two or three friends of Walter Scott and Lord Byron Coleridge and Wordsworth, are gone from us. Many of the tales composed in prose or verse have appeared in annuals or other miscellanies, some you will find in manuscript, and three were added lately, to preserve in

remembrance *facts* which seemed to prove that many evils in a woman's life might be prevented by an early knowledge of the laws which regulate her place and property. This year deprived you of the Father who would have guarded both, therefore I can offer you no better gift for the next.*

The "Imitations of Minor Greek Poets" and the "Pleasures of Human Life" were intended only for the perusal of a fond parent and partial friend—your Grandfather and Lindley Murray. The fragments of the Attic Chest are more calculated for your amusement, having been collected from the conversation of the antiquaries, travellers and civilians who attended its owner's happy evenings. The pleasures of remembering such conversations is one of the many advantages gained by a habit of attention to every source of knowledge. If these relics enliven or improve yours, the Attic Chest will be still delightful to your fond mother, A. J. N.

Probably the portfolio named in the letter contained printed copies of such contributions to the Attic Chest as had been published. The list includes many that appeared in the 'European Magazine.'

The first wife of Sir John Franklin was Eleanor Jane Porden, a lady of literary tastes, some of whose poems were printed and had a certain amount of success in the social circles in which she moved. She died in 1825.

The unsolved problem of "Christabel" is the character of Geraldine. Who and what is she? On the answer to this question depends the nature

* This refers to three articles which Mrs. Niven has dated 1830, and described in the table of contents as: "A Little Girl's Law-Book," Part I; "A Young Lady's Law-Book," Part II; "An Old Lawyer's Legends," Part III.

of any possible sequel to Coleridge's magnificent fragment. The poet, whilst declaring that he had the story all complete in his mind, appears to have kept the secret locked in his own breast. There is no hint extant as to his intentions. Anna Vardill's continuation of the legend is as wild as Coleridge's poem, and although it is not so beautiful, it is not without a weird charm. For her Geraldine is the Witch of the lake, who has for a time escaped from Merlin's spell. The Magician raises the spirit of Sir Leoline's dead wife and from her learns that Geraldine's power will pass away at the moment of the espousal of Christobell and her own true knight. And with the discomfiture of Geraldine the story ends. How well the Coleridgean manner is echoed may be shown by two quotations:

> "Lord Leoline sat in chair of pride,
> The white-armed stranger by his side—
> O bright was the glance she gave to view,
> When back her amaranth locks she threw!
> It was like the moon's on the fountain brim
> When the amber clouds around her skim:
> The rubies that on her bosom flamed
> Seemed of her richer lips ashamed:
> There never was lovely lady seen
> Like the stranger-guest, fair Geraldine."

A messenger brings a goblet of crysolite with a message from Sir Roland. The goblet is filled by Sir Leoline, who places it in the lady's hand:

> "But the crysolite changed as she touched its brim
> And the gem on its sapphire edge grew dim—
> The lamps are quenched in their sockets of gold,
> The hour is past and the bell has toll'd."

Then comes the transformation scene, for as the spells of Geraldine are exhausted she falls again under the more potent influence of Merlin:

"There sits a dame of royal mien,
But her lips are pearly, her locks are green;
The eider-down hides her speckled breast,
The fangs of the sea-wolf clasp her vest;
And those orbs, once bluer than western skies,
Are shrunk to the rings of the serpent's eyes.

"'Witch of the lake! I know thee now,
Thrice three hundred years are gone
Since beneath my cave
In the western wave
I doomed thee to rue and weep alone,
And writ thy shame on thy breast and brow.

"'But those and thy envious fiends in vain
Have risen to mock my power again,
The spell which in thy bosom waketh
No holy virgin's lips can stain;
The spell that in thy false eye lurketh
But for an hour can truth enchain.

"'Not ev'n thy serpent eye could keep
Its ire near guiltless Beatty's sleep;
The spirit of evil could not dare
To look on heav'n—for heav'n is there.
Thy hour is past—thy spells I sever;
Witch of the wave, descend for ever!'"

So ends "Christobell."

It is not claimed that Anna Vardill can be placed in any conspicuous position among the women writers of Britain. But high culture, artistic taste and a poetical temperament were certainly hers. She shared in the enthusiasm of the age that, breaking

conventional trammels, felt the magic of the legends and the folklore to be found on the Scottish hills and in the Yorkshire dales. Her talent, though not strikingly original, was sympathetic to the same influences that moved Scott and Byron. In the one effort by which she will now be remembered Anna Vardill caught the echo of Coleridge's wild and spiritual music. In her "Christobell" we have something of the glamour of the great poet who had fed on honey-dew,

"And drunk the milk of Paradise."

Bibliography.

Poems and Translations from the Minor Greek Poets and Others: Written chiefly between the ages of ten and sixteen, by a Lady. Dedicated by permission to Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales. London: Asperne, 1809, pp. 165.

The original verses are as follows:

The Battle of Trafalgar (an irregular ode); The Rights of Woman (a burlesque essay); Inscription design'd for the Statue of William Pitt; Address to the Patrons of the Refuge for the Destitute; On the Statue of Sir John Moore at Glasgow; Address to the Hon. Society of Freemasons, written for their Anniversary Meeting.

Six Sonnets Descriptive of Scenes in the West of Scotland: (1) On a View of Castrammon; (2) On the River Dee, near Kirkcudbright; (3) On the Fleet, near Gatehouse; (4) On Raeberie Hill; (5) On Ross-Isle, near Balmae; (6) On Balmae House.

Six Sonnets to the Memory of a Young Friend.

Occasional Trifles: To the Hon. Miss C. on Her First Introduction at Court; To Two Sisters; The Favourites, a Tale; On a Silver Tea Chest, Presented to the Right Hon. Lady C.; The Power of Fancy; To a Young Lady on her

return to Copenhagen; The Birth-day; On the Portrait of an Infant God-daughter; Enigma Found in a Lady's Instrument; On Lindley Murray's Works; On an Ice Plant.

Imitations of Various Styles of Poetry: A Persian Dirge; An Hungarian Gipsy's Song; A Wandering Savoyard's Tale; A Spanish Serenade and Reply; A Portuguese Rondeau from Camoens; A Sonnet from Petrarch; An Italian Madrigal; A Portrait from the French; A French Madrigal; A Scotch Ballad; An Ancient Minstrel's Lay.

Songs: A Canzonet for Three Friends, written at thirteen years of age; War Song sent to the Craven Legion; A Song for the 19th Century; A Welsh Student's Wish; Burlesque Translation into Macaroni Verse; The Married Traveller's Return; A Parody on the Preceding; The Philosopher's Return; Coeleb's Apology, Written for an Harmonic Society; On Earl Moira's Marriage to the Countess of Loudoun; Three Hymns for Benevolent Societies; Lord P . . . 's Epistle to the Hon. Colonel C . . . n; Addenda.

There was a second edition in 1812. The third edition has also "An Essay on Music." To this is the following foot-note: "This essay was begun at ten years of age. The writer's accidental loss of sight detained it from the press till the third edition had been published." The copy of the third edition in the British Museum is dated 1809. The explanation is that an engraved as well as a printed title-page was issued in 1809, and this was inserted in each subsequent edition with the number of the edition printed on it, but retaining the printers' imprint of 1809.

The British Museum copy of the *third* edition has lost the *printed* title-page and retains only the engraved one of 1809. No doubt it was issued after 1816. Another bibliographical curiosity about the third edition is that the page on which the "Essay on Music" begins is numbered 199, the leaf immediately preceding it, and which formed the last leaf of the second edition, being ignored altogether, although it contains two small poems, the pagination

following on from the leaf preceding that which was numbered 198.

The Pleasures of Human Life, a Poem; by Anna Jane Vardill. London: Printed for Longmans, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown, by James Ballantyne & Co., Edinburgh, 1812, 4to, pp. [3] 100.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE 'EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.'

[In this list the pieces are in verse and signed "V." unless otherwise noted.]

Vol. lix, p. 136, Inscription for Tablet to Memory of the Rev. Dr. John Vardill, by his Daughter.

lxiv, 430, Epitaph Designed for William Franklin. (A.J.V.)

lxvi, 435, The Outcast: an Indian Tale.

lxvii, 55, Lomond's Isle; 241, Count Bertram; 543, Christobell: a Gothic Tale; 442, The Warden of Carlisle; 539, The Bridal Eve: a Hermit's Legend.

lxviii, 53, St. Hubert's Vigil; 157, Don Sebastian; 253, Eric and Amabel; 355, Hohenhelm; 357, Elegiac Verses on the Death of Miss Caroline Demys (A. J. V.); 441, De Courcy; 534, Love's Visit (this is not signed but is the last of the "Legends of the Hermitage" which form the six preceding).

lxix, 58, The Invisible Cap: a Tradition of Tabby Hall; 151, The Rivals (second tradition); 247, The Wreath (third tradition); 341, Ridicule *versus* Pocket (fourth tradition); 446, Sir Jerome's Heiress (fifth tradition); 544, Roderic's Dream (sixth tradition).

lxx, 8, 116, 204, 296, 397, 496, Memoirs of a Recluse (in prose); 68, Fifty Years Ago (seventh tradition); 166, Bibo de Montefiesco (eighth tradition); 261, Cupid at School (the last tradition of Tabby Hall); 362, Happiness: a Fragment; 457, Brown Bread Found in an Attic Poet's Cupboard: A Fragment Found in a Skeleton Case; 543, The Festival of Nauruz.

lxxi, 20, 97, 191, Memoirs of a Recluse (continued); 65, The Legend of Dunbar; 152, A Yorkshire Legend; 289, 385, 481, Legends of Lampidosa: Collected by a Recluse (in prose); 442, The Lost Dove.

lxxii, 6, 102, 201, 297, 411, Legends of Lampidosa (continued): 69, A Relic from Waterloo; 70, Another Relic; 158, The New Coinage: written for a Literary Society opened by a Ball July 14th; 263, The Hall of Flowers: an Irish Legend; 358, The Pearl Island: a Fragment; 449, The Bride's Dirge [on the Death of Princess Charlotte]; 493, Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio (in prose); 550, Anacreontic, by the late Rev. Dr. Vardill; 551, English *versus* French.

lxxiii, 9, 97, 193, 289, 385, 473, Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio (continued) (in prose); 63, Time to Beauty; 153, The Chapel of the Isle: a Fragment; 257, The Elfin Arrow: Found on the Coast of Malta; 343, The Progress of Music; 435, A Highland Husband's Gift: From a MS in the McGregor Family; 526, On a Lady's Kaleidoscope.

lxxiv, 9, 97, Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio (continued) (in prose); 61, The Arctic Navigator's Prayer; 62, The Canal and the Brook; 162, Prologue to a Play Acted in a Nobleman's Barn; 162, Epilogue; 193, Extracts from an Arctic Navigator's Journal (in prose); 259, Winter in the Country to Winter in the Town; 289, An Arctic Islander in London (in prose); 356, The Arctic Moon; 385, Origin of an Arctic Colony (in prose); 439, Sir Locrine; 481, Relics of Popular Superstitions [Observed near Park Gate, West of Scotland] (in prose); 536, The Banquet Song of the Tonga Islanders: verified from a literal translation.

lxxv, 9, 105, [St. Mark's Eve in Yorkshire] 208, 297, 393, 487, Relics of Popular Superstitions (continued) (in prose); 54, The Queen's Bower; 148, The Lykewake Dirge; 262, The Carnival of Corfu; 355, A Bridal Serenade: By a modern Welsh Harper; 454, The Glow-worm to the Moon; 544, The Minute Bell; 9, Tales of To-day (in prose), (first not signed), 105 (signed V.), 201, 297, 393, 489.

lxxvi, 66, Another Edition of Edwin and Angelina: from a Collector's Portfolio; 165, On a New Made Grave near Bolton Priory; 265, Winter in Town to Winter in the Country; 356, The Blind Traveller; 455, The Marine Society's Appeal to the Ladies of Great Britain; 456, The Prodigal to His Wife; 543, Le Pas Trois: an epigram from M. de Lewis.

lxxvii, 9, Tales of To-day (continued); 53, The Pilfering Poet's Apology to his Judges; 153, Annals of Public Justice: The High Court of Justiciary and a Gipsy Chief (in prose); 166, The Eldest King of Britain: Llewellyn's Dream [on the Deaths of George III and the Duke of Kent]; 201, Annals, etc.: an Austrian Assassin (in prose); 260, A Walk to Ilkley; 297, Annals, etc.: The Western Assize Court in 1689 (in prose); 357, On Seeing the Flower called Honesty in a Lady's Cap; 393, Annals, etc.: The Bronze Statue (in prose); 430, The White Horse of Wharfdale; 489, Annals, etc.: The Brothers of Dijon (in prose); 536, St. Valentine's Eve, or the Fireside Fairies.

lxxxviii, 13, Annals, etc.: The Czar and the Czarawitz (in prose); 105, Annals, etc.: The Traveller's Dream (in prose); 153, A Freemason's Epitaph near Bagdad; 201, Annals, etc.: Il due Gobbi (in prose); 263, An Englishman's Farewell to a Converzazione; 297, Annals, etc.: The Black Gondola (in prose); 352, An Exile's Dream; 389, Annals, etc.: Count Orloff's Divorce (in prose); 454, The Yew in Skipton Castle; 489, Annals, etc.: Queen Mary's Cross (in prose); 548, The Farewell Cup to the Dead at a Highland Funeral.

lxxix, 9, 105, 202, 303, 400, The Secrets of Cabalism (in prose); 73, A Christmas Carol; 167, The Pelican and the Swan; 229, An Unexpected Heir's Legacy; 259, The Stroll of the Last Sylph; 360, A Fragment from a Lawyer's Portfolio; 457, The Keep of Windsor Castle: a fragment from tradition; 492, The Last Secret of Cabalism (in prose); 553, La Morte d'Arthur; or the Legend of Sir Launcelot. Collected from the MS in the Harleian Library.

lxxx, The Coronation Eve [on the Coronation of George IV], 127, 217; 6, Denon's Hundred Days in England (in prose); 144, Wit and Reason; 261, A Whisper at a Conversazioné; 310, 412, 511, The Last Leaf of the Parish Register (in prose); 320, A Traveller's Story; 508, The Hermit of Loch Lomond.

lxxxi, 9, 120, 218, 310, 411, 506, My Godmother's Legacy; or the Art of Consoling (in prose); 26, The Prisoners of Mount St. Michael; 112, The Boat of the Stars; 214, Malham Tarn; 325, The Fairies' Nursery: an April Dream.

Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, who was in the Chair, then spoke as follows:

I think that we shall all agree that Dr. Axon has brought to a very triumphant finis a difficult piece of literary investigation, and that he has solved once for all a minor literary problem which has teased, and vexed, and baffled many patient but less successful inquirers. His success is the reward both of exhaustive and thoughtful research, and of the literary acumen which can alone make good use of the materials so acquired. His connection, or rather identification of V., first with feminine authorship, then with the editor's tribute to Variella (six years, remember, after the "Gothic Tale" appeared), then with the Reverend John Vardill's "Anacreontic," and finally with Anna Jane Vardill, had proved his point before it occurred to me that the name "Vardill" might be mentioned in Henry Crabb Robinson's 'Diary,' and I chanced to light upon a singular confirmation of Dr. Axon's independent surmise. I had, as Dr. Axon points out, hazarded a kind—perhaps I ought rather to say a shadow—

of a guess, that James Hogg might have had a hand in the composition of "Christobell." For I had diligently read V.'s numerous other contributions to the 'European Magazine,' and I could not persuade myself that the gleams and flashes of something like poetry, nay, some dozen or more lines which Coleridge might have written himself, could have proceeded from the pen of the author of the colourless diluted effusions which appeared in each number before and after 1815 under the same signature. And, moreover, I was familiar with that finest and tenderest and most beautiful of all parodies, Hogg's "Cherub," modelled upon and all but reaching up to Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," which was published in 1817, in the anonymous collection of parodies, entitled the 'Poetic Mirror.'

So rare and so delicate is the melody that Robert Browning, who had unearthed it from some forgotten magazine, sent it as a genuine Coleridgean lyric to James Dykes Campbell, who sent it on to me. Alas! I was obliged to tell Mr. Campbell that the "Cherub" was a manufactured freak, a kind of Barnum's *Lusus Naturæ*, and thenceforth I heard no more of the subject either from Mr. Campbell or from Browning. But I do not wonder that its dulcet tones had deceived these elect persons, or that "Christobell, a Gothic Tale" suggested to me the poetical mimicries of the Ettrick Shepherd. For, as Dr. Axon finely puts it: "Here and there Anna Vardill caught something of Coleridge's wild and spiritual music." And, indeed, an element of mystery remains, of mystery which in no way affects Dr. Axon's identification of V. with Anna Vardill,

but which prompts other inquiries and other guesses. For it is not conceivable that Crabb Robinson's one reading of the MS of "Christabel" would enable anyone to write a continuation in the same style and metre and with so much of the *gusto* of the original. One reading or recitation might inspire another poet with the lilt and something of the romantic glamour of the original, as Dr. Stoddart's one reading of the MS of "Christabel" at Lasswade, in 1802, inspired Walter Scott with the air and metre of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," but one reading could not have resulted in "Christobell, a Gothic Tale." No! the good Crabb must have left the MS in Miss Vardill's hands, and as he was a good friend to Coleridge, and a man of honour, and as she appears to have been a high-minded and honourable woman, I cannot but think that the appearance of the "Gothic Tale" in the May number of the 'European Magazine' was not altogether a surprise to the real Simon Pure—*i. e.* to S. T. C. himself. If it had been a base trick—a cruel anticipation of his unpublished poem—I think that he must have known about it and would have complained of so unwarrantable a transaction to some of his friends. We know that long years after when he was questioned on the subject he said: "It is a singular affair," and that he would explain the whole story, but proceeded instead to explain or to begin to explain some other story altogether. There is, of course, no proof, but it is a pardonable guess that Miss Vardill must have submitted proof or copy to Robinson, and that he must have obtained some kind of assent or permission from Coleridge himself.

Be that as it may, one short year went by, and thanks to Lord Byron's intervention the Lovely Lady herself and not another, was at length presented to the public, and the anticipation or continuation only remained as a problem and a puzzle to the curious.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

BY PROFESSOR J. W. MACKAIL, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read March 25th, 1908.]

JUST one hundred years ago, Scott, writing to Miss Seward, slipped into a characteristic passage of his large, careless, human criticism. "Dryden's fame," he wrote, "has nodded, and that of Pope begins to be drowsy; Chaucer is as sound as a top, and Spenser is snoring in the midst of his commentators. Milton indeed is quite awake, but observe, he was at his very outset refreshed with a nap of half a century; and in the midst of all this, we sons of degeneracy talk of immortality."

In a world where such lapses into oblivion come over even the greatest names, the minor immortality attained by the second rank among men of letters is even fainter and more precarious. The name of Sir Richard Fanshawe is now little known except among professed students of the history and literature of the seventeenth century. But it is one which had an important place both in public life and in the development of English poetry; and if it is necessary to introduce him to a modern audience by giving a brief sketch of his life, it is no waste of time to do so: for it was a life full of action and incident, and

has been recorded for us by a loving hand in one of the most fascinating of biographies.

To the eighteenth century Fanshawe was superficially known, both as a statesman through the pages of Clarendon, and as a man of letters who was of some account in that period of transition which connects the age of the later Elizabethans with the age of Dryden. To Dryden himself and to Dryden's contemporaries, the generation which immediately succeeded his own, he had been a considerable figure. In the age which followed, the age of Pope and fully developed classicism, he shared the general neglect which overtook the English poets of the transition. His translation of the 'Lusiads' of Camoens retained some position as a work which, though it had become obsolete, was still a sort of classic. Voltaire read it when he was in England between 1726 and 1729, and based upon it his slight and ill-informed criticism on Camoens, whom he had not read in the original, in his 'Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European Nations.' Fifty years later, Johnson, in his life of Dryden, mentions him, along with Denham, Waller, and Cowley, as one of the pioneers in the art of translation, who "broke the shackles of verbal interpretation and showed the way towards elegance and liberty." Johnson's reading in older English literature was extensive though desultory. But probably he owed his acquaintance with Fanshawe to Mickle, whose own version of the 'Lusiads' had been published a few years before. In a prefatory dissertation to that work, Mickle had criticised his predecessor's version severely, calling it bald, harsh, unfaithful, and unpoetical, and quoting

largely from it in support of this unfavourable judgment. After this, little attention was paid to Fanshawe for half a century.

All this while, the memoirs of Lady Fanshawe had remained in the obscurity of their original MS, which had fortunately remained intact, except for the loss of a few pages at the end, in the possession of the family. They gradually became known among antiquarians. The earliest allusion to them which has been traced is in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1787. About the same time Horace Walpole had been shown them, and found them "not unentertaining." Extracts from them, which after this were given from time to time in literary collections of anecdota or in county histories, began to rouse a keener interest in them; and in 1829 they were published, with a preface and notes by Sir Harris Nicolas. That volume went into a second edition in the following year, but it seems probable that neither edition was large, and the memoirs remained but little known. They were not reprinted again until 1905. For many years before that, copies of the earlier editions could easily be picked up at a moderate price, as they still can be, by anyone who cared to look for them.

Meanwhile, however, the love of letters for which Sir Richard Fanshawe was so conspicuous had reappeared in the family. Sir Richard's own family, so far, at least, as male issue is concerned, became extinct in the next generation. But Mr. H. C. Fanshawe, the ninth in direct descent from Sir Richard's grandfather, has recently re-edited the memoirs from the original MS—the earlier editions

were all from a rather incorrect transcript made in 1766. He has also supplied them, in the exercise of a piety and industry which are as rare as they are commendable, with a complete body of illustrative collateral information. This definitive edition of the 'Memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe' is a book which is delightful to possess, and for which much gratitude is due to its editor.

It is in the picture they give of Lady Fanshawe herself that the intimate charm of these memoirs lies. They were written in her widowhood, in order to preserve a memory for her only surviving son of the husband whom she had idolised. Love supplied for her all defects of skill. There is no fine writing in the memoirs, and no self-consciousness. The spirit in which she wrote may best be indicated by a few of her own words: "We never had but one mind throughout our lives. Our souls were wrapped up in each other, our aims and designs one, our loves one and our resentments one. Whatever was real happiness, God gave it me in him." The temptation to linger over her is great. But it is of Sir Richard himself, and of Sir Richard as a poet and man of letters, that I have undertaken to give some account. It will not be amiss to begin by giving the briefest possible outline of his life.

Richard Fanshawe was born in 1608, and was the fifth son of Sir Henry Fanshawe, of Ware Park, in Hertfordshire, Remembrancer of the Exchequer. This office was for a century and a half almost an appanage of the family; no less than nine Fanshawes successively held it between the reign of Elizabeth and that of George I. Like many high

officials of his time, Sir Henry was a scholar and a musician. The house and garden at Ware Park were both famous in an age of splendid domestic architecture and of sumptuous gardens such as are described in Bacon's essay. Here Richard Fanshawe lived until he was sent to Farnaby's famous school in Cripplegate, the Eton of the period. From it he proceeded to Jesus College, Cambridge, at the age of fifteen, and after finishing his course at the University, returned to London, and was entered as a student of the Inner Temple. Both at school and at college his orbit nearly intersected that of the most illustrious of his contemporaries. Milton, born a few months after Fanshawe, was at school at St. Paul's within half a mile of him, and entered Christ's the year after Fanshawe went to Jesus. The two, one fancies, must have met at Cambridge. Thenceforward their paths lay far apart. Milton remained at Cambridge for eight years, and was then buried for five or six years more in the seclusion of Horton; he started on his grand tour to Italy just about the time when Fanshawe returned from prolonged continental travel; and after this Fanshawe was engaged in public affairs as an ardent Royalist, and could have little intercourse with men of letters belonging to the opposite party. It is, however, one of the curious freaks of history that at the Restoration Fanshawe succeeded Milton as Latin Secretary, and the conjecture has been hazarded that his influence may have helped towards the remarkable leniency with which the republican extremist and official defender of regicide was treated by the Restoration Government.

Between 1632 and 1638 Fanshawe was much abroad, in France, Italy and Spain. He was for a time Secretary to the English Embassy at Madrid, and on his return was made Secretary to the Irish Council of War under Strafford. In November, 1640, the Long Parliament met, and within a week had ordered Strafford's arrest. The Civil War broke out in 1642, and in the following spring Fanshawe joined the King at Oxford. From this time forward he was engaged incessantly in the Royal service.

Among the Royalists who were then crowding into Oxford from all quarters were the Harrisons, a Hertfordshire family, connected by marriage as well as by neighbourhood with the Fanshawes. The mother was dead, and the younger children were in the charge of the eldest daughter, Anne, a handsome and high-spirited girl of eighteen. It seems to have been a case of love at first sight on both sides; but as to this, Lady Fanshawe, who, though as frank and free-spoken as one of Shakespeare's women, knows when to be reticent, says nothing. It was no easy time for marrying or giving in marriage. First, Anne's brother, William Harrison, hurt in a skirmish near Oxford, died of his wounds; then Fanshawe's appointment as Envoy to the Court of Denmark was actually made out, but afterwards cancelled. The estates of both families had been sequestrated by the Parliament, and they were all but penniless: "The stock we set up our trading with," Lady Fanshawe says, "did not amount to twenty pounds betwixt us"; and Charles paid his servants with promises, not in cash. But in May, 1644, they were married in the little church of

Wolvercot, close to Oxford, and the long joint romance of their life began.

For its details I must refer you to the 'Memoirs' themselves: it is a fascinating story, which during the next seven years ranges through England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, and Spain; a life of war and wandering, of shipwrecks, imprisonments, and hairbreadth escapes, borne in cheerful poverty and unconquerable loyalty. During the remainder of the Civil War Fanshawe held, successively, the offices of Secretary at War to Prince Charles, Treasurer of the Navy, Envoy Extraordinary to Spain, and Clerk of the Council and Secretary of State. In 1650 he was made a Baronet; in the following year he was taken prisoner a few days after the battle of Worcester, and kept under close arrest in London for two months. It is of this imprisonment that Lady Fanshawe gives the vivid little picture which is perhaps the best known single passage in the 'Memoirs':—

"Order came to carry him to Whitehall, where in a little room, yet standing in the bowling green, he was kept prisoner without the speech of any one, so far as they knew, ten weeks, and in expectation of death. They often examined him, and at last he grew so ill in health by the cold and hard marches he had undergone, and being pent up in a room close and small, that the scurvy brought him almost to death's door. During this time of his imprisonment I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery

Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, at the entry that went out of King's Street into the bowling ground. There I would go under his window and softly call him. He that after the first time expected me, never failed to put out his head at first call. Thus we talked together; and sometimes I was so wet with rain that it went in at my neck and out at my heels."

Cromwell had not only a respect, but a genuine liking for Fanshawe; and after some unavailing attempts to induce him to enter the service of the Commonwealth, he arranged terms for him which were easy, and even, as things went, generous. His property remained in sequestration, but for the next seven years he was allowed to live in England wherever he chose free from any surveillance or molestation. It was in these seven years that most of his work in letters was done. Though thrust early into public affairs by inherited position, he was by nature a scholar and student rather than a man of action: he was happy so long as he had his wife and his books. "Pens, ink and paper was your father's trade," Lady Fanshawe tells her son. Herself high-spirited, active, and a fearless horsewoman, she seems now and then to have been inclined to complain of her husband's devotion to study, except that nothing that he did could be wrong. "He never used exercise but walking," she tells us, "and that generally with some book in his hand, which oftentimes was poetry."

At this point, therefore, it will be convenient to give some account of his published writings, among which it is not necessary for this purpose to include his letters and dispatches. He published but little

original poetry, and does not seem to have written much. The bulk of his poetry, and that by which he obtained his reputation and his place in English literature, consists of translations from Latin, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. In all these languages he was an accomplished scholar. His earliest volume, a translation of the 'Pastor Fido,' to which were annexed a few graceful original pieces, appeared in 1647, in the interval between the first and second Civil Wars, while Charles I was a prisoner at Holmby House, and terms of accommodation between him and the Parliament were under discussion. Guarini's famous pastoral play had appeared more than fifty years before, but it still remained at the height of its immense reputation throughout Europe. The English version by Dymock had been published as early as 1602, and had supplied the model and much of the inspiration for Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess' (? 1609). Fanshawe's own translation, which was dedicated to Prince Charles, was reprinted in the following year, and passed through five editions before the demand for it was exhausted. In the edition of 1664 there was added to the volume a translation of the fourth book of the 'Aeneid' in Spenserian verse.

The first fruits of Fanshawe's forced retirement was a little volume of translations from Horace's odes, published in 1651. For some considerable time afterwards he was engaged on his largest work in poetry, the translation of Camoens' 'Lusiads,' in the *ottava rima* of the original. This appeared in 1655, and took its place as a standard work alongside of Fairfax's 'Tasso.' Three years later was published

the most curious of all his works and one very characteristic of the period, a translation into Latin verse of Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess.' At the end of this volume mention is made of another work as yet unpublished (it was not, in fact, printed until after Fanshawe's death). This was a translation of a Spanish comedy, or rather masque, entitled 'To Love only for Love Sake' ('Querer por Solo Querer'), by Antonio de Mendoza; the date of the original in this case is 1623, and a dedication of the translation to Queen Christina of Sweden, presumably written soon after the translation was made and when Fanshawe meant to print it, is dated July, 1654. This item may conclude our list; there are some other occasional poems and translations to be recorded in a full bibliography of Fanshawe's works, but they need not detain us here. With the volume of 1658, accordingly, Fanshawe's work in poetry ends.

The remainder of his life was a period of resumed and engrossing public employment. The 'Fida Pastora' was entered for publication in March, 1658. On September 3rd of that year Cromwell died, and three weeks later a pass was granted by the new government to Fanshawe to go abroad. He rejoined Charles II at Paris, and was with him there and in the Low Countries and Holland until the Restoration. In January, 1660, he was appointed Latin Secretary and Master of Requests; he crossed from Scheveling in the King's ship in May, and entered London with him; soon after he was made Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and was chosen member for the University of Cambridge in the Cavalier Parliament. In the autumn of 1661 he went as Envoy Extra-

ordinary to Lisbon to complete the arrangements for the Portuguese match; did the translator of Camoens, one must needs wonder, have any augury in his mind of how the insignificant island off the Indian coast, which Catharine of Braganza brought as part of her dowry, was to be the germ of an empire that should far eclipse that founded by Vasco de Gama and Alfonso Albuquerque? He returned to Lisbon as English Ambassador after the royal marriage, and after an interval at home, during which he was sworn of the Privy Council, sailed from Portsmouth at the beginning of 1664 as Ambassador to Spain. His special business there was the negotiation of a treaty. Things went amiss; he was not supported properly by his own government, and Lady Fanshawe hints at jealousies on the part of Clarendon. At all events he was recalled in May, 1666, and died of fever at Madrid in June as he was preparing to return to England. His illness was, no doubt, aggravated by vexation. The profligacy of the court and the want of principle in the Government were alike distasteful to him. On her way home with her husband's body, Lady Fanshawe received at Bilbao the news of the burning of London. It must have seemed to many of his friends that he had been taken away timely from the evil to come.

It was the end of an age and the beginning of another in literature as well as in public affairs. Fanshawe belonged to the period and school in poetry of the transition, of the later Jacobeans and earlier Carolines. He just missed seeing its extinction. In the year after his death Dryden's 'Annus

Mirabilis' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost' were published; and a new age began.

Milton was born in the same year as Fanshawe. Both received, at school in London and at the University of Cambridge, the elaborate classical education of that period; both supplemented it by further prolonged study, by large reading among the English and Italian poets, and by residence abroad in the company of foreign men of letters and scholars. They held successively the post of Latin Secretary, and it is a curious little fact that Fanshawe's Latin dedication to the Queen of Sweden, which I have already mentioned, coincides rather closely in substance, and even in language, with portions of Milton's semi-official eulogy of Christina in the 'Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano,' published two months earlier. But in poetry, almost from the first, the two give the impression not only of a different school and manner but almost of a different period. The difference is like that between Jacobean and Palladian architecture, which also overlap in this age; the one continuing the Elizabethan tradition, richly ornamented, profuse, highly coloured, the other magnificent and austere. Fanshawe was by nature, and in spite of his fine scholarship and classical training, a romanticist; Milton, even in the earlier poems in which the romantic influence is still strong, is the first and the greatest of the classicists.

There happens to be a single instance in which the two methods, and the whole difference in the technical quality of poetry that they involve, can be set side by side. Both Milton and Fanshawe translated the fifth ode of the first book of Horace. The

precise date of the translation is not known in either case, but it is not very material. Milton's well-known version was first published among the additions made to the volume of his Poems when it was reprinted in 1673. These additions comprise pieces written both before and after the date of the original volume; this piece comes between the 'Vacation Exercise' of 1627 or 1628 and the Tetrachordon sonnet of 1645 or 1646, but it may be conjecturally dated between 1640 and 1650.* Fanshawe's Horace was published, as we have seen, in 1651. Let me quote the two renderings; they will enforce the point which I wish to bring out by themselves better than can be done by any comment. Milton's, of course, takes place of the other:

"What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:
Who now enjoyes thee credulous, all Gold,
Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable,
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Hapless they

* A brief prefatory note to it contains the first hint of the thesis afterwards expanded by him in the preface to the 'Paradise Lost,' that rhyme, "the jingling sound of like endings," was not merely "no necessary adjunct or true ornament of good verse," but "a thing of itself, trivial, and of no true musical delight," and that the neglect of rhyme was, therefore, "so little to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it is rather to be esteemed an example set of ancient liberty recovered from troublesome and modern bondage."

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea."

This is essential Milton, at once classic and classicist. The scrupulous, weighed and ordered, almost abstract language, the severe rhythms, the clarity of outline and faintness of colour are more Horatian, one might say, than Horace himself. Now turn to Fanshawe:

"What Stripling now thee discomposes
In Woodbine Rooms, on Beds of Roses,
For whom thy Auburn Haire
Is spread, Unpainted Faire?
How will he one day curse thy Oaths
And Heav'n that witness'd your Betroaths!
How will the poor Cuckold,
That deems thee perfect Gold,
Bearing no stamp but his, be mas'd
To see a suddain Tempest rais'd!
He dreams not of the Windes
And thinks all Gold that shines.
For me my Votive Table showes
That I have hung up my wet Clothes
Upon the Temple Wall
Of Sea's great Admirall."

I will not dwell either on the minor felicities of this rendering, nor on its minor defects. These last come under two heads—slovenlinesses and quaintnesses. Now the task to which English poetry was setting itself in the latter half of the seventeenth

century was just this: to get rid of slovenliness, and to get rid of quaintness. Both were in its blood, and the task was heavy, the labour long. The object was attained at last, but it was won at a heavy price. Milton stood apart from the movement, in superb and haughty isolation. His poetry, to put it succinctly, has nothing to do with that of his contemporaries. Apart from him, the whole English poetry of his age, a mass of perplexing cross-currents among a vast number of minor poets, almost defies any attempt at classification. Organic growth or movement in it is difficult to trace. But later criticism instinctively and rightly fastened on Waller, a poet otherwise of but small account either for the quantity or the quality of his writing, as the clue to the labyrinth, the thread marking the central current. It is difficult now to understand how Waller got his great and long-continued reputation if we do not keep this in mind. He was smooth, Pope tells us, and we ask in some bewilderment what there is so very remarkable in being smooth. But this smoothness was just then the quality on which the whole efforts of literature in England were concentrating. In the critical essay at the end of Johnson's life of Waller, there is one casual phrase which is the key to the situation: "He seems," says Johnson, "always to do his best." To the new generation, the poetry of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age, with its exuberance, its daring unrestraint, had begun to seem an unweeded garden. "It cannot be denied," Johnson ends, after weighing Waller piece by piece and finding him light currency, "that he added something to our elegance

of diction, and something to our propriety of thought." How important this end seemed may be judged from the amount of the sacrifice that was cheerfully made to reach it. By the time it was fully attained the jettison of poetry had been so great that in the eyes of a new reaction a century later it seemed there was nothing left worth saving: "Is Pope," people began to ask, "a poet at all?" But what had been won was this, that English literature had been brought back into the main stream of European art and thought, and was prepared to take its place in the immense intellectual movement of the eighteenth century, the movement out of which rose the modern world.

The part which Fanshawe had in that large, strenuous task set before itself by the seventeenth century, the task of civilising letters and conquering the actual world for literature, was by no means inconsiderable. The work was done by him, as by many others, both before and after him, mainly through assiduous translation. It was the century of translation in a different sense from either the preceding or the following one. In an earlier age, the classics, whether those of ancient Greece and Rome, or those of a more modern foreign civilisation, had been translated primarily for the sake of their contents, in order to give access to an otherwise unknown outer world. In them were the secrets of wisdom; to have access to them was to possess the key of all knowledge. At a later period, the beginning of which cannot be definitely fixed, but which had definitely set in early in the eighteenth

century, they came to be translated for the sake of translation, as an exercise in style and in the practice of that secondary, but far from useless or ignoble art which fills galleries with skilful copies of works by the great painters. This practice has lasted into our own day. Gradually, as happened in the sister art after the discovery of photography, these copies have been processed and multiplied; they have reached an extraordinary level of technical fidelity, and give innocent pleasure to a thousand translators and perhaps to several thousand readers. But in the intermediate period which we are now considering, the object and scope of translation were larger and its place in our literature much more important. That period may roughly be said to begin with Harrington's 'Ariosto' in 1591, and to end with Dryden's 'Virgil' in 1697. It culminated early, in Fairfax's 'Tasso' (1600) and Chapman's 'Homer' (1610–1615), but it went on until the Restoration in unabated volume. Its object was to make the English language into a complete vehicle of poetical expression; to make England into an organic member of the Republic of letters, and to fuse the life and progress of English poetry with those of the great world-movement outside of which it had hitherto stood.

In carrying out this great object, Fanshawe's work had, as we have seen, an important place. When the object was attained, his work, like that of his fellow-labourers in the same field, had served its purpose and gradually fell into oblivion. Only students of English literature can be expected to go back to it now, though both for its own sake and

for its historical importance it deserves and repays study. Looked at from this point of view it all assumes coherence and correlation. His translations of Virgil and Horace, of Guarini, of Camoens, even of an author so wholly forgotten now as Antonio de Mendoza, were all attempts from different directions at extending the potentialities of English poetry up to the point that had been reached, at one time or another, by the poets of the two southern peninsulas. Even his Latin version of the 'Faithful Shepherdess' represents another variation of the same impulse; it was, in effect, the testing of Fletcher's pastoral play by a classical standard, and the vindication for it of a certain classical quality. Fanshawe states this object clearly in his own preface: "I do not see," he says,—I give a paraphrase of his Latin—"that France or Spain or either ancient or modern Italy has any reason to slight the English Muses; the harbours of England are open to foreign merchandise, and foreign harbours, at all events the free port of Latin, the world-language, need not be closed against English wares." In a beautiful little lyric, written in 1630, the year after Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," Fanshawe had spoken of England as "a world without the world." I think you will be grateful to me if I quote the verses:

"Only the island which we sow
(A world without the world) so far
From present wounds, it cannot show
An ancient scar.

"White Peace, the beautifull'st of things,
Seems here her everlasting rest

To fix, and spreads her downy wings
Over the nest.

"As when great Jove's usurping reign
From the plagu'd world did her exile,
And tied her with a golden chain
To one blest isle:

"Which in a sea of plenty swam,
And turtles sang on every bough:
A safe retreat to all that came,
As ours is now."

What was being sown in England in these years was the dragon's teeth that came to harvest in the Civil Wars. But the commerce of literature, all through the disastrous times that followed, was making England, in a fuller sense than before, a world within the world of the mind.

No one can give more title in an estate than he himself possesses; and the life of a translation, even otherwise transitory and precarious, is contingent on the life of its original. The reputation of both Guarini and Camoens is long ago faded; it is difficult for us now to realise that the 'Pastor Fido' had for a full century an almost unparalleled fame throughout Europe, and that the 'Lusiads' were reckoned in the first rank of European epics, alongside of the 'Gierusalemme Liberata,' and almost alongside of the 'Iliad' and the 'Aeneid.' I cannot honestly recommend the reading of Fanshawe's 'Lusiads' as a very enthralling occupation, though it is interesting enough as a study of the development of English versification and the development of a vocabulary in English poetry. Of his 'Pastor Fido' it is

possible to speak in much higher terms. Guarini's famous pastoral play was meant to out-do the 'Aminta.' It succeeded for the time in producing the desired effect. Tasso was said to have exclaimed after seeing it: "If he had not read my 'Aminta,' he had not excelled it," just as he was said, according to an equally authentic tradition, to have confessed that he dreaded Camoens as a rival. But this sort of success can only be attained by forcing the note, and it cannot be permanent. Beside the limpid, soft beauty, the tender, if somewhat effeminate grace of the 'Aminta,' Guarini's work now seems a little coarse, a little common, more than a little mechanical. Yet it is impossible to deny its great ingenuity, melodiousness, and finish. Fanshawe's version reproduces these qualities very adequately except the last; for English was not then on the whole, if it ever has been, so exquisitely finished a vehicle of poetry as Italian. The translation is full of lovely phrases and graceful passages. Time does not serve here to quote; I may just note in passing one half-line about the rose "cloistered up in leaves." It is as certain as need be that Keats had never seen the volume; but these, as you will remember, are the exact words used by him in one of the two cardinal passages of 'Endymion.'

The vitality of a translation, so far as it is a translation, is necessarily limited by the primary vitality of its original. But the converse proposition is not true; for it is just those poems which possess, as nearly as anything human can, immortal life, that perpetually demand re-translation. Virgil and Horace are among the immortals, the classics not

of one age or country, but of all time and all the world. Each age rediscovers and reinterprets them, and no translation can interpret more than one phase of their complex quality, their multiform significance. The attitude of any period towards poetry, the meaning that poetry has for any period, may be partly gauged by observing what it found in the classics, and what, therefore, it expressed in its translations. Thus Fanshawe's translations of the fourth book of the 'Aeneid,' and of between forty and fifty of Horace's Odes, are a sort of index, not only to his own scholarship, but to the kind of poetic appreciation which was then in the air, which was an actual directing force in the world of letters. I have already quoted his rendering of one of the Odes. Further instances, for which there is not time now, would only emphasise the quality we found there, the vivid sense of colour and phrasing in the use of language, the swift insight into the thought of the original, and the subtle skill with which that thought is re-translated into new language; and, alongside of all this, a certain pedestrian quality, an ease that verges on slovenliness, a certain failure in the noble simplicity, the reserve and precision, which are of the essence of classic work. But I cannot deny myself the pleasure, or Fanshawe himself the justice, of quoting a short specimen of his translation of Virgil. It is needless to point in what respects, or how much, it falls short of the magnificent original. But it shows a gentleman's scholarship to perfection; for combined dignity and sweetness it is, I think, unsurpassed by what any other rendering of Virgil into English has

achieved. The passage is from Dido's speech to her sister when sending her on a last despairing effort to turn Aeneas from his purpose.

"Yet try for me this once: for only thee
That perjur'd soul adores, to thee will show
His secret thoughts; thou, when his seasons be,
And where the man's accessible, dost know.
Go, sister, meekly speak to the proud foe:
I was not with the Greeks at Aulis sworn
To raze the Trojan name, nor did I go
Gainst Ilium with my fleet, neither have torn
Anchises' ashes up from his profaned urn.

"Why is he deaf to my entreaties? whither
So fast? it is a lover's last desire
That he would but forsake me in fair weather
And a safe time. I do not now aspire
To his broke wedlock-vow, neither require
He should fair Latium and a sceptre leave.
Poor time I beg, my passions to retire,
Truce to my woe; nor pardon, but reprieve,
Till griefs, familiar grown, have taught me how
to grieve."

There are traces still left here of the Elizabethan rhetoric, and of the post-Elizabethan mannerism; but both are becoming subdued and civilised, while still possessing the glowing colour and melodious phrasing of that great school of poetry. Just a little more, and Fanshawe would have attained what he and all his contemporaries were feeling after, the secret of a style which will never be obsolete.

Fanshawe's works have never been collected. So

far as I am aware, none of them, except in brief extracts, have ever been reprinted since a garbled version of his 'Pastor Fido,' which was published, together with the Italian, in 1726. One could wish that this neglect were repaired. I have, I hope, shown reason for rescuing them, both on their own account, and because of their value as documents illustrating the development of English poetry and poetical style. To promote an object like this would certainly fall within the scope of the objects for the promotion of which the Royal Society of Literature exists. We are honoured to-day by the presence in the Chair of the Master of St. John's. May I be permitted to urge before him that the University of Cambridge owes some pious duty to the memory of one of her distinguished sons, and one of her representatives in Parliament? "He had the fortune," say the 'Memoirs,' "to be the first chosen and the first returned Member of the Commons House of Parliament in England, after the King came home: and this cost him no more than a letter of thanks, and two braces of bucks, and twenty broad pieces of gold to buy them wine." The wine is long drunk, and Fanshawe long forgotten in Cambridge. But the University of Milton and Dryden, of Gray and Wordsworth, of Byron and Tennyson, owes a very special debt to poetry, and Fanshawe was not only a scholar and statesman but a poet. On his monument in Ware Church, which is extant and in good preservation, among a long catalogue of the public offices which he filled, we read that he was *literarum luce praestantissimus.* The praise does not go beyond the exaggeration permissible in an epitaph, and the

wording is happy; for whether in the arduous task of public service or in the quiet happiness of home, literature, and in literature, poetry, was from first to last the light of his life.

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVING THE LITERARY STYLE OF SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS.

BY FRANCIS GALTON, D.C.L., HON. SC.D.CAMBRIDGE, F.R.S.

[Read April 29th, 1908.]

THE memoirs published by scientific societies are blamed with justice for being more difficult of comprehension than need be, owing to a want of simplicity in their language, of clearness of expression, and of logical arrangement. Forcible remarks in this sense were publicly made, by more than one person, at and about the time of the last Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society. This opinion had also been held by myself for many past years, during which I have chafed at the impediment caused by rugged and careless writing to my honest endeavour to keep abreast with the advances of modern science. Success in this, under the most favourable conditions, and in only one branch of science, would occupy the spare energies of most men. It is a cruel addition to their labours that the information they need should be contained in crabbedly written memoirs.

It has been my lot to serve on the councils of many scientific societies, and to have had more MSS "referred" to me than I could now enumerate. My experience is that an undue proportion of them had to be read more than once, and to be

puzzled over in parts, before it was possible to justly comprehend what their authors had in their minds to say.

It must not be imagined for a moment that I pose as a literary critic. I am far too sensible of my own grave deficiencies to assume that position. But a man need not be a cobbler in order to know when his shoe pinches. My standpoint is merely that I find many scientific memoirs difficult to understand, owing to the bad style in which they are written, and that I am conscious of a rare relief when one of an opposite quality comes to my hand.

Having become a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature through the invitation of the Council, I seize the opportunity of asking its powerful help in considering methods by which this grave defect may be lessened. To this end, I will proffer some suggestions of my own, which I hope will be well discussed, and may induce others to assist in this crusade. If useful conclusions should be reached, it would be open to Fellows of scientific societies to press for reforms, under the consciousness that the proposed methods for obtaining them had been carefully considered, and were not simply the crude offspring of their individual brains. I ask for nothing that lies outside of the purview of the Royal Society of Literature. It is not proposed by me that the Society in its corporate capacity should thrust advice upon the scientific societies, who might resent interference, but merely that it should discuss certain general principles, leaving action upon them to other hands, in the way just described.

I now proceed to speak of some of the literary

defects, other than bad grammar and faulty syntax, that make scientific memoirs difficult to understand. One of the most prominent is a superfluous use of technical expressions that have not yet become naturalised among scientific men. It is impossible to avoid the use of technical words, but their number should be minimised. It is especially needful to do so in the opening paragraphs of a memoir, whose function is to explain the object of the writer in the plainest possible language. If it be necessary to use unfamiliar technical words, their meaning ought to be defined in a foot-note. The opening paragraphs of a memoir should be intelligible to any man who is conversant not only with the branch of science to which it belongs, but to allied branches also. A similar remark applies to the concluding paragraphs, in which the author summarises his results. The intending reader will then be able to judge for himself whether or no the memoir falls within his own province and merits his further study. Owing to a want of care in writing the opening paragraphs, it has not infrequently occurred to myself, and doubtless to others, to have been perplexed about the exact purpose of a paper until it has been half read through.

Some *veto* is desirable before a Society gives its "imprimatur" to newly coined words, for many of them fail to express their meaning, and very many are unnecessarily cumbrous. The way in which the veto might be applied will be explained later on, I now am merely calling attention to its need. To take one example of bad nomenclature, the contrasted terminations of the two Mendelian words "domi-

nant" and "recess*ive*" imply a distinction which does not exist. R*ecedent* would have been unobjectionable on that ground.

The nomenclature of modern chemistry seems preposterous to outsiders, even after making liberal allowance for inherent difficulties. I copy one of these chemical words from a paper now lying on my table, it is "Dimethylbutanetricarboxylate," and is not the longest that might have been adduced. But it suffices for an example. It is of course understood that these are what have been termed "portmanteau" words, in which a great deal of meaning is packed, but they are overlarge even for portmanteaux; they might more justly be likened to Saratoga trunks, or to furniture vans. It is with the greatest diffidence that I suggest that a single letter might sometimes suffice to show what is now delegated to one or two syllables; if so, the word would be shortened in proportion. In certain barbarian languages this is a familiar process.

Long English words and circuitous expressions are a nuisance to readers, and convey the idea that the writer had not that firm grasp of his subject which every one ought to have before he takes up his pen. Clear views are naturally expressed in brief and incisive language. The power of the English tongue when limited to the use of words of one or two syllables is remarkably great. Excellent instances of this are to be found in the writings of Tennyson. I will quote some marvellously graphic descriptions from his *Palace of Art*, which refer to certain well-known pictures, and are written under the above limitations.

"One showed an iron coast and angry waves,
You seemed to hear them rise and fall,
And roar rock-thwarted in their bellowing caves—
Beneath the windy wall.
And one, a full-fed river winding slow,
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
And shadow streaks of rain."

There are about twenty gems like this in the *Palace of Art.*

The to-and-fro arguments in the *Two Voices* are equally concentrated and forcible.

"The memory of the withered leaf
In endless time is scarce more brief
Than of the garnered autumn sheaf.
Go vexed spirit, sleep in trust;
The right ear that is filled with dust
Hears little of the false or just."

Or again—

"Yea, said the voice, thy dream was good,
While thou abodest in the bud,
It was the stirring of the blood.
If Nature put not forth her power,
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?
Then comes the check, the change, the fall,
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall,
There is one remedy for all."

The comparative rarity among the English of a keen sense of the difference between good and bad literary style is a great obstacle to the reform I desire. It is especially noticeable among the younger scientific men, whose education has been

over-specialised and little concerned with the "Humanities." The literary sense is far more developed in France, where a slovenly paper ranks with a disorderly dress, as a sign of low breeding.

I have had occasion to read many memoirs in manuscript, on subjects where I was fairly at home, in which there was nothing especially recondite, but the expressions used in them were so obscure, the grammar so bad, and the arrangement so faulty, that they were scarcely intelligible on a first reading; nevertheless the writers could hardly be made to perceive their shortcomings. I have heard equally bad reports relating to essays sent by candidates for Fellowships at Colleges in one at least of our Universities. The writers of them may have been, and probably were, successful investigators, but their powers of literary exposition were of a sadly low order; so low that they could hardly be made to realise their deficiencies. The preliminary culture of students in science, seems usually to have been very imperfect.

Sufficient has now been said as to the need of reform and of the difficulties to be overcome in affecting it. It becomes our next duty to consider the steps that should be taken towards that end. The power of reform lies largely in the hands of the councils of the scientific societies, who can withhold the publication of memoirs presented to them, or accept the memoirs under such limitations as they please. A Society gives much, consequently the Council who represents it has a right to exact much in return. The Society supplies a stage from which a writer can disseminate his views, and have

them subjected to the criticism of experts. It defrays the cost of publication of the memoirs, and, under occasional circumstances, that of preparing expensive plates. Therefore the Society, or its Council on its behalf, may fairly demand that the memoirs should be written in a style that is creditable to their journals; that they should be lucid, logical, and as easy for its members (who pay for the publication) to understand as the nature of the subject permits. I suggest that Councils should require a report on the literary sufficiency of every proffered memoir, before discussing whether it should be accepted for publication. It is hardly necessary to bring to remembrance that it is the universal practice of Councils of Scientific Societies to "refer" every memoir that is submitted to them. One, two, or more referees are selected among those of their Fellows who are able to give a trustworthy opinion on the merits of the paper. The referees are each supplied with a schedule on which numerous searching questions are printed, which they are requested to answer confidentially. Their reports are read to the Council, which then proceeds to discuss the question whether or no the memoir should be published as it stands, or subject to some restriction, or be rejected altogether. What I now suggest is that the printed reference paper should include questions as to the literary suitability of the memoir. They might be such as—"Do you consider the memoir to be (1) clearly expressed, (2) free from superfluous technical words, (3) orderly in arrangement, (4) of appropriate length. (5) State whether any new terms are used in the memoir, mention

what they are and whether you consider them appropriate. (6) Add such general remarks on its literary style as you think would be useful to the Council when considering its publication."

I do not presume to anticipate what action a Council might take if the answers to these questions were more or less unfavourable, as much would depend on other considerations. What I want is that the members of the Council should not be left in the dark, as they usually now are, on one important element of goodness or badness in the memoir, before they consider the question of its publication. Also that they should appreciate the widely felt desire for literary reform.

There is yet another way in which scientific societies might be made to realise the occurrence of literary faults in the memoirs that they publish, namely, by occasional articles containing a selection of passages that are conspicuous for shortcomings.

I now crave your opinions on these suggestions, and hope that you will be able to offer other recommendations that may help in accomplishing the very important object in view; namely, that of improving the literary style of future Memoirs published by Scientific Societies.

DISCUSSION.

Sir EDWARD BRABROOK.—I have pleasure in supporting the proposal of Mr. Francis Galton. I have had some experience, far less of course than his, as a referee of scientific MSS, and it fully accords with his. I associate myself, therefore, with his observations as to the *rôle* the Royal Society of Literature should take up in this matter. It is within the rightful functions of the Society to take note of words that are not yet dictionary words, and see to their proper applications, but to do so would be a difficult matter. As Mr. Galton says, the chemists are greatly addicted to coining long words. The report of the Leicester meeting of the British Association just issued gives us a portmanteau word of thirty-five letters—"chloroketodimethyltetrahydrobenzene"—and I have seen some worse than that. That, however, is not the main point. The use of difficult technical language cannot be avoided. What is wanted is to urge the authors of papers to write good English; many of them sadly fail in this respect. Mr. Galton's suggestion as to the addition of a question to the referee paper is excellent. I think it would be quite the right thing for the Council to send a copy of his paper to the various scientific societies, and recommend that suggestion to them for adoption. I agree with the view expressed by a committee of the British Association, which might indeed itself have been put into better English, "that the opportunity furnished by the necessity for writing an account of what a student has done and seen in his laboratory work ought to be utilised in relation to the teaching of English composition."

Sir ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.—The complaints so forcibly and temperately urged by Mr. Galton in the paper to which we have listened will awaken much sympathy, not only in the general public, but among a large number of men of science. I do not appear here with a brief in defence of the scientific societies, though I think that some strong pleas might be pressed in their favour. Looking at the question, however, as a matter affecting the English language and literature, I am bound to confess that the strictures contained in the paper are by no means without foundation.

It seems to me that no candid reader can compare the scientific memoirs published at the present day with those which appeared a hundred years ago, without coming to the conclusion that, in average literary quality, the modern writings stand decidedly on a lower level than their predecessors, and that the deterioration in this respect is on the increase. The earlier papers were for the most part conceived in a broader spirit, arranged more logically, and expressed in a better style than those of to-day. They show their authors to have been generally men of culture, who would have shrunk with horror from the slipshod language which is now so prevalent.

If it be asked what reason can be assigned for this change, various causes may be suggested. In former days, when life was less strenuous than it has now become, the number of men of science was comparatively small, and they belonged in no small measure to the leisured classes of the community. They were not constantly haunted by the fear of losing their claims to priority of discovery, if they did not at once publish what they had discovered. They were content to wait, sometimes for years, before committing their papers to the press. And no doubt the printing of their papers was likewise a leisurely process, during which ample opportunity was afforded for correction and improvement.

But this quiet, old-fashioned procedure has been hustled out of existence by the more impatient habits and requirements of the present day. The struggle for priority is almost as keen as the struggle for existence. As soon as a new observation is believed to have been made, the happy author of it too often dashes off a paper, in more or less legible manuscript, and forwards it without delay to some scientific society or journal for publication. In such hurried contributions attention to literary considerations finds little or no place.

Besides this too common haste in production, another and more serious cause for the defects of which Mr. Galton complains is to be found in the continually augmenting specialisation of science. Advance in every department of inquiry leads into more and more detailed studies. It becomes increasingly difficult, even for men whose lives are devoted to the pursuit of science, to keep in touch with the progress of more than one province of investigation, or even one section of a province. Details thus come to acquire, in the eyes of many earnest and enthusiastic

workers, an interest and importance at least as great as can belong to the broad deductions or principles up to which they lead. These authors in their paternal fondness for the details which they have patiently and toilsomely elaborated, often crowd them into their papers, which consequently look sometimes more like leaves torn out of field note-books or laboratory journals than reasoned presentations of the results of research. It would probably be found that, as a rule, such excessive exposition of the details of the several steps in an inquiry is as unnecessary from the scientific point of view, as it is repellent from the literary side.

Closely connected with this specialisation and augmentation of detail is the increase in the number of new technical terms with which the papers in every department of science now bristle. The multiplication of such terms is admittedly a necessary accompaniment of the development of scientific research. It is obvious that each new fact brought to light in the investigation of nature should be precisely defined by some word or phrase having a definite, unambiguous signification, and preferably capable of being adopted with but slight modification into any modern language. The plea that the vernacular tongue should, where possible, be employed for this purpose is met with the objection that the language of science ought, as far as possible, to be cosmopolitan, and that those terms are most suitable which can be most easily adapted into the vocabularies of other countries. Hence the preference for coining new compounds from Greek and Latin. Lovers of the purity of the English language and the dignity of English literature may not unnaturally be grieved to see such a flood of novel and often, it must be confessed, uncouth words coming into use at a rate with which the most industrious lexicographers cannot keep pace. But the flood is inevitable, and must increase in volume, nor is its gathering strength to be stemmed by any protest. All that, perhaps, may be reasonably insisted upon is that each new term shall be absolutely necessary, shall not be unduly cacophonous, and shall not be compounded from more than one language nor framed in defiance of the grammar of the tongue, whether living or dead, from which it is borrowed.

Many men of science share Mr. Galton's regret that it is becoming more and more difficult or even impossible to follow with full intelligence and sympathy the advances

made in departments of investigation with which one is not personally in touch. The difficulty is probably inseparable from the rapidity of the increase of knowledge in all domains of nature. But there can be little doubt that it is in no small degree aggravated by the multiplication of technical terms which do not always explain themselves, and for which no explanation is afforded in the papers where they are so rampant. It is becoming every year a more accepted practice that in writing a scientific paper an author has only to consider the fraternity of his own branch of science. If his colleagues understand him, it does not matter whether or not he is comprehended outside their circle. He forgets the interests not only of the general public but also of his fellow-labourers in other fields of research, many of whom would gladly keep themselves informed of the progress of inquiry in departments lying beyond their own special purview, but who are, in too many instances, deterred by the formidable terminological barriers that must first be surmounted. The growing isolation of scientific workers within their own fields of investigation is an evil which may, perhaps, be inevitable, but which, undoubtedly, is much to be deplored. Anything which can be done to lessen it is worthy of the most serious consideration. Since the language of the biologists is becoming increasingly unintelligible to the physicists, and that of the physicists not less so to the biologists, Mr. Galton's suggestion might be usefully adopted, that where necessary or desirable a scientific paper should include a brief summary of its general purport expressed in simple untechnical language. Such a concession to the ignorance of the general reader would probably be welcomed by a large body of scientific men.

It must not be supposed that scientific societies are wholly blind to the evils which have been pointed out in the interesting paper that has been read this afternoon. They are by no means negligent as to the form and style of the papers submitted to them. On the contrary, they have an elaborate system of committees and referees acting under the jurisdiction of the Councils, and no paper is sanctioned for publication without having been subjected to this process of examination. Moreover, the secretaries or assistant secretaries are usually vested with editorial powers, which are exercised as an additional control over the production of the papers. If the original condition of

some contributions were compared with their ultimate published form, it would be seen how much care has been bestowed upon their improvement. In more than one learned society attention has recently been called from the Presidential chair to the defective form in which papers are too frequently presented. We must hope that from these and other efforts towards amelioration some good will follow. While in the publications of a scientific society literary excellence will always be subordinated to scientific merit, there is surely no reason why the two qualities should not be more generally combined than they at present are. Such a combination will, perhaps, be most likely to be effected when the writers of scientific papers come to realise that it will be in their own interest, as well as in that of their scientific brethren at large, and still more of the outside public, to present such a summary of their work as may be intelligible, and even interesting, to any ordinary cultivated reader.

Mr. Crackanthorpe, K.C. (who was invited to speak by the chairman), said the most interesting remark he had to make was in regard to the health of the author of the paper just read by Mr. Pember. He had seen Mr. Galton that day, and had found him quite cheerful, but confined to his room. There was reason to believe that he would very soon be completely his old self, and able to resume the beneficent work to which he had devoted most of the years of his life. (Applause.)

The first point made in Mr. Galton's paper was that a scientific memoir should be "simple in its language, clear in its expression, and logical in its arrangement." These were virtues which every prose composition should possess, whether written or spoken. They should be aimed at alike by the man of science and the layman; by the learned and the unlearned; by the leader-writer in the daily press; and the orator on the platform. Schopenhauer had pointed out that the first requisite for the art of writing was to have something to say; and the second, to have clearly thought out the subject in hand. Then, what was called "literary style" would come of itself. There was an old French saying—"the style was the man." At all events, it was, or ought to be, an expression of the natural mood of the man at the moment of his writing.

Mr. Galton's next point was that a scientific memoir should not use unfamiliar technical words without explain-

ing them in a foot-note, nor more of such words than was absolutely necessary. He (Mr. Crackanthorpe) agreed, although he thought the first of these cautions was rather vague. It might be asked, Unfamiliar to whom? There were, for instance, many technical words which were unfamiliar to him (the speaker), but no doubt quite familiar to Mr. Galton. Where was the line to be drawn? One would hardly expect to find in a scientific work a glossary of terms such as an Englishman looked for in a collection of Burns' Poems. Every scientific writer was surely entitled to assume that his reader had some technical knowledge—otherwise his explanations would be endless. At the same time, if an explanation were given, care should be taken to make it adequate. He would illustrate what he meant by an example. Anyone taking up one of the numerous books on Heredity, now appearing in the British and German markets, would come across the word "chromosome." He met the other day with this word in a very valuable treatise just published, "with stainable body" added by way of explanation. Was this adequate? The white tablecloth, now in that room, was a "stainable body" (in the mechanical sense); and so were a hundred other everyday things. If any explanation was wanted, should not the reader have been told, either in a foot-note or an appendix, how colouring matter served to detect the presence of minute particles of matter otherwise invisible even to the microscope-aided eye? Then, the explanation would have been alive.

He might mention by the way, that this same word "chromosome" violated one of the canons laid down in the paper. It was, like the "recessive" of the Mendelians, an instance of "bad nomenclature," because it was wrongly formed. The word should, in strictness, not have been "chromosome," but "chromatosome," since the Greek for "colour" was not *chromos* but *chroma*.

As to the second of Mr. Galton's cautions, viz. against the use of more technical words than necessary, he would illustrate the point by reference to the "idants" and "ids" of Weismann. It appeared that the nucleated masses into which a dividing cell broke up consisted of several parts. To these Weismann gave the names of "idants"; and since "idants" were theoretically decomposable into particles more minute, he gave to these last the name of "ids." One wondered why he stopped there. He should have gone on to subdivide his "ids" into

"i's," and these again into mere dots, giving to each a technical name, thus recalling the old lines:

> "Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And these again have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*."

(Laughter.)

In this connection he desired entirely to associate himself with what he understood to fall from Sir Archibald Geikie, and to protest against the employment of incomprehensible terms to indicate things the existence of which was incapable of scientific proof.

Mr. Galton had, at the end of his paper, suggested that the shortcomings of the writers of scientific memoirs might now and then be published as a warning to others. He (Mr. Crackanthorpe) could not help thinking that this would be rather hard measure, even though no names were mentioned. He was quite sure that Mr. Galton himself, who was one of the most kind-hearted of men, would never lend himself to any such action. Would not his object be attained if the faulty memoir were returned to its author for revision, and this were, if necessary, repeated again and again until a flawless edition was reached? Then, when the memoir came to be published by the learned society to which it was presented, there would be nothing to offend the most fastidious ear.

Mr. E. H. Pember, K.C.—He sympathised fully with the motives which had prompted Mr. Galton's very suggestive paper. But he doubted whether any drastic steps could be taken to bring about an improvement which everybody must desire. Indeed, what was asked for amounted to little less than a wide distribution of something approaching to literary genius among the writers of scientific papers. This might be encouraged, but it could not be compelled. It would be impossible to establish a direct literary censorship over productions which might be extremely valuable though extremely ill-written. The writers would resent it, and the discouragement, still more the rejection, of important communications, would be too high a price to pay even for the luxury of a fine style. Indirect encouragement of good composition would be preferable to penalties upon bad. It was the desire, he hoped he might say that it was the intention, of the Royal Society of Literature, by putting itself into communication with educational centres throughout the kingdom, and possibly by other methods,

to do something substantial in that direction. It was too true that the present standard of prose style was somewhat decadent. When one compared the twentieth with the eighteenth century, the condition of our own epoch left much to be desired. To mention only a very few names, Hume in History, Blackwood in Law, Bishop Berkeley and Sir Thomas Browne in Philosophy, were all living proofs of the truth that profundity in thought and exactness in exposition were not only consistent with, but enhanced by, a clear and elegant style. In the nineteenth century Huxley, Darwin, Mill, and Macaulay were all examples of the same healthy combination. He expressed an opinion that the banishment of the classical languages from general education was one source of the evil, and he trusted that something might be done not only to retain, but to extend, the study of them. Meanwhile, towards the end desired, suasion, and not an aggressive censorship, must be acknowledged to be the working means.

Mr. Percy W. Ames, Secretary.—Mr. Galton has added one more to his many public services by calling attention to the need of improved literary form in the papers in which scientific discoveries are presented to the world. The practical suggestions he has made would, if adopted, make a general and considerable step in this direction, and immediately secure one desirable object. It is important that the Councils of the various societies should be informed whether the papers submitted for publication are clearly expressed, and so have the opportunity of rejecting or referring back those that are deficient in this respect, but unless a competent committee undertakes the laborious task of literary correction, in some cases practically re-writing the memoir, such rejection may result occasionally in the loss of valuable contributions. Sir Archibald Geikie has told us that in the Royal Society this report and correction are provided for. Mr. Galton has invited discussion on ways and means for securing a better literary style for such memoirs in the future, and has referred to the necessity for more adequate preliminary training, and on this point I venture to make an observation. It would not be practicable to require students of science to follow the best plan for acquiring a good style of composition, namely, to obtain a first-hand acquaintance with the classics of English literature, though such labour would bring its own reward. Time is short, the practical interrogation of Nature is

absorbing; we must not expect investigators of physical phenomena to turn aside into the "quiet and still air," as Milton called it, of literary study, however delightful, and it is not necessary. The object is not to seek the elegance of an Addison or a Ruskin, still less the art of the poet, though something might be said in favour of imitating the attractive ease and simplicity of Charles Lamb, De Quincey, and Thackeray. The remedy I suggest as effective is not so foreign to the main purpose of the life-work of a man of science as the study of general English literature would be. It is simply to give more time and attention to the specific study of scientific method. Too often it is the case that the author of a badly written memoir is the "calculator of distances, or analyser of compounds, or labeller of species," and nothing more. Herbert Spencer claimed for the study of science that it exercises the memory with understanding, cultivates the judgment, continually appeals to individual reason, develops independence of character, requires perseverance and self-renunciation, contributes sincerity, and gives moral, intellectual, and religious culture.

All this is more than is wanted for the purpose in hand; but that exactness of statement and that simplicity of expression, which are desired, arise from clearness of thought and an orderly habit of mind, qualities which are developed by fidelity to the principles of scientific method. That these should be thoroughly understood by everyone engaged in scientific research will not be disputed, and they are best mastered by coming into close touch with the most eminent teachers through the works in which they have applied them. It should, I think, be made compulsory for every scientific student, irrespective of his specialty, to master one or more of the works of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer. The discipline so afforded would soon reveal itself in more systematic thinking and in greater precision of expression.

Mr. Emanuel Green, who presided in the unavoidable absence of the Earl of Halsbury, expressed the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Galton for his paper, and to Mr. Pember for reading it.

PLUTARCH AS AN ESSAYIST.

BY LOUIS C. PURSER, LITT.D.

[Read May 27th, 1908.]

THE ordinary man associates the name of Plutarch wholly with his 'Lives.' Now Plutarch was a sufficiently sensible man to know that his 'Lives' were very admirable works; but he would undoubtedly have considered his 'Moral Essays' (which in bulk are almost as great as his 'Lives'—and that is saying a good deal) very much more worthy of attention. Morals were for him the end of everything. Poetry that does not tend to morality and conduct he held to be pernicious; and, similarly, history was to him but a school of morals. The lives of the great men are so depicted as to afford a lesson.

"It was for the sake of others (he says in his 'Life of Timoleon') that I first undertook to write biographies; but I soon began to dwell upon and delight in them for myself, endeavouring, to the best of my ability, to regulate my own life, and to make it like those who were reflected in their history as it were in a mirror before me. . . . Thus, by our familiarity with history and the habit of writing it, we so train ourselves by constantly receiving into our minds the memorials of the great and good that, should anything base or vicious be placed in our way by the society into which we are necessarily thrown, we reject it

from our thoughts by fixing them calmly and serenely on some of these great exemplars."

The end of all Plutarch's writings then is morality, conduct. He is as naturally a moral mind as ever existed. But he has such charming simplicity, picturesqueness, and earnestness about his moralising and sermonising that he wins mysterious way through the sealed ear to which a more pretentious voice would be all but silence. As Joubert has said, with admirable felicity, "Plutarch in his Moral Essays is the Herodotus of philosophy." But before we come to his Essays, it will be necessary in the briefest possible manner to say something about the bare facts of his life—all the knowledge of which is derived from his own writings; for (as has been often said) the author of so many lives never found one to write his own.

Plutarch was born about 50 A.D. in Chaeronea, a little town in the plain of Boeotia, about seventy miles from Athens. It is difficult to be sure of the size of the town, but I hardly think it could have numbered more than a few thousand inhabitants. He evidently belonged to the upper middle class (if I may so say), and appears to have been always possessed of independent means. He was educated at the University of Athens, and studied there under the celebrated teacher Ammonius. We gather from incidental remarks that he was once in Asia Minor, and that he visited Alexandria, but probably he did not penetrate far into Egypt. He certainly visited Rome twice, perhaps oftener, and speaks of the city with enthusiasm as "the beautiful

Rome." But most of his life was spent in his little native town. There he married, reared his family, filled magistracies, was ever ready with advice and assistance to his fellow-citizens; and in the latter years of his life he became a high-priest of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi (about twenty miles from Chaeronea), and he died at an advanced age in the performance of the high functions belonging to that office.

There is an interesting passage in the beginning of his 'Life of Demosthenes' which has a very modern tone about it, and is perhaps worth quoting.

"It is commonly supposed (he says) that the first thing necessary for a perfectly happy man is that he should be born a citizen of some famous city. But for my own part I believe that for the enjoyment of true happiness, which depends chiefly upon a man's own character and disposition, it makes no difference whether he be born in an obscure state or not. . . . However, when one is engaged in compiling a history from materials which are not ready to his hand, but for the most part are to be found scattered through foreign towns, it becomes really of the first importance that he should live in some famous, cultivated, and populous city, where he can have unlimited access to books of all kinds. . . . Now I, who belong to a small city, and love to live in it lest it should become even smaller—when I was in Rome and during my travels in Italy, found my time so taken up with political business and the care of my pupils in philosophy that I had no leisure to learn the Roman language, and have only applied myself to Latin literature late in life. In this reading of Latin books, strange as it may seem, I did not find that the words assisted me to discover the meaning, but rather that the knowledge of the history enabled me to find out the meaning of the words."

And then he goes on to say that to know Latin would be both useful and interesting, but that he was too old to learn. So the result is that he rarely mentions any of the great Latin writers, never Virgil or Ovid, once Horace, hardly ever Cicero's philosophical works, and only once or twice Seneca.

As to what his political business in Rome was we cannot feel sure—probably some embassy to the Emperor for some privilege for his city. While at Rome he delivered lectures on philosophy (of course, in Greek; most cultivated Romans knew Greek), and in his treatise on 'Curiosity' he gives us a glimpse of one of these lectures, which introduces the name of a man who played an ardent and impulsive part in the impressive scene with which the 'Annals' of Tacitus (such as we have them) conclude. Telling us not to rush to the postman, seize the letters, and violently open them, breaking the string with our teeth, Plutarch continues (c. 15):

"When I was, on one occasion, lecturing in Rome among my audience was the well-known Arulenus Rusticus, whom the Emperor Domitian afterwards had put to death through envy of his glory, and an imperial orderly came in during the discourse and brought him a letter from the Emperor. I made some pause that he might have time to read his letter, but he would not do so, and he did not open it until I had finished my lecture and the audience had dispersed, so that all admired the gravity of the man."

These lectures which Plutarch delivered at Rome, Chaeronea, and doubtless elsewhere, he worked up into his 'Moral Essays,' which we now have, and from

which we can discern Plutarch's ideas on life generally. Such discourses were virtually the sermons of the ancient world. Their aim was the same as our sermons—improvement and guidance in conduct—though, perhaps, they appealed to a wider range of interests than the sermons of to-day, just as the word "philosophy," which Plutarch so often uses, meant, in his time, not merely speculation but a rule of life. I shall then attempt to set forth some of Plutarch's views as to the various kinds of duties which are incumbent on us to perform, our duties to our family, to our fellow-citizens, and to the Author of the great City of the World of which we are members, and of the various ways in which we may best obtain power to perform them.

I.

Never was there anyone who was more of a family man than Plutarch. The ordinary Greek of the classical period regarded his wife as a sort of housekeeper, and his home as a kind of lodging, and in Plato's 'Republic' the family is only a sort of adjunct of the State, a nursery supplying members to it. But to Plutarch the family should be the centre of a man's life, and it will be of some value, perhaps, to endeavour to see how Plutarch regarded the various members of the household in order that we may appreciate what an ordinary, middle-class, non-Christian family was in the first century of our era. In reading the historians of the early Empire and also the satirists we are lead to suppose that

the stature to which vice and wickedness had grown was colossal. But satirists are never too particular to express the actual truth of things without exaggeration, and the historians are, for the most part, advocates who wish to represent the Empire in a bad light, so their evidence is to be discounted. But from what we can gather about Plutarch's family we may safely say that there are few households even of the present day which can lay claim to a larger measure of gracefulness, virtue, and mutual affection.

Plutarch married a good woman, and had several children—after many sons at length one little girl. But she died when only two years old. Plutarch was absent on State business when this occurred, and wrote on the occasion a letter to his wife, which, even allowing that it may have been afterwards prepared for publication, is one of the most tender and touching relics of ancient literature:

"Let us be patient, my dear wife (he says, c. 2), at this calamity. I know how deep your trouble is, for my heart is not of flint, as you well know who have shared with me in the bringing up of so many children, who have been educated at home by ourselves. I know you loved this little one dearly, for you longed for a daughter, and so I gave her your own name. And as you are so fond of children your grief must be peculiarly bitter when you call to mind her pure and simple gaiety, which was wholly free from peevishness or passion. For she had a wonderful contentedness and quietness, and her affectionate and winning ways not only pleased us but showed us the kindliness of her heart. For she used to bid the nurse give her breast not only to other children but to her playthings, and so invited them, as it were, to her table and gave them

a share in her good things, and provided the best entertainment for those that pleased her."

Plutarch then goes on to deprecate any excess of grief, any turbulent storms of sorrow, though he feels confident that there will be none such; for he says (c. 5)—

"You have already on similar occasions exhibited great fortitude, as when you lost your eldest son, and again when our handsome boy Chaeron died."

And taking a loftier tone he reminds her how they have been initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries, and there learned how that our souls are immortal; and (as we may infer) from the lessons there taught they learned too that the soul at birth was imprisoned in the body, and accordingly that it is no small fortune to die young (c. 10).

"For just as if anyone put out a light he can kindle it again readily and make it burn up brightly if he applies the spark *soon*, so the soul that has sojourned only a short time in this dark and mortal life quickly recovers the light and blaze of its former bright life; whereas for those who have not had the good fortune "very speedily to pass the gates of Hades" nothing is developed save a great passion for this life, and the soul is softened by its contact with the body, and melts away as by poison."

We are of course familiar with this idea of the pre-existence of the soul, its imprisonment in the body, and the gradual disappearance of the vision and the faculty divine, from Wordsworth's great Ode—

"Heaven lies about us in our *infancy:*
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing *boy,*
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.
The *youth,* who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the *man* perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day."

No one could write such a letter without loving his wife dearly; and Plutarch in his very eloquent 'Essay on Love' sets beyond yea or nay how deeply and fervently he felt the ennobling emotion (c. 21, 24).

"In that marriage which Love has inspired there is no mine or thine, for the proverb 'The property of Friends is common' is especially true of married persons who though separate in body draw together and melt into one in soul, neither wishing nor thinking themselves to be two. And in Love there is such continence and orderliness and truthfulness that if the god of Love once enter the soul of a licentious man it makes him turn away from all his errant fancies, driving away his pride and breaking down his haughtiness and stubbornness, and implanting in him modesty and silence and quietness and orderly demeanour, and makes him constant to one."

Presently follows the stately image—

"For as at Rome when a Dictator is appointed all other magistrates lay down their offices, so those in whom Love dwelleth as their lord are freed from all other masters and rulers, and they live as dedicated to the God and subject to his service. . . . It is absurd to say that women possess no virtue. Well known is their self-

restraint and intelligence, their faithfulness and sense of justice, the many occasions on which they have signally shown their bravery, courage, and magnanimity. . . . And I maintain that the love of beautiful and chaste wives does not fade when grey hairs and wrinkles come, but lasts right on even to the gates of the tomb."

Words not unworthy to stand beside those of our own poet.

> "Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come:
> Lover alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom."

Such then is the firm foundation on which family life rests according to Plutarch—the soul as it were of the organism. I use the illustration advisedly; for he was deeply convinced of the solidarity, the organic connection of the members of the family and of the State. The language of the Epistle to the Romans that we are severally members of one great body would not have appeared strange to Plutarch. Accordingly we should treat the members of the family and of the State as part of ourselves, yielding to one another, in all things endeavouring to soften differences, not to aggravate them. Such is especially the gist of the treatise 'On Brotherly Love'; for Plutarch well knew the causes which led to dissensions in a family, and strenuously inculcated the spirit of compromise in that as in all other departments of life. He is insistent on the desirability of composing family quarrels within the family, just as we shall see he insists on the desirability of settling municipal differences within the

municipality and not appealing to external authority. If one brother should say of another with whom he had quarrelled that it made little difference, because he could get a friend outside who would be as good, that remark would be as absurd (says Plutarch [c. 3] with a touch of humour) as if he should say that it was no harm to cut off his leg, because he could get a wooden one. There are many other just remarks in that treatise 'On Brotherly Love,' a trifle homely, perhaps, but suggestive. Let me mention one. When you and your brother are having a quarrel which is becoming aggravated, go and talk the matter over with the ladies of the family, especially your brother's wife. Plutarch, like a physician of the soul, recommends this as a valuable specific—though we confess to having some doubts as to whether it would be always very efficacious.

We pass to the servants of the family—and I say "servants" of set purpose; for, though in the eyes of the law they were still "slaves," "live chattels" (to use Aristotle's harsh phrase), and the law could still tolerate and even perpetrate some of the horrors we read in Tacitus and Juvenal, still the lot of slaves generally had been so ameliorated and the better public opinion had so fully recognised their human nature that they were, as a general rule, looked on with the same kindly feelings as servants are regarded to-day. The Stoics were loud in proclaiming the common brotherhood of slaves and masters; and Seneca thinks that the more excellent of them should be treated in all respects as your equal and dine at your table. But there is something overstrained in this, as there is in so much of Stoicism.

It was not exactly suited to everyday life that you should ask your servant to dine with you. You might like it well enough, but he would hate it. Plutarch recognised the social distinction, but recognised also the claims of faithful service, and the affectionate regard that such faithfulness demands. To act as did old Cato, that terrible man of business, who, like some men of business, took a positive pleasure in flaunting his meannesses, and turn out an old and trusted slave when past his labour as you might throw away an old pair of shoes (the image is Plutarch's) was to him the mark of an excessively harsh disposition which disregarded the claims of our common human nature: for

> "Kindness" (as Plutarch says finely in his 'Life of Cato, c. 5) "is of wider application than justice, for we naturally treat men alone according to justice and the laws, while kindness and gratitude, as though from a plenteous spring, often extend to the lower animals. It is right for a good man to feed his horses which have been worn out in his service, and not merely to train dogs when they are young but to take care of them when they are old. . . . . We ought not to treat living things as we do our clothes and shoes and throw them away after we have worn them out: but we ought to accustom ourselves to show kindness in these cases if only in order to teach ourselves our duty towards one another. For my own part I would not even sell an ox that had laboured for me because he was old, much less would I turn an old man out of his accustomed haunts and mode of life (which is as great an affliction to him as sending him into a foreign land) merely that I might gain a few miserable coins by selling one who must be as useless to his buyer as he was to the seller."

This passage has shown Plutarch's kind heart not only to slaves, but to the lowest members of the household, the domestic animals. A charming essay might be written on Plutarch as a lover of animals. He is the La Fontaine of antiquity in this respect, as M. Gréard says. He delights to adduce examples of intelligence and affection shown by animals, and he has devoted some treatises to developing the view that animals are in intelligence and affection but rudimentary men. One has an amusing setting. It represents Ulysses, having failed to persuade Circe to turn the Greeks at least back into men, condoling with one Gryllus or Grunter, who had been turned into a pig. Grunter does not want to be turned back into a man; he has experienced both sides of the matter. Ulysses waxes wroth, like the Friend of Humanity against the Needy Knife Grinder. "O King of the Cephallenians," says Grunter with lordly politeness, "If you are prepared to engage in conversation with me and not in abuse," I shall prove to you that pigs lead a more simple, a more happy, and perhaps as useful a life as that of many men:* and so he does with considerable learning and wit, and with a somewhat lighter touch that Swift might have used.

Two other Essays, they seem to me like school exercises, 'Concerning Eating Meat,' are, on the whole, worth reading, especially the second, which is not devoid of eloquence. I should recommend it to vegetarians. Not that Plutarch was a vegetarian: for a man who exercised his mind as much as Plutarch did on giving successful dinner-parties was

* This is somewhat expanded.

not likely to be a vegetarian: but he appears to have felt that we should be most simple in the meat we eat, and any such luxury as costly fish or pâtés de foie gras is censured with severity. So, too, killing for mere sport. But let me read you Plutarch's own words in the quaint but touching language of old Holland ('De Sollertia Animalium,' c. 8).

"Neither do they any wrong who make use of dogs to keep their flocks of goats and sheep: nor they who milk goats and sheep and shear their fleeces for the wool, especially if they give them pasturage: for it cannot be said that men cannot live or that their life is utterly undone if they have not their platters of fish or their livers of geese, or if they cut not beevs and goats into pieces for to serve up at their feasts: or if for their idle disport in theatres or to take their pleasure in chase they put not some to the combat and force them to fight whether they will or no: and kill others which have no defence of their own, nor any means to make resistance: for he who needs will have his delights and pastimes ought in all reason (as I think) to make himself merry and share his heart with those that can play and disport together with him: and not to do (as Bion said) like to little children, who joy at throwing stones at frogs, and make a game of it; meanwhile the poor frogs have no pleasure in this their game, for they are sure to die for it in good earnest: even so we are not either to hunt or fish for any delight that we have in the pain, and much less in the death of other creatures: no more to take a pleasure in driving or taking them away from their whelps and young ones, a pittiful sight to behold: for they be not they that commit injustice, who use beasts, but such as misuse them unmercifully and cruelly, without any respect and commiseration."

Such, then, were Plutarch's kindly and considerate views towards his whole household: and we must

needs believe that there were in Greece many other families where similar views prevailed, where there was the same respectability, the same good-heartedness, the same simplicity, tenderness, aye, and the same mutual affection. So that we must not take too literally, at least as far as ordinary morality was concerned, the sweeping assertions occasionally made that the whole Pagan world was in the power of the Evil One.

Before we leave Plutarch as a family man I must say a word about the social side of his life, and especially on his entertainments. He has a most interminable amount of treatises on what he calls 'Symposiaca,' matters relating to dinner-parties. It was the question of educing intelligent and instructive conversation which especially interested him, and he took it very seriously indeed. With a mild apology he compares the work of a host arranging his dinner-table to that of the Divine Architect arranging things out of chaos: but he makes no apology at all for quoting a remark attributed to Aemilius Paulus, the conqueror of Macedonia, that it was the part of the same man to arrange a most terrible line of battle and a most delightful feast. In fact, giving a dinner-party is a branch of strategy. Let me quote a passage which sounds curiously, but yet is not without a certain amount of good sense: for there is little doubt that less attention is generally paid than it deserves to this matter of arrangement ('Symposiaca,' 1, 2, 6):

"I advise an entertainer (says Plutarch) not to set the rich beside the rich, or the young beside the young, or the magistrate beside his colleague, or two

intimates together: for if so the conversation will have no general activity, nor will it tend to the creating and development of good feeling: but rather set the eager learner beside the distinguished scholar, the benign beside the peevish, the youth who likes listening beside the vain old talker, the reserved beside the boaster, the silent beside the impulsive. . . . But don't put a sophist beside a sophist, or a poet beside a poet: separate too the captious and the litigious, inserting some sort of a buffer (μάλαγμα) between them. Whereas I should put an athlete beside an athlete, and bring sportsmen and farmers together: . . . and I should put a lover beside a lover, provided, by Zeus, that the object of their love is not the same."*

The topics of conversation are also dealt with at abnormal length, and whole discussions given. Many of them are subjects well suited for cultivated conversation, *e.g.* Is wrestling the oldest form of contest? (a natural subject when we consider how devoted the Greeks were to athletics). Why do the Jews abstain from the flesh of swine? What is the nature of the God of the Jews? (in which Plutarch shows a most strange ignorance). Why do we like to see emotions exhibited in acting rather than in reality? But some are certainly sufficiently strange, *e.g.* Why is A the first letter of the alphabet? (I am unable to find that Plutarch discussed the question why a horse has four legs). Should philosophers wear garlands at a feast? Why meat has a tendency to putrefy sooner in moonlight than in sunlight? Why are we more voracious at the end of autumn? (a truly wonderful enquiry: I wonder are we?). And that most ancient and venerable problem: Which comes first,

* This passage is quoted by Dr. Mahaffy in his 'Greek World under Roman Sway,' p. 337, and his translation is mainly adopted.

the hen or the egg? But, really, I must not weary you with these matters; but as the 'Symposiaca' comprise about one seventh of the 'Moralia,' I did not think that they should be wholly omitted.

Before leaving Plutarch's family finally, perhaps a digression may be pardoned, suggested by the preface to M. Gréard's book. In a treatise, of which I shall have to speak of later, 'On those who are punished by the Deity late,' Plutarch, in emphasising the organic connection of families and nations, and in attempting to justify the ways of God to man in visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, is careful to point out the other side of the picture, that God rewards the virtues of the fathers on the children unto the third and fourth generation also: and it was so with Plutarch, and in a somewhat interesting way.

In the year 161, about forty years after Plutarch's death, the dream of Plato, "when philosophers shall be kings and kings philosophers," was realised, and an undoubted philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, obtained the governance of the Empire which stretched from Scotland to the Sahara, and from the Atlantic to the Euphrates. No doubt most of you are acquainted with the little book of Meditations which that overburdened and lonely man addressed to his own soul. You know that the book opens with a few paragraphs of thanks to those to whom the Emperor felt he was specially indebted. In that acknowledgment there is no word of gratitude (as Mr. Myers has remarked) for the Emperor Hadrian, who virtually gave him all the kingdoms of the world and the

glory of them; but among the few to whom, in his simple way, he returns thanks is a comparatively obscure personage, one Sextus of Chaeronea. Now, this Sextus of Chaeronea was Plutarch's grandson (or nephew: the Latin word *nepos* leaves it doubtful). Let us see what it was that the Emperor considered that he owed to him (I adopt Mr. Long's translation).

"From Sextus I learned a benevolent disposition and *the example of a family governed in a fatherly way*, and the idea of living conformably to nature, and gravity without affectation, and to look carefully after the interests of friends, and to tolerate ignorant persons and those who form opinions without consideration. He had the power of readily accommodating himself to all, so that intercourse with him was more agreeable than any flattery, and at the same time he was most highly venerated by those who associated with him, and he had the faculty both of discovering and ordering, in an intelligent and methodical way, the principles necessary for life, and he never showed anger or any other passion, but was entirely free from passion and also most affectionate; and he could express approbation without noisy display and he possessed much knowledge without ostentation."

Here is almost a re-appearance of Plutarch, the portrait is well-nigh complete. And it does not take any great effort of imagination on our part to picture the simple and useful family life continuing in the little town from father to son, until was fulfilled for Plutarch's grandson what Plutarch himself would have regarded as the highest reward for which anyone might hope. He wrote a treatise himself on 'How a Philosopher should Consort with Princes,' and rightly considered that the utmost

efforts should be made by opportunity and tact to bring about such intercourse. So that, even in the Elysian Fields, Plutarch must have felt a thrill of pleasure that his grandson was able, not, indeed, to shape the whisper of a throne, but (what is far greater) to inform the mind, and earn the gratitude of one of the best of princes, and one of the noblest of men.

II.

I have mentioned before the simple and good remark of Plutarch's that he was unwilling to leave his little native town lest he should make it smaller by a single man. This spirit urged him to take his full share in the public life of the town. He held small offices, and finally obtained the best that the little place had to give, and became its archon or mayor. This public spirit he is constantly inculcating in others. The Epicureans and their doctrine of "Live hidden," he indignantly rebuked. "If you really wanted to live hidden," he would say, with a fair attempt at humour, "why didn't you do so, and not come before the world admonishing it?" But he speaks a higher language. Life (he holds) is a struggle, and he who carries through that struggle faithfully to the end shall not miss his reward, and I make no excuse for quoting to you (again in the stately diffusiveness of old Holland) in this connection the grand passage from the treatise entitled, 'No Pleasant Life according to Epicurus,' one of the finest in the whole range of Plutarch's writings.

"In summe these men do limit, set out and circumscribe the greatnesse of humane pleasure within the compasse of the belly, as it were within center and circumference: but surely impossible it is that they should ever have their part of any great, royal or magnifical joy, such as indeed causeth magnanimity and hautinesse of courage, bringeth glorious honour abroad, or tranquillity of spirit at home, who have made choice of a close and private life within doors, never shewing themselves in the world, nor medling with the publick affairs of Common-weale: a life (I say) sequestred from all offices of humanity, far removed from any instinct of honour, or desire to gratifie others, thereby to deserve thanks or win favour. For the soul (I may tell you) is no base and small thing, it is not vile and illiberal, extending her desires onely to that which is good to be eaten, as do these poulps or pourcuttle fishes which stretch their cleies as far as to their meat and no farther: for such appetites as these are most quickly cut off with satiety and filled in a moment: but when the motions and desires of the mind tending to virtue and honesty, to honour also and contentment of conscience, upon vertuous deeds and well doing, are once grown to their vigour and perfection, they have not for their limit the length and tearm only of mans life: but surely the desire of honour, and the affection to profit the society of men, comprehending all eternity, striveth still to go forward in such actions and beneficial deeds as yeeld infinite pleasures that cannot be expressed: which joies great personages and men of worth cannot shake off and avoid though they would: for flie they from them what they can, yet they environ them about on every side, they are ready to meet them whersoever they go, when as by their beneficence and good deeds they have once refreshed and cheered many other: for of such persons may well this verse be verified—

To town when that he comes or there doth walk
Men him behold as God, and so do talk.

Surely no better defence of public spirit, within the limits of Pagan motives, could possibly be given than this that the man gains the love and respect of his fellows, even though he seeks it not.

But Plutarch was under no illusions as to the limits of the sphere of political activity. The Roman Peace, with its marvellous organisation, had its advantages, advantages far outweighing the disadvantages of unlimited freedom in Greece. We know that Nero gave what was called "freedom" to the Greeks during his visit to the country at the end of his reign. It was only, of course, at most a lessening of the strictness of supervision by the Roman governors: but it led to some outbreaks and disorders and the so-called "freedom" was taken away by the sober and unimaginative, but practical Vespasian. The Greeks, he said, with a lofty Roman note of contempt, have ceased to understand the meaning of freedom. The constant supervision of the governors was ever intensified by the way the politicians in the various towns repeatedly applied to them on the most trivial matters. Plutarch knew full well that there was no escaping from the Roman yoke, that it was necessary and wise, too, to keep on good terms with the Roman government, to make important and honourable friends among the Roman magnates; but, at the same time, that it was in the highest degree right to use to the full every vestige of municipal liberty that had been granted them, and that on every ground; "yet there be many," says Plutarch with true patriotism, "who lay open the secret dissensions of their own city at the gates of advocates and put their cases into the hands of

lawyers (at Rome) with no less shame and ignominy than loss and damage" ('Praecepta reip. gerendae,' c. 19).

Within the limits of his own city the politician must take a high view of his duties. The work is to be regarded as a public obligation; and it is almost superfluous to say that Plutarch rejects with scorn the idea that anything like pecuniary advantage should be derived from the exercise of public functions. Making money out of the community by a politician is a species of sacrilege (ib., c. 26).

"Certain temples there be (again I quote Plutarch, speaking through the mouth of Holland) into which whosoever did enter must leave without doors all the gold that they had about them. . . . Considering therefore that the tribunal and judicial seat of justice is the Temple of Jupiter surnamed the Counsellor and Patron of Cities, of Themis also and Dice, that is to say equity and justice: before ever thou set foot to mount up into it, presently rid and clear thy soul of all avarice and covetousnesse of money, as if it were iron, and a very malady full of rust, and throw it far from thee into the merchants' hall, into the shops of tradesmen, occupiers, banquers, and usurers,

As for thy selfe
Flie from such pelfe,

shun it I say, as far off as you can, and make this reckoning, that whosoever enricheth himselfe by the managing of the common-weale is a church-robber, committing sacriledge in the highest degree, robbing temples, stealing out of the sepulchres of the dead, picking the coffers of his friends, making himself rich by treachery, treason, and false-witnesse: think him to be an untrusty and faithlesse counsellor, a perjured judge, a corrupt magistrate, and full of bribery: in one word polluted and defiled with all wickednesse, and not clear of any sin whatsoever that may

be committed; and therefore I shall not need to speak more of this point."

No, indeed: I doubt if he could add to that. But Plutarch may be asked, "Is a statesman to have no reward?" and he will answer, "Yes, but an honourable one." But no image or statue even: yet, perhaps, as in the sacred games wherein the prize is not money but a simple crown, he may receive some simple token of his country's love, some branch say of laurel or olive, "Like as Epimenides who received one branch of the sacred laurel growing in the Castle of Athens because he had cleansed and purified the city: and Anaxagoras, refusing all other honours which the people would have ordained for him, demanded only that upon the day of his death the children might have leave to play and not go to school all that day long" (c. 27).

III.

But Plutarch was something else in his town besides a municipal magistrate: he was also (if we may so say) the parochial clergyman, the director of the citizen's conscience, and the guide and physician of their souls. We must remember to draw a distinction between two kinds of lecturers in the first century—on the one hand the Sophists whose aim was to interest a little perhaps, but more especially to please, to astonish, to dazzle. Different were the Philosophers. *Their* aim was to teach and to improve morally—their discourses were directed to the same end as our sermons. Of course, Philosophers often became famous beyond their own town, and occasionally lived permanently in no

town at all, but were itinerant preachers. Some who lived generally in one town discoursed occasionally in large centres and even in Rome, just as at times a country clergyman is asked to preach in Westminster Abbey. Such was Plutarch. I have alluded to his discourses at Rome: but the best efforts of his life in this respect were devoted to his little country. He appears to have been ever ready to hear difficulties, to comfort the afflicted, to advise the erring, and to lend a sympathetic ear to any trouble that might be brought before him. We have several of the discourses which he delivered at Chaeronea and elsewhere on Talkativeness, Curiosity, Shyness, Anger, Contentedness, Friendship, and such like; and they are distinctly interesting and suggestive. For Plutarch was heir to all the ages of Greek thought and history, and, with his marvellous memory, he was always able to produce happy illustrations and apposite stories to enforce his precepts. The precepts, indeed, are not very original; but why should they be? how could they be? The ordinary faults of mankind have been from the beginning, and the methods of cure have been from the beginning also—we know them all, if we could only follow them. But Plutarch escapes from commonplace and platitude in large measure by the personal character of his remarks, by the wealth of his illustrations, which always interest, and the direct application to the circumstances of the case. His discourses are replete with felicitous images and very tolerable stories. Let me give a specimen or two:

In the treatise on 'Talkativeness' he declares that this is one of the hardest of all faults to cure. Why? Because the Talker will never listen to you. Again:—"No spoken word (he says) has done so much good as many unspoken ones. For at some future day we can give utterance if we like to what has not been said: but a word once spoken cannot be recalled, but flies about and runs all round the world. And this is the reason, I take it, why *men* teach us to speak, but the *gods* teach us to be silent, silence being enjoined on us in the mysteries and in all religious rites" (c. 8).

Again:—"Barbers, you know (says Plutarch), are a talkative race. (We think of Nello in 'Romola.') It was a witty answer, then, of King Archelaus, when a talkative barber put the towel round his neck and asked him 'How shall I shave you, King?' 'Silently,' said the monarch" (c. 13).

Again, this story, though it is very familiar:—The Roman Senate had been holding private meetings for some time, and one of the Senator's wives, an excellent woman, but very curious, entreated her husband to tell her what they were deliberating about. After much importuning he told her that a prodigy had occurred which portended disaster, a lark had been seen flying armed with a spear and a helmet: but mind, you must tell no one. Having some business to do in town before attending the Senate he went away: and to the first maid that came in the lady told the story, but enjoined the maid to say nothing about it. The maid, of course, went out and at once told the cook—(who, as Plutarch says with a touch of detail, was doing

little or nothing at the time—in fact, was receiving a visit from an admirer—presumably the local policeman). The long and the short of it was that before the Senator got to the House some of his friends came up and told him with much concern about this portent. He calmed their anxiety: and after the meeting of the Senate was over went home and told his wife that, in consequence of her divulging the secret, they would have to leave the country. She attempted to deny having done so, and said, "But were there not three hundred other Senators who heard it." "Stuff and nonsense with your three hundred, my dear; I invented the story" (c. 11).

As to 'Curiosity' Plutarch notices that the disease defeats itself—for all people fight shy of the curious man. When serious business is being discussed, if a curious man drops in, every one is silent at once, just as one puts away fish when the cat's about (c. 9).

On 'Shyness or False Modesty'—what old Holland calls 'Naughty Bashfulness'—the first thing is to convince oneself that it is a serious fault. We are so apt to persuade ourselves that it is real modesty. On the subject he tells the familiar story of a man who, when asked for the loan of money by a particular friend, had the fact duly attested by a bond made before a banker; and on the friend's expostulating and saying, "Why all these legal forms," the lender, with no false modesty, replied, "I want to have the money repaid in a friendly way, and not to lose both money and friend" (c. 10).

In one place in his discourse on 'Anger' he says

little matters always seem greater than they really are to one in a rage, as bodies seem greater in a mist—a fine simile (c. 11).

The method of cure is always the same. Begin with small things, and persevere steadily (herein differing from the Stoics who required instant and complete reformation); no relaxation must be tolerated. For example, as to *Curiosity*, just try this (he says). The next time you hear high words arising in the street and see a crowd collecting, pass by. For *False Modesty*, the next time you are asked to have a glass of wine with a man at dinner, and you feel you have had enough, put the glass down without drinking. For *Talkativeness*, the next time there is an opening for you to dilate on the subject in which you delight as magnifying your own importance, just try to be silent, and don't be like courtiers or lawyers (Plutarch likes to have a shot at the lawyers), who are constantly relating how they made this point on such an occasion, or how they conducted this prosecution and got that defendant off, and how the judge complimented them, and so forth (c. 22).

The besetting sin of Plutarch was Anger. Let us hear him at length how he endeavoured to cope with that vice (c. 16).

"Above all things I thought that saying of Empedocles a great and divine one that we should 'Fast from evil' [Mr. Shilleto, whose excellent translation I adopt, refers to Herrick, 'To starve thy sin not bin—that is, to keep thy Lent'], and I approved (continues Plutarch) of such vows as to abstain for a year from wine and love, honouring the Deity by continence, or for a stated time to give

up ever speaking falsely, whether in play or earnest. With these I compared my own vow as no less pleasing to the gods and holy, first to abstain from anger for a few days. Then I tried for a month or two, and so in time made some progress in forbearance by earnest resolve, and by keeping myself courteous and using fair language, purifying myself from evil words and absurd actions, and from passion, which, for a little unlovely pleasure, pays us with great mental disturbance and the bitterest repentance. In consequence of this, experience, with the help of Heaven, has led me to form the view that courtesy and gentleness, and kindliness are not so agreeable and pleasant and delightful to any of those we live with as they are to ourselves."

This preaching by example and practising what he preached, added to the simplicity and earnestness of his nature, rendered his influence great and benign. And we can see how in the little town to which he willingly devoted his life, like the parson in the 'Deserted Village,'

> "He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way;"

and all that with the utmost cheerfulness and hopefulness. For there are hardly any people, short of deliberate sinners, for whom Plutarch has a severer rebuke than those who are always "making the worst of it" (as the saying is), and passing all their time in querulousness or moroseness.

The finely written essay on 'Tranquillity of Mind' inculcates with all the attractive graces of Plutarch's most alluring style this contentedness and serenity of spirit. The conclusion, though well known, may without apology be quoted.

"I am very much attracted (says Plutarch) by the remark of Diogenes when he saw a stranger at Lacedaemon preparing himself with much ostentation for a feast. 'Does not a good man consider every day a feast'? Aye, and a very great feast, too, if we are only wise. For the world is a most holy and divine temple into which man is introduced through his birth, not to be a spectator of motionless images made by man's hand, but of those things which the Divine Mind has exhibited as the visible representations of what the mind alone can grasp, having innate in them the principle of life and motion, as the sun, moon, and stars, and rivers ever flowing with fresh water, and the earth sending up her sustenance to plants and animals. Seeing then that life is a complete initiation into all these things, it ought to be full of ease and joyfulness. But men do disgrace to the festivals which God has supplied us with and initiated us into, passing most of their time in lamentation and gloominess of spirit, and distressing cares . . . How is this? They will not even listen to the admonitions of others whereby they would be led to acquiesce in the present without repining, to remember the past with thankfulness, and to act for the future with gracious and cheerful hopes, without fear or suspicion."

IV.

The world then is the most holy and divine temple of God, and to Plutarch's views of the relation of God to the world we must now turn. That God exists, he holds not only Nature cries aloud in all her works, but it is proved by the universal consent of mankind: "Never was there and never shall there be found any one city without temple, church, or chapel." He is One, incomposite, unchangeable, outside the world, and knows not succession or alteration.

In the Essay styled 'On the Inscription E at Delphi' (c. 20) he says:

"But God *is* we must declare, and *is* with reference to no time, but with reference to that age which is immovable, timeless, and indeclinable; that which there is nothing before or after, nor future, nor past, nor older, nor younger, but He being One with the one Now has filled up the Ever" (ἀλλ' εἷς ὢν ἐνὶ τῷ νῦν τὸ ἀεὶ πεπλήρωκε)—

an expression in which there appears to me to be a marked note of genius. And He is good; He watches over the work that He has ordered, "otherwise," says Plutarch, "God would be worse than children who build sand-castles and then knock them down. He would be playing the same game with the world, first building it up and then throwing it down" (c. 21).

We should learn then to work together with God, and ever to feel towards Him cheerfully and hopefully, and to remember that He cares for us. As to the Epicureans (whom Plutarch detested)—those philosophers who held that the gods live forsooth the great life that all their greatest fain would follow, centred in eternal calm and careless of mankind—to such Plutarch replies with bitterness:

"It is as if in a storm at sea one were to encourage his fellow-voyagers by saying that there was no pilot at the helm or guiding lights in heaven. But what great matter? Anon they would be upon the breakers and engulfed in the waves" ('Non posse suaviter vivi sec. Epic.,' c. 23).

But it is very necessary to have just ideas of God, as such are the purest source of happiness. There

is an Essay 'On Superstition,' which reads like an advocate's arraignment of that miserable state of mind, but, at least, it shows how grievous and almost impious Superstition may become. It is, Plutarch holds, an excess (to use Aristotle's language) of Natural Piety, of which Atheism is the defect; and of the two extremes, the two vices which flank the virtue, he holds (I cannot help thinking, for this occasion only) that Superstition is the worse. The Atheist, at least, has an unruffled mind; the superstitious man is always in grovelling and craven misery—you can imagine the rhetoric. And Superstition is almost more impious. The superstitious man has false notions about God, and believes that He is malevolent.

"But I, for my part," says Plutarch in his pleasant way, "would much rather have men say that there never was a man Plutarch at all nor is now, than to say that Plutarch is a man inconstant, feeble, easily moved to anger, revengeful for trifling provocations, vexed at small things" (c. 10).

However, I think Plutarch, if cross-examined, would allow that the superstitious man was more likely to become pious than the Atheist; and would assent to a simile he uses himself in another Essay with reference to men whose youth was full of foolish noise,* but who wore their manhood hale and green —a simile, too, which appeals strongly to such of us as have had much experience as College Tutors.

"For great natures," he says, "produce nothing trivial, nor can their vehement impulse to action lie idle, but they sway to and fro, as on the sea, until they come into a stable

* Cf. Bacon's Essay 'On Youth and Age.'

and confirmed character. As the one who is unacquainted with farming, seeing a spot full of thick jungle and rank growth, would have no liking for it, while to one who has learned to discriminate between different kinds of land these are the very things which show the strength and fertility of the soil: so great natures break out at first into many extraordinary extravagances, and we are not able to tolerate them at first, so violent and irritating are their assaults; we think that we should cut them off and hew them down, when a better judge, seeing the good and the noble even in these pranks, waits for age, which co-operates with reason and virtue, and the season in which nature brings her proper fruit to perfection" ('De Sera Num. Vindicta,' c. 6).

Plutarch in fact would see that the mind of the superstitious man was a wild thicket like that, but it had the good soil of religion at its base; and this, when the rank ideas are cut away and it is properly cultivated, will bring forth the fruit of true piety in abundance. But the Atheist's mind is stony and cannot bring forth anything. To use Richter's illustration (quoted by Archbishop Trench) the superstitious man is like one living in a foul and noisome atmosphere; but the Atheist is like one living in the receiver of an air-pump. In the former you can at least breathe, in the latter you die.

The passage which I have just quoted is from the most famous of all Plutarch's treatises, and, if I may venture to express an opinion, that which seems to me the best. It is called 'On those who are punished by the Deity late,' better known by the Latin title 'De Sera Numinis Vindicta.' Why do the righteous suffer? Why do the wicked

prosper? For as far as human ken would seem to pierce, the righteous *do* suffer and the wicked *do* prosper. To justify such ways of God to man demands a discussion towards which anyone is bound to give the very best of his powers: and Plutarch does so. The treatise is something more than a mere formal dialogue; it is in its way a work of art: and there are two or three points of view taken with regard to the whole subject which may well call for our attention.

Granted that the Deity does punish, but punishes long after the crime has been committed—that the mills of the gods grind slowly and late—how can that be reconciled with reason? It is not consistent with the analogy of Nature. For as in the case of a horse you apply the lash at the moment of a stumble, so it would be far more efficacious if a sinner was struck down at the moment of his sin. Timon, one of the interlocutors, finds no difficulty in answering this. Is the administration of the world such an easy or small thing that we can suppose that anyone of us offhand can judge of the full effects of this or that act of governance? Such judgment is as if we were to criticise the details of treatment by a physician or any other expert. Why even some *laws*, as opposed to *acts* of administration, are not obviously calculated to bring about the end at which they aim—take (says Plutarch) Solon's law aiming at the suppression of civil strife, that the citizen who did not take a side should be disfranchised. And are we to judge God by human standards? Of course men wish to retaliate at once when hurt: men punish for retaliation only

and go barking after the criminal like a dog (to use Plutarch's forcible simile): but perhaps the Deity may wish something higher: He may wish to reform the sinner; He may know that the soil is good, but for lack of proper cultivation has run to weeds. Again, perhaps the Deity may regard the wrong-doer—in such cases the Greeks always instanced the Tyrant—as a scourge for mankind, or a noisome potion which might bring health to the body politic—such a potion as was Phalaris to the Agrigentines and Marius to the Romans [and some centuries later we know that Attila was regarded as the "Scourge of God"]. And may not at times the punishment be delayed until by a signal and instructive act of what is called poetic justice, the bolt falls; and in this connection Plutarch tells a story, short and sharp, with little of his usual detail. Bessus had slain his father, and the crime was long undetected. Asked long after to an entertainment he amazed the company by striking at a nest of young swallows and killing them. "Do you not see (said he) that they were bearing false witness against me that I slew my father." And the matter was investigated before the King and Bessus punished.

And are we to suppose that Bessus was not punished until he came before the executioner? Not so by any means. Hear this eloquent passage of Plutarch:

"As every criminal about to pay the penalty of his crime bears his cross, so vice fabricates for itself each of its own tortures, being the terrible architect of its own misery in life, wherein, in addition to shame, it has

frequent fears and grievous passions and unceasing remorse and anxieties. . . . It is not that they are punished in old age, but they grow old in perpetual punishment. I speak of long time as a human being: for to the gods all the period of man's life is as nothing, and so to them now and not thirty years ago is no more than with us executing a criminal in the evening instead of the morning: especially as man during life is in the prison-house of the body from which there is no escape; and though he may seem to have much feasting and jollity, it is no more than the dice and games which criminals play in prison while the rope is all the time hanging over their heads" (c. 9).

And then Plutarch goes on to describe with no little force the mental career of the criminal; and we are reminded perpetually of Macbeth. The recklessness and audacity of crime are rampant until the crime is committed: then comes the reaction and passion subsides, like a falling wind—a fine illustration. He becomes timid and dejected, and a prey to fears and superstitions and all kinds of dread of divine vengeance. At first vague inward disquietudes and alarms in which the fears are predominant, anon they take shapes and he pictures almost worse than the worst. "Present fears are less than horrible imaginings." Then the visions of the darkness and "sleep in the affliction of those terrible dreams that shake him nightly"; and worst of all the hallucinations of the daytime and the accusing voices. "For visions in dreams (to translate Plutarch literally) and apprehensions during the day, and oracles and lightning and whatever is thought to come from the Deity bring storms of apprehension on the conscience-stricken. . .

So that, if it is lawful to say so, I do not think that evil-doers require any god or man to punish them, but that their life itself, all ruined and distracted as it is by vice, is a completely sufficient punishment" (c. 10).

Plutarch sees in the punishments of the Deity efforts to cure vice; which imply, as one of the interlocutors reminds him, the assumption of the permanence of the soul. "Yes, I do believe in it (he replies); we do not fade like a leaf, as Homer says. I shall never abandon this belief unless some second Herakles shall come and take away the tripod of the Pythian priestess and abolish and destroy the oracle. . . . It is one and the same argument that confirms the providence of the Deity and the permanence of the soul; so that you cannot leave one if you take away the other. And if the soul survives after death, it makes the probability stronger that rewards and punishments will be awarded it. During life the soul struggles like an athlete, and, when the struggle is over, then it gets its deserts" (c. 17, 18).

So the feeling that justice must be fulfilled, and that it is not fulfilled in this life, leads us, under the Moral Law, to a belief in a Future Life. This consideration, along with others, such as the instinctive craving for the Infinite and for Perfection, the desire to meet those we love, the longing for rest and felicity—somewhat frail supports in comparison with that founded on Justice—are urged elsewhere in favour of the same doctrine. In his special treatise on the 'Immortality of the Soul' (of which unfortunately only a few fragments remain) the dramatis

personae are the same as in the 'De Sera Numinis Vindicta,' so that we may fairly consider that it was a pendant to the latter treatise, and urged at greater length the position that the need of retribution (whether of reward or punishment) was the best *argument* that can be adduced for the permanence of the soul. But as to the details of the other world—what are its Elysian Fields, what are its abodes of expiation—of this (as he says) he has no absolute knowledge. So, like his master Plato, where Reason can go no further, there he has recourse to what the Greeks called a *myth*. "Allow me first to give to my argument all that seems probable; and afterwards I shall set my myth in motion—if it *is* a myth." Thus the fine treatise on 'Delays in Divine Justice' ends up with a picture of the lower world, modelled on the myth which closes the 'Republic' of Plato, possessing certain merits of its own, but in a large measure lacking the cosmic splendour of its great original. There then, in another world, the crooked is made straight and the rough places plain; the souls are purged of their iniquities by dire expiations; justice is meted out to all; and we learn that if the wicked can be purified only by fierce torments, there are also the full measure of rewards for the righteous, and

> "He who flagged not in this earthly strife,
> From strength to strength advancing—only he,
> His soul well-knit and all his battles won,
> Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

One word more, perhaps, not wholly unimportant, and I shall conclude. It may fairly be asked how

does Plutarch's ideal of duty stand to the Christian's. His treatises have been described as manuals of common places, as a breviary of little virtues. Well, the whole of the lives of most of us are composed of little events where we, as often as we may, practise our little virtues, and are fairly well contented if they *are* virtues. No reproach can be made to Plutarch on this score; and the imaginative and charming sympathy which he shows with man's every-day efforts, successes, and failures, and the evident way in which he endeavoured to act up to his teaching, raise him above the level of a moralising quietist like Montaigne, considerable as is the similarity of the two writers, and frank as is the acknowledgment of obligation which the French Essayist makes to his Greek master. Think, too, of the simplicity, culture, and refinement of Plutarch's life, so eminently characteristic of ancient Greece, the mother and model to all ages of culture and moderation. "In this native of Chaeronea (says Mommsen in his illuminating manner) the contrast between the Hellenes and the Hellenised finds expression; such a type of Greek life was not possible in Smyrna or in Antioch; it belonged to the soil of Greece itself, like the honey to Hymettus. There were men enough of more powerful talents, and of deeper natures, but hardly any second author has known how to reconcile himself so serenely to necessity, and how to impress upon his writings the stamp of his tranquillity of spirit and his blessedness of life:" and is anyone, whether he has a superficial or a deep knowledge of Plutarch,

prepared to say otherwise? But his ideal—what of that?

Over the vestibule of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, of which Plutarch, in his declining years, was high Priest, was engraven the maxim, which was held to be a revelation from Heaven, "Know Thyself"—a wise maxim, a very wise maxim—the wisdom of which appears to each of us greater and greater every year we live—I mean, the worldly wisdom. To know one's capacities and one's limitations, to know how to cure one's faults, and to be willing to cure them, to develop one's gifts to the full, so that you may become, as the Greek poet said, "Truly good, built four-square in hands, and feet, and mind, a work without flaw"—in a word the development of oneself as an individual—*there* is the ideal, *there* is the aim of Plutarch, the genuine Hellenic ideal.

But while Plutarch was living and working the old order was changing, yielding place to new, and God was fulfilling himself in one of the many ways in which He has fulfilled himself in history. The Founder of the new order had completed His mission, the greatest of the Apostles had run their course. Of this change Plutarch (as was quite natural) was wholly ignorant; no mention is made of the Christians in the whole of his writings. And with all his virtues and beauty of character his fundamental point of view was altogether opposed to that of Christianity. He looked to himself; know thyself, develop thyself—such was his rule of life. But the new dispensation required a radical change of view—it is fitly called conversion. No longer

look to thyself, but forget thyself, and seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness. "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

THE FRIENDS IN SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

By Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes.

[Read June 24th, 1908.]

I take it, until proof yields a better date, that Shakespeare came to London in 1587. We know nothing definitely about him, until 1592, when Greene's address to his fellow-actors makes it clear that, some time before that date he must have turned to the stage as a profession, and must have achieved some degree of success, for Greene bitterly describes him as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with *his tiger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a countrie." *

When Shakespeare had come to London he had found theatres built, players performing, and dramatists writing for them, Lyly, Peele, Lodge, Greene, and Marlowe, who, had Shakespeare never come, would have been the greatest of all. But Shakespeare did come, and developed the perfect flower and fruit of the English Romantic Drama.

This remark would have been irrelevant to the subject in hand, but that I hold that the poet bore

* Greene's 'Groatsworth of Wit,' 1592.

the same relation to the sonnet that he did to the Drama. The Sonnet was not, as the Drama was, of native growth; it had been imported from Italy early in the century by the Earl of Surrey and his friend, Sir Thomas Wyat. They did not closely adhere to their Italian models, but varied them somewhat to suit the English language and taste. They had a group of courtly imitators, and various miscellanies appeared of verses, often but loosely called "sonnets," poems written to be said or sung, which we now would rather call lyrics.

There were * 'The Court of Venus,' much reprobated by serious writers, no copy of which has come down to us,* 'The Newe Court of Venus,' which seems to have been an attempt to improve the old songs in tone, while adhering to their form, some of the verses having been written by Sir Thomas Wyat himself; 'The Book of Songs and Sonnets,' 1557, or "Tottell's Miscellany," a collection chiefly of poems written by Wyat and Surrey, but also including some of the works of their imitators. We know that Shakespeare had read this volume, because he gave a copy to Slender ('Merry Wives,' i, 1).

It is interesting to know that Van der Noodt published a series, avowedly translated from the sonnets of Petrarch and Du Bellay, a translation of which, into English, in blank verse, was produced by Spenser in 1569, which were included in his works in 1591. Spenser's 'Shepherd's Kalendar' came out in 1572.

* See my articles in the 'Athenæum,' "The Metrical Psalms of the Court of Venus," June 24th, 1899, and "The Authorship of the New Court of Venus," July 1st, 1899.

The most important later miscellany was 'The Paradise of Dainty Devises,' 1576, which we also may be nearly sure that Shakespeare had read.

The harbinger of the new harvest of Elizabethan Sonnet Literature was Thomas Watson, who, in 1582, published his 'Hecatompathia or the Passionate Century of Love.' Two points may be noted concerning this: (1) That he named each sonnet a "Passion," which explains Shakespeare's use of the word in the phrase, "The Master-mistress of my passion*; (2) that W. C., in his 'Polimanteia,' 1595, in a marginal reference, said, "All praiseworthy Lucrecia, sweet Shakespeare, wanton Adonis, Watson's heir."

Puttenham's 'Art of English Poetry' was printed by Field, 1589. The first three books of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' appeared in 1590, and Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia' in the same year, which, quite as much as any sonnets, affected the thought of Shakespeare's early works.

In 1591 was published Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella,' with some of Daniel's Sonnets, and in 1592 Daniel published a collection of 'Sonnets to Delia,' after French models, dedicated to Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke. At the same time Henry Constable brought out 'Diana: the Praises of his Mistress in certain Sonnets,' and 'Four Letters and certain Sonnets' were published by Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser.

Here I must pause, having reached the time of Shakespeare's proved association with the Stage, in

* Sonnet xx, 2.

order to trace his career up to that date in his private life, and make clear my reasons for my main proposition concerning the necessarily early date of the Sonnets. Starting with Shakespeare's arrival in London we must remember that the traditions concerning his being driven from Stratford by Thomas Lucy or by anybody else, can be disproved by fact and legitimate inference.

The only two facts we are sure of are, that he had married a wife and had a family before he was able to support them; and that neither his father nor he was in financial prosperity. His mother's inheritance of Asbies, which, it is clear, his father meant as the sphere of his son's career, had been lost through a mortgage and some juggling on the part of Edward Lambert. In 1587 the Shakespeares, in despair of regaining it, had offered to sell it outright to the Lamberts for another £20, and to this the poet, then of age and the heir apparent, had agreed, but that the money had never been paid is clear from later litigation.

We cannot *prove* to the sceptical anything concerning the poet for the next five years. But as Tennyson's Lover says of Maud,

> "I know the way she went
> Home with her maiden posy,
> For her feet have touched the meadows
> And have left the daisies rosy:"

a student may, with the fine sense acquired by patient loving study, read signs into known facts as clearly as that of Tennyson, that the morning daisies and buds when trodden on lay their crimson

under petals to the side, and the path is *really made rosy*. Our poet's path may be traced in printer's ink.

I believe that Shakespeare went to London in 1587 hoping to earn his fortune there, but that his plans were somewhat guided by business concerning this desired arrangement with the Lamberts. There is little doubt he would first go to take counsel with Richard Field, the apprentice, who was about to become the son-in-law and successor of Thomas Vautrollier the great French printer. But the following morning, when he started on his mission, I venture to put forward a suggestion that his footsteps took a very different direction from what has usually been accepted; indeed, that Shakespeare began by seeking his fortune not at the play-house, but at the Court!

I have found that a John Lambert, probably the poet's cousin, was a Yeoman of the Chamber at the time, and young Shakespeare might have hoped to persuade him to agree to the payment of that extra £20, or make up for it in Court influence. Why not? John Arden of Park Hall had been Esquire of the Body to Henry VII, his younger brother Robert, Yeoman of the Chamber to Henry VIII, his still younger brother or nephew William held the same office to Queen Elizabeth down to 1584, and his son Robert was associated with him; John Scarlet, so friendly with the Ardens of Wilmcote, had been also Yeoman of the Chamber; Roger Shakespeare had held the same office in the reign of Mary, and Thomas Shakespeare was the Royal Messenger, at least down to 1575, possibly later. William Shakespeare was a man of good appear-

ance and of manly courage, the two essentials for the post; he may have had many introductions, and evidently had high hopes. But he failed. We may realise his feelings during his first months in London by his works. It was not Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, who had learned by personal experience—

> "Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> * * * the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns,
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

The country was then stirred to its heart by the threatened Spanish invasion; gentlemen all over the country served in the ranks; it is possible that Shakespeare either served on board a ship or in the army at Tilbury, which the Queen herself went to address. If he did, he would be among the disbanded men in 1588, still seeking a post. There were men of lower rank he was almost sure to know; Sadler and Quiney, the grocers in Bucklersbury; John Shakespeare, the bit-maker of St. Martin in the Fields, (not the later John of St. Clement's Danes); Mathew Shakespeare, the goldsmith, who had married the sister of George Peele, the dramatist. With none of these did he seem to associate himself. But we have testimony that he did associate himself very freely with Richard Field. We see the suggestions of the books printed by him on many a page of Shakespeare's works, and reading through the signs of his familiarity with the printer's art we may well believe that he tried to give some

return for hospitality by helping Field as much as he *dared* do. There was a limit, for the Stationers' Company was very jealous of unapprenticed workmen, and fined Richard Field for keeping one. But there was nothing to prevent Shakespeare from helping in reading and correcting proof, and in 1589 Field brought out Puttenham's 'Art of English Poetry,' a liberal education to a would-be writer. Other special works were on Field's shelves. A new edition of 'Ovid,' Sir Thomas North's translation of 'Plutarch's Lives,' 'Salust du Bartas,' books on Music, Medicine, History, and Philosophy, which we can also see reflected in Shakespeare's works. I could never satisfy myself with a natural reason for the interweaving of Giordano Bruno's thought into the sonnets until I found that Vautrollier had printed his works and had to fly the country on account of it, flying, however, no further than Scotland, where the King welcomed him, and let him print his own book 'The essayes of a prentis, in the divine Art of Poesy."

From the beginning of Shakespeare's career he must have earned the epithet applied to him later by a fellow-dramatist—Webster, who spoke of "The right happy and copious *industry* of Master Shakespeare."

He was preparing for a patron by the time he found one, but he had been forced, through the stress of circumstances, to take advantage of the only opportunities which were opened to him, that is, on the stage, where his handsome figure would recommend him, and he probably had some influ-

ence through Warwickshire acquaintances. But it would take three years at least for any one to acquire the position outlined by Greene, so we may suppose that he entered the theatre in or about 1589. His work must have, at first, been hard, and from the sonnets evidently distasteful.

The consideration of all the various opinions on, and interpretations of, the Sonnets would necessitate more space than can at present be given. Writers have differed widely concerning their autobiographical value, and those who do believe them to be autobiographical, disagree concerning the identity of the persons addressed, of the rival poets, and of Mr. W. H.

I believe that the Sonnets are a source of some authority, both biographical and autobiographical, but that they cannot be interpreted in crude realism. Shakespeare was not a prose diarist of the twentieth century, but a poet on the rising high tide of the most creative period of English literature in the first fervours of poetic inspiration and romantic personal affection. After a period of trial, during which he had been agonising in order to live and to support the lives of those that were dear to him, he had met some one who had the supreme inspiration to encourage and to help him.

Many of the allusions to conversations, common experiences, and common studies, are lost to the readers of later days, but some of the links of association may be restored by careful comparison. Sometimes the poet was only treating a common theme in hackneyed phrases, sometimes he was only transmuting current philosophy into verse. But

sometimes he was trying to express feelings that lay too deep for words; his love and gratitude occasionally led him to impulsive exaggerations, his susceptibility to hasty misunderstandings. He knew how "to tear a passion to tatters, to very rags," when his thoughts hurtled against each other from their very abundance and exuberance. But the twined threads of biography and autobiography are there, on which to string the pearls of Shakespeare's thought. These threads can only be wound round the neck of Henry, the third Earl of Southampton.

No wrong has ever been done to Shakespeare's memory so great as the publication of what has been called "the Herbert-Fitton theory." The only cure for this, as for any other heresy, is *more study*, patient, unprejudiced, wide-reaching, long-enduring study, not only in the direct biography of two men, but in contemporary life, thought, and literature. The theory was only possible to a real worker like Mr. Tylor, because he neglected the Baconian scientific advice, "to search after negatives." He only attended to facts that seemed to support his hypothesis, and turned from those that opposed it, even when laid before him. Yet he has found followers numerous enough and important enough to be combated.

The Herbert-Fitton theory assumes that the Sonnets must have been written after the arrival of Lord Herbert at Court. This was in the spring of 1598, he being then eighteen years old. We are asked to imagine therefore that Shakespeare began to write quatorzains, or disingenuously pretended to do so, for the first time at this late date in the

sonnet-harvest, ascribing to the newly-arrived Lord Herbert, not only inspiration, but education out of rude ignorance, and the guidance of his *pupil-pen, after* he had written, not only his poems, but his 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' and some of the Sonnets themselves in other plays.

It presumes that he must have warmed up, for this inexperienced young lord, not only the same feelings that he had formerly expressed for another, but the same phrases that he had already *published.* The whole beauty of "*the passion*" dies out before the supposition. We cannot read the Sonnets as hackneyed imitations of past fashions. They have all the *verve* of a fresh impulse, all the ideal transport of newly discovered power, all the original treatment of newly acquired music. Little in the data fits the supposition. Lord Herbert was *not* the sole hope of his great house, having both a father and a brother; he was *not* a *fair* youth, but exceptionally dark; he wore no long locks, curling "like buds of marjoram;" his breath could hardly have exhaled the odours of flowers (S. 99), seeing that a diarist states that his chief comfort was in the use of *tobacco.*

The lady with whom he was associated has been proved, on the other hand, to have been, *not* dark but fair, *not* married and old in the world's ways, but a bright young foolish girl of twenty-two, a favourite of the Queen and the Court, over-impulsive and credulous certainly, and probably vain and ambitious. But it was one thing, in the lax customs of the times, to become entangled with the

handsomest and richest young bachelor of the Court, under the evident expectation of matrimony, and another to have risked her good name in going forth to tempt, with experienced wiles, in her even earlier years, the somewhat well-balanced heart of a middle-aged play-actor and moralist. What the propounders of this theory make of Shakespeare's manliness or morality it is hard to say. An unwarrantable stain has been thrown on the girl's character because Will Kemp, one of Shakespeare's company in 1600, dedicated to her his 'Nine Days Dance to Norwich.' But his lack of the supposed intimacy is shown on the title-page by the error even in her Christian name. The dedication was quite a natural one from the best dancer on the stage to the best dancer at Court. In the famous 'Masque of the Nine Muses,' performed at Court at the marriage of "*the other Lord Herbert*," "Mistress Fitton led, and went to the Queen, and wooed her to daunce. Her Majestie asked her what she was? 'Affection!' she said. 'Affection!' said the Queen, 'Affection is false.' Yet her Majestie rose and dawnced" ('Sydney Papers,' 23rd June, 1600). Now I believe she should have said "Terpsichore," which would account both for the Queen's remark and Kemp's dedication.

We are asked to believe that all this happened, and that Meres had time to complete his notices of Shakespeare, get his book passed by the censor and registered, *within six months!*

Finally, this theory pre-supposes that Thomas Thorpe, in 1609, would, upon the sole ground of two common initials have taken the unwarrantable

liberty of addressing in such familiar terms as "Mr. W. H.," the chief nobleman of the land, who, being the eldest son of an earl, had, from birth and baptism been designated Lord Herbert. Thorpe would not have been so short-sighted. That he was not so can be proved from his dedications of Healey's books * to the same nobleman in 1610 and 1616. The latter I found among Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's "Prologues," and first published it *in extenso* in relation to this controversy in the 'Shakespeare Jahrbuch,' Berlin, 1890, to show how Thorpe really dedicated, "out of what frenzy one of my meannesse hath presumed to commit this Sacrilege."

No, Pembroke was impossible!

In Shakespeare's poems, dedications, and sonnets the songs and praises were—

> "To one, of one, still such and even so."—S. 105.

and that *one* was the Earl of Southampton.† His life and character alone provide all the essential desiderata; his dates alone fit into the chronology of the sonnet sequences and give Shakespeare his natural place in the history of literary development; his life alone gives a natural and unstrained account of "Mr. W. H."

We do not know the exact circumstances under which Shakespeare met the Earl of Southampton.

Probably the young noble, in an outburst of sympathetic admiration and gratuitous criticism, greeted him with easy patronage on the stage, said to him,

* See my article, 'Athenæum' March, 1898, "The Date of the Sonnets."

† The Wriothesley motto was "Ung par tout, tout par ung."

"You ought to learn to write poetry for yourself, come, and I will show you how," took him home, gave him some more or less good advice on accent, manner, dress, law, literature, versification, and courtly tastes, for which posterity is grateful to him. Kind offices, on the one hand, were responded to by gratitude and adulation on the other. Hardly had Shakespeare been introduced to the Earl than he was made acquainted with the skeleton in the closet. To understand this we must turn to the fortunes of Southampton, or rather, in the first place, to those of his mother. For he was essentially "his mother's boy," though no critics have followed out her career in relation to Shakespeare's environment. She was the daughter of Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, and Jane, daughter of the Earl of Sussex. Her grandfather, Sir Anthony Browne, was considered the handsomest man in the country in Henry VIII's time, and all the family were noted for personal beauty. She inherited a goodly share, as may be seen by her portrait, taken in 1565, at the age of thirteen, when she married Henry, second Earl of Southampton. This is now in the possession of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck.* It probably hung on the wall of Southampton's home in Holborn when Shakespeare sung:

> "Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
> Calls back the lovely April of her prime."—S. 3.

Her elder son had died before his father, her second, Henry, became sole heir to his great house when he was eight years old. He seems to have

* See my "Date of Shakespeare's Sonnets," 'Athenæum,' 19th and 26th March, 1898.

inherited, not only her beauty and her natural tints, as may be seen by his fine portrait also preserved at Welbeck;* but to have resembled her in her characteristics. Cultured in taste, with a strong appreciation of humour, refined in sentiment, religious in spirit, she was generally able to control the self-will of her temper by a strong sense of duty, though sometimes her hasty impulsiveness verged almost on imprudence ; faithful and self-forgetting in her affections, yet, through her very sensitiveness, easily offended; Mary, Countess of Southampton, does not seem to have been very happy in her marriage. Her somewhat severe husband had conceived some unjust cause of jealousy against her after his temper had been soured by his imprisonment in the Tower, for the matter of the Duke of Norfolk and Mary Stewart. She wrote to her father on 21st March, 1580, "My Lord sent me word it was not his intention to keep me prisoner, only he barred me of his board and presence . . . . neither could I take that but in the highest degree of imprisonment, howsoever it pleased him otherwise to esteem it . . . . I sent what I wrote *by my little boye*, but his heart was too great to bestow reading on it, coming from me." Possibly his misunderstanding was the precursor of illness, for he died the following year (1581). He left her as bare as he could, and she wrote to the Earl of Leicester, entreating his kind offices on behalf of herself and her children, Henry and Mary. (These letters are among the MSS of Cottrel Dormer, Esq., but are misdated in the 2nd

* See my "Date of Shakespeare's Sonnets," 'Athenæum,' 19th and 26th March, 1898.

Appendix to 'Rep. of Roy. Hist. Com.') Her son became, of course, a royal ward, and he and his great possessions were put under the supervision of Lord Burghley. Camden later praises Southampton, and says "he spent his young years in the study of learning and good letters, and afterwards confirmed that study with travel and foreign observation."

On December, 1585, he was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he became M.A., June 6th, 1589, and was incorporated of Oxford. Before leaving College he enrolled himself a member of Gray's Inn, 1587, where he seems to have studied as creditably as he had done at Cambridge.

But domestic troubles were rising. Burghley was impressed with the engaging personality, as well as the extensive possessions of young Henry Wriothesley, and, backed by a guardian's privilege, wanted to secure him for his granddaughter, Lady Elizabeth Vere, the daughter of the Earl of Oxford. The young Earl seems to have become, under the persuasions of his mother and grandfather, to some extent, engaged. It was a suitable marriage in every way, had but the young people loved each other.

The poor Countess had been handicapped in the battle of life, because her husband's family and her own, as well as she herself, had persisted in the expensive indulgence of exercising the rites of the Catholic religion.

She well knew the enormous advantage it would be to the family to be known to be "connected with my Lord Burghley," the "searchings" and "fines"

it would help her to evade, the public offices it would secure to her son.

She urged him to complete the arrangements, his grandfather urged him, too. Perhaps, because of the very urging, the burden of matrimonial responsibilities became more and more distasteful. Dreams of military glory under his admired Earl of Essex disturbed his studies in old Gray's Inn. Burghley began to make enquiries. He could not understand how any young man in his senses could refuse such a splendid offer, or even hesitate in accepting it. He suspected interlopers. He fancied that Sir Thomas Stanhope might be trying to win him for his daughter; but that gentleman wrote a long and very full explanatory letter to Burghley on 10th July, 1590, clearing himself of any such treacherous presumption.

The Countess had, it is true, gone with her son to see Mr. Harvey, who lived next door, and he had asked them to sup with him, that was all. Lady Southampton had told him "She knew what a stay you would be to him and to her . . . in good fayth she would do her best in the cause . . . She did not find a disposition in her son to be tied as yet; what will be hereafter time shall try, and no want shall be found on her behalf." Burghley seems next to have consulted Viscount Montague, who replied on 19th September, 1590, from Cowdray that he had "tried as orderly as he could, first to acquaint his mother, and then himself with your lordship's letter, his lordship being with me at Cowdray . . . " His daughter had told him that she did not know of her son's fancy having changed

to any other maiden, and the youth had replied that "Your lordship was this last winter well pleased to yield unto him a further *respite* of one year to ensure resolution in respect of his young years." I told him that the year was almost up, and said "that it was natural your lordship should wish to have the matter about his granddaughter settled." The most he could get out of his grandson was a promise that he would carry his answer to Lord Burghley himself, and Montague arranged that he and his daughter should take him to London at the beginning of the term.

On the 6th of October, Southampton completed his seventeenth year. He took, if he did not receive, another "year's respite," and on the 2nd March following, 1590–1, he wrote from Dieppe to the Earl of Essex offering him the service of his sword. The Earl of Essex had lately married the widow of Sir Philip Sydney, much to the Queen's wrath, and he was in some trouble himself. He did not risk accepting the offer of the Royal ward.

Southampton was recalled to London, and *then*, in the April of 1591, he probably first met, at least as a friend, that inland-bred actor, who so strangely fascinated him, and kept him from his regret at being forbidden to follow Lord Essex. Someone suggested to the Countess, or to the new poet himself on her behalf, that he, a married man, should try to make the young lord "Suivez raison" (the family motto of the Brownes). The most likely person to do so was the stalwart and prudent Mr. William Harvey, who had won golden opinions from all sorts of people at the time of the Spanish

Armada in 1588, and who was a devoted friend of the family. If we allow ourselves to realise the likelihood of this, we find one key to the mystery of the dedication to the sonnets, lying ready to hand in a place where no one before has looked for it. (See my article "Who is Mr. W. H.?" 'Athenæum,' August 4th, 1900.)

It was a part of the higher culture, then, to be able to write verses and to sing them to the lute, and, as such, doubtless Southampton had essayed to do after the model of Thomas Watson at least, and we have noted what had been published by that date.

Manuscript copies of the verses of the Earl of Essex, poured forth when he wanted "to evaporate his feelings in a sonnet," would probably also be found in that Holborn home, when in that "mutual improvement society for two," the principles of literature were discussed. The young Earl, with his beautiful expressive eyes lit up by intellectual fire, with his fair face, rich attire, gracious manners, ingenuous outlook into life and philosophy, and enthusiastic inclination to help, made a real conquest of the hungering home-sick heart of the poor player, and such a love was kindled as had not been sung since the days of Jonathan and David. It was because Shakespeare could feel as well as write that he found the sonnet silver and left it golden. Mr. Wyndham, in his splendid introduction to the 'Poems of Shakespeare,' leaves nothing unsaid concerning their æsthetic charm. Excepting the first few I do not think the order of the sonnets at all correct. Some critics accept the 107th as necessarily the last, and we know that

those to the lady should have been sandwiched in between those to the youth if the date of production had been the principle of arrangement. Within the two series also the order has evidently been disturbed somehow.

We know that they are not all on the same level of merit; neither do I think them all constructed with the same "intention." The last two evidently should come first, two forms of expressing the same idea from foreign sources which had probably been read to the poet by the patron.

Those to the youth were evidently intended to be sent, and were sent: the earliest ones probably through his mother. Those to the lady were written, as Goëthe puts it, "to work off a feeling," or to shape the expression of "a passion." The poet might have *sung* them to the lady, but he would not risk the chances of *sending them in black and white.* When the feeling had "evaporated" they would be sent in block to the friend, and thus be kept together, though possibly multiplied in copies among friends, one of whom must have proved unfaithful, or Jaggard would not have secured two by 1599.

It was doubtless with some sense of self-reproach that Shakespeare, yielding to the family arguments, turned the engines of his new power upon his patron, urging him to marry. Training and straining are both too visible in the admonitory sonnets, which smell of Sidney's 'Arcadia.' The first seven sonnets, to which I would add the eleventh and twelfth, make a sequence by themselves. The second sequence shows deepening affection, freer

hand, more original conceptions. He bids the youth wed to complete a harmony, to make war with Time, and to do so "*for love of me*," S. 10. Started as a literary experiment they developed more and more into the expression of personal feeling, and the advice to matrimony became subordinate. In the 13th Sonnet the poet first addressed the youth as "love"; in the 20th and 21st he took him as the inspiration and his muse.

> "A woman's face with nature's own hand painted
> Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion" (S. 20).

> "So is it not with me as with that muse
> Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse" (S. 21).

It was something for a poet living lonely in London to have such a wholesome and safe source of inspiration. The young noble was vain, and there was a subtle charm in being thus sung to by one whose genius he thought he had evoked. He listened more patiently to his poet than he had done to his mother and friends, but of course the sonnets had no effect in mending his misogynic mood. Their writer never expected they would do so, probably did not even wish it. The first double set of twenty-five was marked out by a separation which is recorded in history.

The Queen was to be at Cowdray, Viscount Montague's country house, from the 15th until the 22nd of August, 1591, and the youth would be summoned to his grandfather's assistance. The Queen and Court afterwards went on to his own house at Tichfield. Special opportunities would be

certain to be made for him on this occasion. Essex was not at Court, and Sir Fulke Greville and others were trying to replace him by this friendly rival. Every young nobleman of the day was trained to act in courtly devices, and much depended on compliment with Elizabeth. Shakespeare would likely give his "sweet boy" return lessons in dramatic art.

During this first period of separation, as Shakespeare wrote, there had been dawning on him the conception of a poem, by which he might at once take his position in the world of letters, honour his friend's teaching, and in a somewhat allegorical fashion, after the Spenserian "second intention," show how the entreaties of Venus fall unheeded upon ears intent on other music, and upon hearts filled with other interests. I do not wish now to go into any criticism of 'Venus and Adonis,' but comparison makes it clear that the Sonnets were written about the same time, and addressed to the same person.

> "Describe Adonis,* and the counterfeit
> Is poorly imitated after you!" (S. 51)

The work on the poem checked the supply of Sonnets. Through the plague-year it developed, a joy apart from the strains of the miserable time. It was a year quite black enough to wake all poor grumbling Greene's dying spite against the "Johannes Factotum," who could both act and redact plays;

* It is curious that the allegorical "second intention" in the poem should have been applied by Thomas Edwardes, so early as 1595, to the poet himself.

a year gloomy enough to tone the picture of the reverse poem which came insistently into Shakespeare's brain to complete his "Venus" conception. For he began to take two sides to paint his pictures even then, as he always afterwards did. Another separation came. In the autumn of 1592 Southampton was in the Queen's train at Oxford, acknowledged by all to be the brightest ornament of her court. Probably by the end of 1592 Shakespeare sent him the completed manuscript of his poem; with the private dedication of the 26th Sonnet, before he began to arrange about the publication of his "written ambassage," bidding him keep it

> "Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
> Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
> And *puts apparel on my tattered loving*
> To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:" (S. 26)

that is, by having it printed and bound. By the 18th April, 1593, the Archbishop of Canterbury had licensed it, and Richard Field had entered it as his copy in the Stationers' Registers. A more timid prose dedication faced the critical world. The poet would not shame his friend, nor commit him to anything, until he knew how the public would receive him. Then came a surprise doubtless to both of them, and certainly to others. Adonis leaped at once into popularity! I noted that before he had completed his first 'Essay of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesy,' Shakespeare had sketched the outline of the "graver labour," alluded to in the Preface to his 'Venus and Adonis.' Some of the later Sonnets seem to be studies for *Tarquin*, as

some of the earlier had been studies for *Adonis*. It is worth considering Sonnet 129 in this light. The Sonnets had been affected by the appearance of 'Astrophel and Stella' in 1591, and the author was probably incited by the appearance of Daniel's 'Delia' and Constable's 'Diana' in 1592 to new variations.

After Southampton's return to London he seems to have become interested in other poets, and to have spent some of the hours hitherto devoted to Shakespeare, with other literary acquaintances. Thence sprang the allusions to the "alien pens" (S. 87), the "better spirit" (S. 80) "the proud full sail of his great verse." Doubtless the chief rival was Chapman, who even then was doing worthy work. But he has left no notice of the Earl of Southampton until much later years. Evidently the young Earl, moved by his poet's suffering, had granted that he "*was* married to his muse," and had refused to become the special patron of other *poets*. Indeed, he had shown a fit of answering jealousy, alluded to in Sonnet 109. But all frictions were smoothed away, and the happy friend and triumphant poet was able to redeem his promise and to publish his "graver labour" in May, 1594, expressing his love to his patron in nearly the same terms as he had used in Sonnet 26. His 'Lucrece' assured his position in the literary world, and cleared his character in the eyes of sober men.

I have said that I do not think the order of the sonnets correct, that the love-sonnets should have been interleaved with the others, that they had not been sent, and that they did not mean so much as

they seemed to impart. Nevertheless, it seems evident that in the plague year, with all its depressing influences, in the absence of his friend, Shakespeare himself had been tempted by a dark-eyed witch, a married woman, experienced in coquettish wiles. We do not *know* who the lady was. I do not think she was a *lady* at all in the court sense of the word. Many suggestions support my opinion that she was one of the rich citizen's wives, some of whom had been educated by wealthy fathers to the level of the culture of the time in art and music; a citizen's wife who had been married just long enough to feel a sense of ennui creep into her leisurely life, and a desire for new conquests re-awake in her vain heart. Such a one he might have met in the very house he must most have frequented. I do not *know* anything about the moral principles of Mrs. Jacquinetta Field, and do not wish to bring my views, as a personal *charge* against her. But she fulfilled all the necessary external conditions, and she was a Frenchwoman, therefore likely to have dark eyes, a sallow complexion, and that indefinable *charm* so much alluded to. Such a woman might very well have ignored young Shakespeare when he came, poor and unknown, about her husband's house at first. But when she found him popular and making his way among the aristocracy she might suddenly have become interested in him, and lay her toils. Other men's sonnets had taught her how to act. She tuned her sweetest music to his tastes, and played remorselessly upon her poet's heart. After the publication of 'Venus and Adonis,' by Richard Field, she might achieve her desire of meeting Shakespeare's Earl.

She entangled him for a short time in a game of bagatelle, in order to torture her victim, though it really seems to have cured him. And *then*, it was all over, there was no treachery, no cruelty, it was all a mistake, *a comedy of errors*. The echo of the explanations ring through Shakespeare's plays, as well as through his sonnets. A strange outside reflection of this little domestic drama seems clearly intended in 'Willobie's Avisa,' registered on 3rd September, 1594, in which Shakespeare's 'Lucrece' is definitely mentioned, and H. W. and W. S. alluded to, under conditions that strongly suggest the story of the Sonnets. It shows the picture of a wonderfully admired woman of incorruptible chastity, beset by many wooers, these two among them. "W. S. determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, H. W., then it did for the old player." Many strange parallels between the book and the sonnets might be noted, and I have a shrewd suspicion that the dark lady herself was a moving spirit in its publication. Personalities were evidently intended and resented, and the book was "called in." But the pain of the publication rankled in Shakespeare's heart:

> "'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed" (S. 121).

In the same month as Shakespeare brought out his 'Lucrece,' the Countess of Southampton married Sir Thomas Heneage, a trusted friend of the Queen's, and Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household. Henceforth Court patronage was opened to Shakespeare, and during the following Christmas holidays,

for the first time, his name was entered in the accounts of the Privy Chamber, as having played before the Queen at Greenwich. Curiously enough, at the same time, his company is recorded to have appeared suddenly amid the confusion of the Gray's Inn Revels, and to have performed "The Comedy of Errors" on the stage designed for graver concerts. This led to great trouble in Gray's Inn, and mysterious investigations, in which an enchanter was blamed. Nobody asked *who paid the players?* I have always fancied that Southampton did, and that *he* introduced them, for how, without the permission of some fellow of Gray's Inn, could they have had access to the stage.* Bacon was employed to write a device to "restore the honour of Gray's Inn," lost on The Night of Errors.

In two ways, both painful to the poet, during the following year, while Sir Thomas Heneage's illness absorbed the attention of the Countess of Southampton, his young friend's name had become bandied about, among the gossiping cliques of Paul's Walk. His friends, Sir Charles and Henry Danvers, instigated by personal revenge, for some cause unknown, had, in January, 1594–5, taken their servants and gone out deliberately to murder two men, the Longs, which they succeeded in doing. They stalled their horses in Southampton's stables at Tichfield, that night, and when they went to London, next day, he rode with them and helped them to escape to France. It is very difficult to understand the meaning of this episode in his life, for the Danvers

* See my article, "The First Official Record of Shakespeare's Name," 'Shakespeare Jahr Buch,' 1895, Berlin.

remained his friends. The other was more natural. Southampton, "having passed by the ambush of young days," at last fell incurably in love with the fair Mistress Elizabeth Vernon, the daughter of Sir John Vernon, cousin of the Earl of Essex, and Maid of Honour to the Queen. He needed no sonnets now to urge him to marry, but the Queen forbade the banns. He hovered round the Court. The Sydney papers state that he was, in the absence of Essex, "a careful waiter here, and *sede vacanto* doth receive favours at her Majesty's hands, all this without breach of amity between them." But it was the *other Elizabeth* who drew him thither. Hasty and impulsive as he was, "My Lord Southampton doth with too much familiarity court the fair Mistress Vernon, while his friends, observing the Queen's humour towards my Lord of Essex, do what they can to bring her to favour him, but it is yet in vain," wrote Rowland Whyte, September 22nd, 1595.

This gossip sunk into Shakespeare's heart. He knew that he might be blamed by some, as the Earl's adviser, and he called him to task in Sonnets 95 and 96. After the commencement of this absorbing passion the sonnets gradually ceased. Probably Shakespeare realised his reign was over. None seem to suggest Southampton's voyages, knighthood, marriage, or subsequent imprisonment. For the allusions in Sonnet 107 must not be confused with this.

Having interwoven many of the phrases, ideas, and even situations of the sonnets into his plays, having *thrown in* even some of the verses entire,

Shakespeare's fame became fixed in 1598 by the liberal praise of Francis Meres, Professor of Rhetoric at Oxford, who noted not only the plays and the poems, but "the sugred sonnets among his private friends."

By some means pirate Jaggard got possession of two of these private sonnets, culled those already printed in the plays, stole many verses from other writers, among them the 'Paris to Helen' and 'Helen to Paris' of Thomas Heywood, and published them in 1599 as "'The Passionate Pilgrim,' by William Shakespeare," eager to exploit the value of his name.

To reclaim his own Heywood published them, as he had intended, in his 'Troia Britannica,' registered before 1609. Apparently Jaggard published a second edition, probably in 1609. In the postscript of his 'Apology for Actors,' 1612, Heywood complained of Jaggard's "manifest injury," and stated that the author was much offended with the publisher for "having altogether unknown to him, presumed to make so bold with his name."

This is interesting to us, because it is the only recorded notice of Shakespeare's opinion of his publishers. Indeed it is just possible that Shakespeare permitted, if he did not suggest, the publication of his Sonnets in order, by showing all that he laid claim to, at once to punish Jaggard, and protect Heywood, and other injured poets. In spite of Heywood's and Shakespeare's protest, Jaggard brought out a third edition of the 'Passionate Pilgrim' in 1612, stating that they were "newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare. Where-

unto is newly added two Epistles, the first from Paris to Helen, and Helen's answer back again to Paris." But pressure was evidently brought to bear upon Jaggard, for though this stands in the title-page, the epistles *do not appear in the text.*

To whatever cause we owe it, the Sonnets were published in 1609, long after the vogue of sonneteering had passed, by T. T., *i. e.* Thomas Thorpe, with an address to Mr. W. H. The chief battlefield in the history of the sonnets has been over the meaning of those initials. I believe, as I have said above that they mean Mr. William Harvey.

Sir Thomas Heneage had died in 1595, leaving the Countess of Southampton the second time a widow, in trouble over his bills, and not over well treated by friends. Shortly after her son's stolen marriage to Elizabeth Vernon in 1598 she had promised to marry her faithful friend, now her knight, Sir William Harvey. Her action roused the indignation of her son at first, and caused discomfort among her friends. Harvey's family and position were not equal to hers, and matrimony in a mother is sometimes inconvenient to a son. The Earl of Essex himself took the trouble to counsel her gravely. But like her son she held her own way through thick and thin, and married Sir William Harvey in 1598. She died in 1607, and it was reported by Chamberlain that "she had left the best part of her stuff to her son, and the most part to her husband." It is very likely that a manuscript copy of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets' would be left among "the most part," and it is quite possible that after consultation with Southampton and

Shakespeare, Harvey, always a patron of letters, prepared them to be published in order to relieve Heywood, and punish the pirate Jaggard, by limiting the list of sonnets to which Shakespeare laid claim.

Thomas Thorpe was too glad of the chance of becoming a merchant adventurer on the sea of publication. If, as I have shown to have been possible, Sir William had, in the first instance, suggested the writing of the early sonnets, the meaning of Thorpe's address is clear. It was quite usual to address a gentleman as Mr. after his knighthood. Lady Southampton always spoke of her second husband as Mr. Heneage. Further, since the death of his first wife, in 1607, Sir William had consoled himself with a bright young bride, Mistress Cordelia Ansley, of Lee. It would therefore be perfectly consonant with Thorpe's gratitude and his character to wish "Mr. W. H. all happinesse, and that eternitie promised by the everlasting poet."

The "eternity" intended might have been that of a long line of descendants to keep up his noble name,* (for it was Thorpe who wrote the address).

It may be urged that I cannot *prove* this. I acknowledge it. But surely an explanation so simple and one that fits so naturally into the whole known series of facts, may be justly considered and duly treated as a good working hypothesis, until something better may be discovered. And the surest way to learn more of Shakespeare is to learn more about his friends.

* He was afterwards ennobled as Lord Harvey of Kidbrooke, and Baron de Rosse in Ireland.

FATE AND THE TRAGIC SENSE.

BY W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D.

[Read October 28th, 1908.]

I MUST plead guilty to the imputation that the title I have chosen for this paper, "Fate and the Tragic Sense," is somewhat ambiguous. I am told that it is like the headings of certain of the chapters in Meredith's novels, or that it might actually serve as a title for a romance by that somewhat cryptic author, Mr. Henry James. It is obviously, therefore, a primary duty to explain. What do I mean by "tragic sense"? I mean the appreciation of those conditions which make for tragedy in human life. What do we mean by Fate? That is our name for the Unknown, something not ourselves, which overpowers us, against which we struggle, and in the conflict with which we fail. All tragedy involves this notion of Fate. And I lay stress on the point, because one of the best of dramatic critics, Aristotle, did not realise its importance when he was attempting to define Tragedy. To him tragedy was sufficiently explained when it was held to conform to three conditions. In the first place it was a form of drama exciting the emotions of pity and fear; in the next place its action must be simple and complete, dealing with sudden changes and reversals of fortune; and thirdly,

it must be written in poetry, embellished with every kind of artistic expression. You will observe that only in one point does a definition of this kind touch the notion of Fate. Tragedy, Aristotle thought, must deal with reversals of fortune; it must narrate the ruin of persons renowned and distinguished. What the moderns have added, or (to speak much more succinctly and definitely) what Shakespeare has added, to this conception is the notion that all tragedy involves a conflict—a conflict of wills, or of will with circumstance, or of will with itself—and that, therefore, it is imperatively necessary that it should be based on the characters of the persons involved. Aristotle practically told us that the story of the plot was more important than the personages engaged. Modern tragedy insists that because the course of the drama reveals a conflict in which great personalities are engaged, the temperament, nature, and character of the hero or heroine are of supreme importance. And, probably owing to the permanence of theatrical conditions, this type of tragedy has lasted through at least three or four centuries. If it had been left to Literature alone, we can see—as suggested by some of the dramas of Browning, for instance, or Swinburne—that the type of tragedy might have been altered. But theatrical conditions are always conservative, and if we say that a typical tragedy is concerned with a great personality engaged in a struggle that ends disastrously, we have obtained a formula which applies to almost every specimen of this species of creative work.

Tragedy, then, involves the conflict of a human

will with something else. What is this something else? It may be the steady antagonism of other wills. It may be a great impersonal Fate. It may be the enormous tyranny of character and heredity. Or, lastly, in a great deal of the modern social drama, full of tragic elements, Fate may be recognised as social convention, a mass of prejudices, pre-conceptions, arrangements, ordinances, which make up civilisation and constitute the social state. The modern hero or heroine, as we shall discover, whether in Dumas, Augier, Ibsen, or Pinero, erects his or her standard of revolt against the recognised conventions of society, and destroys himself or herself in the effort. I do not know a better illustration of this modern social drama than is to be found in Ibsen's well-known piece, "An Enemy of the People." Dr. Stockmann is at war with all the prevailing thoughts and tendencies of his time. He is defeated in the conflict, and has to solace himself with the assertion that a man is never so strong as when he is alone. You will observe that our modern notion of Fate is by no means so august as the earlier ones. An obscure, irresistible Destiny, an ingrained or inherited character, are now, in their turn, succeeded by a more familiar and less reputable figure, the force of which is always checking us, and making us all conventional,—the formidable figure of Mrs. Grundy. Our subject, then, becomes tolerably well defined. We have, in the first place, to regard the matter from the subjective side, to consider how human beings, carrying on their respective lives, indulging their hopes, fears, loves, hates,

interests and passions, dash themselves against laws stronger than themselves, and meet with that deserved, or, in some cases, undeserved, ruin which all tragedy involves; while in the second place, from the objective standpoint, we have to obtain a more accurate definition of what is meant by fatality and destiny.

I.

In how many ways can a man dash himself against laws and ordinances, larger, more august than his own personality? In many ways, doubtless. Let us take a few instances from Shakespeare. There is one passion, ruinous when in excess, the passion of *love*. Of this Shakespeare gives us two examples—the youthful, wild, unthinking passion of Romeo and the middle-aged dotage of Antony, "the doting mallard," who flies after Cleopatra to his death. So, again, there is the strong, over-mastering emotion which we call *ambition*, of which we also have two examples. Ambition is manifested in intense will-power, a demonic energy of volition as shown us in Richard III; while ambition as a morbid, superstitious belief in himself and in his own star, the attitude of the imaginative mystic, is shown us in 'Macbeth.' Love and ambition are two of the destroying influences in human nature, but there are many more besides. There is *selfishness* raised to the highest conceivable degree, a devouring egotism, of which once more we have two examples. Egotism may signify the pride of caste, a patrician feeling, an absurdly high estimate of personal

value and personal strength,—and then we have Coriolanus. Or else egotism may be shown in a different fashion, that peculiarly destructive form in which it renders old age so terrible a thing,—the selfishness of a King Lear, a senile desire or weakness to annex and engross every form of consideration and love. Nor yet have we exhausted the catalogue of ruinous vices. There is the vice of *jealousy*, combined with the belief that a man can claim vengeance as his own, as though he were a god-appointed instrument to execute punishment on feminine frailty, as you find it in Othello. There is the vice of frantic *pessimism*, the despair in all human virtue and excellence, because the man has discovered in his own case the fickleness of fortune and his friends, as you see it in 'Timon of Athens.' And, last in the melancholy list comes a more subtle disease, on which Shakespeare bestows especial pains, a disease that comes to the student, to the moralist, to the philosopher, a *malady of introspection*, the enormous fallacy of trying to impose your own ideals upon the world, as you find it both in Brutus and in Hamlet. There is reason to think that the two plays of 'Julius Caesar' and 'Hamlet' were worked at by Shakespeare about the same time, for 'Hamlet,' at all events, contains more than one reference to the tragedy enacted on the Capitol, and Horatio proclaims himself to be "'more an antique Roman than a Dane."

In all this portrait gallery of the sins and frailty of humanity which lead us straight to the sphere of tragedy, it is difficult to make one selection rather than another as illustrating the dramatist's con-

ception of his problem. One characteristic above all belongs, by indubitable birthmark, to every Shakespearian character. It has a certain infinity about it,—a vague word for a necessarily vague quality. I mean that it opens large vistas, and is not exhausted by the enumeration of a few simple attributes. There are so many sides to Othello and Macbeth, to King Lear and to Hamlet, that we are forced to realise that they are not so much inventions as small pieces of complex humanity itself. Nevertheless, if we suppose, as we reasonably may, that at a particular period in the development of Shakespeare's art, he was wrestling in his own person with the deeper problems of existence, finding for his own nature a deliverance from his own besetting sins, we shall hardly be wrong in fixing upon two tragedies, 'Romeo' and 'Hamlet,' as the most significant and illustrative.

Doubtless to Shakespeare, as to many men in that riotous Elizabethan period, there came the temptation to think that the whole world was well lost for love. In characteristic fashion Shakespeare paints for us two ways in which the passion of love can influence men. It can redeem a man, as it did Romeo; it can destroy a man, as it did Mark Antony. Notice how skilfully we are shown that at the opening of the play Romeo was a man who loved rather imaginatively than in reality. He had a "tendresse" for Rosaline; he uses the conventional terminology of lovers; he talks about Cupid and Dian's shaft, and the rest of the sickly conventional literature of the enamoured. But Juliet converts him from the mere romance of love into a heart-

whole passion invading the entire personality. Before he was in love with love: now he is in love with a woman, and his nature becomes infinitely stronger and purer. Listen to him when he is told the news of Juliet's death. There is no fantastic literary rubbish which he thinks appropriate to such an event. Before he was more or less of a puppet pulled by alien wires, a plaything in the hands of fate; now he is a man. "I defy you, stars." Destiny has no longer hold of him. He is prepared "to shake the yoke of inauspicious stars from his world-wearied flesh," and, without one word of poetical imagery, it is plain Juliet with him now. "Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night." There is the simplicity of a definite resolve, in which the whole nature is enlisted. From the external standpoint there is disaster, ruin, catastrophe, because "violent delights have violent ends"; but from the inner spiritual side of the man's nature, which concerns us in tragedy, there is a triumph even in defeat, a victory over weakness, an entire satisfaction for our moral conscience. Romeo has achieved the end of his life; he has died upon a kiss.

It is different with Mark Antony, because both the age and the character of the hero are so different. The absolute self-surrender of a middle-aged man who ought to be conquering the world, and is conquered by a splendid courtesan, the serpent of old Nile, is not a noble thing at all; it is a despicable thing. But Shakespeare is too much of an artist not to surround this theme of passion, so destructive to masculine energies, with all the

splendid light and colour of Eastern magnificence. We cannot afford to despise either Antony or Cleopatra, because Shakespeare will not for a moment allow us to regard them otherwise than as august, grandiose, tragic personalities. Think how Milton treated much the same theme in his 'Samson Agonistes,' and you will see the difference between a Puritan moralist and a sympathetic human dramatist. Milton cannot conceal his scorn for the degenerate Samson; he cannot refrain from righteous railing against his Delilah. But Antony is a Hercules, a demi-god, "the demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm and burgonet of men." He is a ruin, but a ruin not wanting in grandeur, as it were the shell of an imperial castle.

Both these two lovers, Romeo and Antony, have as the partner of their fates the women they deserve. As a rule Shakespeare made his women somewhat wanting in complex features. He lived in an age before the rise of what we call Feminism, and his heroines, consisting as they do of one or two well-marked characteristics, are never analysed as fully or as carefully as his men. But because Shakespeare's women have fewer elements, they are, what they are intended to be, strong, extremely direct, practical, with the clearest knowledge of what they want, and of the proper means to the desired end. Juliet, despite her tender age (of fourteen years), is one of the most direct and practical young women that could be. She knows precisely what she wants, an union with Romeo, and every action is clearly designed to bring about the result. It is she who suggests a marriage before the friar; it is she who,

when father, mother and nurse all forsake her, has the courage and the hardihood to carry out her objects in her own way. That is how she saves Romeo, lifting him up to the higher level of passionate love at which she herself lives. But the middle-aged lover, Antony, finds his destiny in a woman with a past, a woman to whom Antony's love was not so much a revelation of what human nature is capable of, as the latest and most supreme of her sensations. The portrait of Cleopatra is eminently fascinating, because she is neither true nor false, neither sincere nor insincere, but a compound of opposites, intensely feminine, eminently alluring, a triumphant wanton. How clearly Shakespeare understood this character you can see from her wonderful death scene. The mode in which she chooses to die—poisoning herself with an asp—is silly and ridiculous enough, but true to life, because such a woman would have an instinctive horror of feeling pain. She is coquettish to the very end, a little theatrical, very emotional, entirely captivating. She died as she had lived, a Helen, a Mary, Queen of Scots, formed to be "a wonder and a wild desire," a siren of the Mediterranean, luring men to destruction on the rocks.

Apart from this theme of love which, let us remember in passing, was not considered a proper subject for dramatic art in the Athenian drama before Euripides, we come to a very modern burden, the burden of *intellectuality*. Clearly this, too, was a form of temptation to which Shakespeare himself might well be prone. There was always the danger for him that, leading as he did an inner life, he

might make the mistake of thinking that it exhausted all possibilities of existence. Do ideas govern the world? Yes and no. Their ultimate victory is certain, but to the man who dreams, who refuses to live the life of his day, they are often a subtle cause of ruin and failure. Think of Brutus, the most high-souled Roman, the man of the loftiest integrity, the husband who was worthy to have such a wife as Portia, the hero to whom, in the play in which he bears so conspicuous a part, we extend all our sympathy. Yet, confronted with the practical problem he failed, and gave the victory into the hands of a much inferior man, for no other reason than that he applied ideal principles to an actual insistent political crisis. Brutus persuades himself that he killed Caesar because he was a tyrant. In reality he killed him because, born of a revolutionary line, he had nursed his youth on revolutionary ideals, and supposed that, when Rome was crying out for an autocratic ruler, she could still be managed, as in an age of republican simplicity, by a senate and consuls.

The malady of Hamlet is not very remote from this. At all events, it starts from much the same mistake. The tragedy of Hamlet is that of a man of a peculiar introspective temperament, called upon to settle a practical crisis. Hamlet knew this very well himself, and that makes the tragedy deeper. Brutus never doubted, when once his decision was taken, that he was the right man to cure the evils of Rome; Hamlet doubted from the very beginning.

> The times are out of joint, O cursèd spite
> That ever I was born to set them right!

He was too fine, too distinguished, too intellectual a

character to be the rough instrument which Fate demanded. He has the fatal malady of analysing his own motives, which is generally destructive of action. If you once begin asking yourself what will be the results and consequences of a definite act, you will find that at the moment of action your will is paralysed by excess of scrupulosity, as Hamlet's was, when with his drawn sword he saw his uncle praying. It was a disease of will from which Hamlet was suffering. In any other times it would not have been so fatal. In this particular time, when he was called upon to do a specific act, to avenge his father and kill the usurper, it is not he, but a man rather of the Fortinbras build, who will be the saviour of society. Observe, too, that like many intellectual men, he cannot be sure of his own moods. He sees the ghost of his murdered father; but is it an honest ghost, is it really his father's spirit? Hamlet believes in it on the battlements of Elsinore; but he entirely disbelieves in it in another mood, when, despite the evidence of his senses, he talks of "the bourne from which no traveller returns." The traveller who *had* returned is dismissed apparently as a fantasy of his brain. And these supernatural visitings in such an analytic and introspective mind do not, as a matter of fact, supply him with the motive for his subsequent action. The ghost can make him put on an antic disposition, play with such creatures as Rosencrantz and Guilderstern, deride the senile humours of Polonius, and lessen the torrent of his words against his mother. But what the ghost cannot do is to make him kill his uncle. He murders him at the

last, more or less accidentally, because his mother was poisoned and Laertes had played foul in the fencing bout. So curiously destructive of strong practical volition is an intellectual malady when it has grown morbid—the tendency towards introspection, self-analysis, metaphysical speculation.

It will be interesting, perhaps, to illustrate some later conceptions of the tragic sense out of the dramas of Mr. Pinero—for one reason especially, because we can now cite the case of heroines instead of heroes. No one doubts that Mr. Pinero is a very diligent student of femininity. The only doubt can be whether, on the whole, he is just to them or unjust. In a matter like this, in all probability the masculine critic may assert that he is far too kind and sympathetic to his women, while the feminine critic, on the contrary, will maintain that in virtue of his sympathy he sees things about them which no one else can see, and makes excuses for them which no one else would make. The point is an interesting one, and it can be very easily illustrated. There is a series of feminine characters, more or less formed in the same mould, who run through Mr. Pinero's serious plays. We begin with a character like that of Theophila Fraser, in 'The Benefit of the Doubt.' Then we proceed to Paula Tanqueray. On her follows 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' and we end with Iris, in the play bearing her name. Now in the case of all these heroines we have a contest, a revolt, a failure, a defeat. Sometimes the woman struggles against those laws of convention and prejudice which we sum up under the name of Mrs. Grundy: sometimes

we have an insurrection against the marriage laws; sometimes we have a struggle against abiding laws of psychology. Or, once more, we have a deeper sin, perhaps the deepest sin which woman can commit—a sin against love itself. Moreover, it would be true to say of all the heroines to which I have alluded that they are, from any serious masculine standpoint, either worthless or contemptible. And yet such is Mr. Pinero's art that we are only too ready to forgive them all. We make excuses for them; we say that circumstances were too strong, that their positions were unendurable, and that, therefore, their sins should be forgiven. Here is Theo. Fraser, in 'The Benefit of the Doubt.' She is married to a hard, dour Scotsman, Fraser of Locheen, who will wear kilts at the dinner-table, and insists on having his excruciating bagpipes played on every occasion. Well, it is not fair to a sensitive woman, on whose nerves these things act with terrible force, especially if she is a born rebel, and sets up her standard of revolt against existing social conventions and prejudices. Theo. flies for refuge to Jack Allingham, and there is a scandal, an action for divorce, and the judge gives her "the benefit of the doubt." Now mark what ensues. Fraser, the husband, not being an absolute ass, but on the contrary possessed of some rude, straightforward common-sense, says that they must go abroad, in order to get over the malevolence of spiteful tongues. Theo. resolutely refuses to do anything of the kind. She is obstinately a rebel. She insists that the situation must be faced, and they must remain in town. She is quite wrong, as

the sequel proves. Upset by her husband's superior common-sense, she goes once again to Jack Allingham, in a half-fainting condition. She drinks champagne on an empty stomach, and, not to put too fine a point on it, she gets intoxicated. In this condition she implores Jack Allingham to run away with her. Not a nice woman, this; and yet, upon my soul, the dramatist makes us forgive her! Apparently he forgives her himself, for he lets her fall into the hands of the wife of a worthy bishop, who is going to spread her immaculate reputation over Theo.'s peccadilloes, and gradually restore her fair fame in the public credit. I always wonder why this fine play, 'The Benefit of the Doubt,' has never been revived. I suppose we must wait until the National Theatre is established before we can hope to see it again. The first and second acts are masterpieces.

Perhaps I need not dwell long on the character of Paula Tanqueray, for the moral of her case is very obvious, and hardly needs much elucidation. Did she ever love Aubrey Tanqueray? I think not. Perhaps a woman with her life has worn out the possibility of love. I think she only cared for comfort, rest, the satisfaction of living in a properly conducted home, of being respected as a legitimate wife. She betrays her husband at every point. Capriciousness is the least of her vices. She asks her disreputable friends to stay with her. Even if she had won the love of her stepdaughter, Ellean, it is doubtful if she would have known what to do with it. And yet—and yet—we are more than a little inclined to forgive Paula Tanqueray, although she

had absolutely ruined a good man, and brought positive agony to his daughter. What, in her turn, shall we say of Agnes Ebbsmith? There is a strange tragedy about this woman. She ran full tilt against the ordinances of society, especially those which are embodied in our ordinary marriage laws, because she really wanted to be the companion, friend, and fellow-worker of thé man with whom she had elected to live, Lucas Cleeve. Perhaps Lucas Cleeve also thought that life was possible, both for him and for Agnes, on the high, passionless levels of frank companionship. But, because Lucas Cleeve is merely the ordinary, undistinguished, individual man, *L'homme moyen sensuel,*—perhaps because women can do exceptional things and men can not, in fact, for a multiplicity of reasons, in which the whole idea of platonic love is involved, the experiment is a dire failure. Agnes has to appeal to Lucas Cleeve's senses in order to keep him constant.

To me, I confess, Iris Bellamy, in the play called 'Iris,' is the deeper criminal, because she sins against the light, because she sins against love itself, makes a game of it, postpones it to her chance moods of selfishness. But Iris Bellamy, according to her own account, is more sinned against than sinning. She is left a widow at a very early age, with a certain fortune, which she is to resign if she marries again. Round her are three men, Croker Harrington (who, perhaps, does not count, for he is only a faithful, dog-like creature), Laurence Trenwith, an impecunious young man, with whom Iris is, with apparent sincerity, in love, and the Mephistopheles of the piece, Frederick

Maldonado, a hard, wealthy, masterful financier. Now Iris cannot be straight with any of these. She cannot make up her mind to live in poverty abroad with Laurence Trenwith; poor Croker hardly enters into her calculations, for he is content with dumb service. Suddenly she is herself confronted with poverty, owing to the ill-doings of a rascally attorney. And this is Maldonado's chance. He leaves a cheque-book with her, and she makes use of it. He prepares a beautifully furnished flat for her, leaving the key with her; and eventually she drifts into accepting it. Then Trenwith returns from abroad, and she tells him the whole story, expecting him to forgive her. Immensely hurt at his refusal, both hurt and surprised, she is abandoned to Maldonado's mercy. And, because he has discovered the intrigue between Iris and Trenwith, she is finally driven into the streets. You will say that she is punished, and terribly punished. It is quite true, for she had sinned against the very idea of love. Nevertheless, if I am not mistaken, many of us are genuinely sorry for her. And yet, could there be a more worthless woman? Was she wicked, or merely weak? We really cannot say. The case stands as it does with Sophy Fullgarney in 'The Gay Lord Quex,' whom the hero very justly describes as a cat, scratching the hand that pets it. Yet Sophy Fullgarney becomes in the sequel a quite estimable character, although she is a mean, despicable spy. And Iris, too, lives in our memory, although she is quite non-moral—perhaps even basely immoral. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil": that is the dramatist's lesson. Or

perhaps we have another illustration of the famous text, "To know all is to pardon all." Mr. Pinero has made us understand his women, and, although masculine judgment rebels, we are sympathetically interested in them. We observe them dashing themselves in vain against laws too big and too imperious. They are victims, we say, of Fate, and we are inclined to grant them almost plenary absolution.

II.

The second division of our subject is the meaning of fatality or destiny. In how many ways can this conception be understood?

Destiny can be conceived as a great impersonal, primitive force, existing from all eternity, absolutely independent of human wills, superior even to any god whom humanity may have invented as an object of its own worship. So the earliest of Greeks imagined their original archetypal fate or destiny bigger than the gods, and regulating even the changes and revolutions in the divine hierarchy. The conception of a great primitive jealousy, bearing no rivals near its throne, is one form in which the ancient mind has interpreted its notion of destiny. Take an example. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, is an exceedingly successful man; so unbroken is the career of his luck that his firmest ally throws him over—he is so afraid of him and his fortune. Polycrates himself becomes frightened, knowing that jealousy rules the universe, and he voluntarily throws into the sea his richest crown

jewel in an attempt to propitiate destiny. A fisherman presents him with a noble fish, and in it is found the jewel returned to his hands. Then Polycrates knows that he is a doomed man. Observe that the force which rules the universe is quite unmoral. Innocent prosperity is quite as much of an offence to it as guilty prosperity. And there is another and a darker view. Goodness itself, when carried to excess, provokes the hostility of Heaven. Heroes like Lycurgus and Pentheus perished for excess of temperance, and the ancient dramas, as interpreted, at all events, by Euripides, startle a modern audience with a figure like Hippolytus, whose passionate purity brought destruction upon himself. It is as though a Sir Galahad were to be condemned just because he were better than other knights. The shrinking, uncertain, terror-stricken beings who looked out upon a world which seemed a stranger to their best instincts, envisaged for themselves certain dark, mysterious forces, which make for anything but righteousness and justice, powers which go on in their blind course, absolutely regardless of human equity and feeling.

Such a view of destiny could not endure. Sooner or later the effort is made to moralise this idea, to explain and interpret it as not negativing righteousness, but in some inscrutable way fulfilling it. This is the second stage, in which destiny gets a new name, Nemesis or Apportionment. Nemesis is really a poetic way of regarding justice. It rebukes all excess, it apportions suffering more or less adequately to guilt. Insolence in a man will bring him to grief; such insolence, for instance, as made

Agamemnon so reckless a general, and so proud a conqueror. Because he had slaughtered Iphigenia in order to secure prosperous winds for his expedition, because he had ruthlessly sacked Troy, because he had brought back Cassandra to his home, and necessitated the strewing of purple carpets before his palace doors on his return from Mycenae, he comes to condign ruin, and is killed like an ox by his wife, Clytaemnestra. That is the notion of ὕβρις or insolence. Fate strikes down the insolent swaggerer; still more will it strike down the villain, your Iago or your Richard III, artists in villainy, who say to evil, "Be thou my good," who glory in wrong-doing, and execute evil for its own sake. But in Greek times this notion of moralising the idea of destiny was never completely carried out. Nemesis was one phase of destiny, often as capricious as fortune, keen to uproot and dethrone whatever happiness was high enough to attract its attention. In the modern world Nemesis and justice are strictly associated. The ancient view is that Nemesis somehow strikes the mean between excess and defect; the modern view is that Nemesis apportions suffering to crime. You will see at once that there is a considerable interval between Nemesis as a mean between superfluity and deficiency, a half-way house between the too much and the too little; and Nemesis as a link which connects sin with its necessary retribution, asseverating that the soul which sinneth, it shall die. Inasmuch as that is the precise interval which separates the Greek view of destiny from Shakespeare's, we can illustrate it by a contrast between the plots of Oedipus and Macbeth.

What is the story of Oedipus? There was a certain King of Thebes, called Laius, who married Jocasta. Like most of these heroes of ancient time he belonged to a house which, in one way or another, had incurred the wrath of Heaven, and to him came the dreadful oracle that if he should have a son by his wife Jocasta, this son would kill his father and marry his mother. The warning was precise and clear, so that when a son was born Laius resolved to make himself safe. Three days after the infant was born Laius drove iron nails through his feet, so that the child was called Oedipus (swell-foot), and gave him over to one of the shepherds to put to death. This man, touched with pity, entrusted the child to another shepherd, who took him to Corinth. There, in process of time, the King of Corinth adopted him as his own son, and the boy grew up to manhood firmly believing that he had inherited royal privileges. His was a strenuous and passionate nature—just the sort of character which, in the opinion of the Greeks, because of its confident and reckless boldness, was bound to inherit disaster. Some suspicion was cast at his birth, and young Oedipus, who could brook no insult, went to consult the oracle of Delphi as to who his real parents were. From the god he received no satisfactory reply, but was informed that he should be the murderer of his own father. So, in his turn, in order to avoid the threatened misfortune, he left Corinth, which he considered to be his home, and his supposed father, the King of Corinth, and journeyed to Boeotia. On the road he met Laius, driving in his chariot, and, because he had been ordered to stand aside, the

young man, with his fiery temperament, laid hands upon both the charioteer and his attendants, and thus killed his father. Then he came to the place of his birth, Thebes, solved the riddle proposed by the Sphinx, thereby freeing his native land from the monster, became King of Thebes, and married Jocasta, just precisely as the oracle had foretold. Many years afterwards a pestilence fell upon the land, and the oracle, once more consulted, said that the cause of it was the fact that the murderer of Laius was living at Thebes, and that he must be banished and put to death. Oedipus takes the utmost pains to discover who this criminal can be, and by a variety of concurring circumstances at length arrives at the appalling truth that he is himself the murderer of his father. So, driven by desperation, he deprives himself of eyesight, while his wife hangs herself.

Now here you have a typical example of the way in which fate or Nemesis, in the Greek conception, finds out the individual. Some slight suggestion there is, it is true, that the character of Oedipus was one which provoked the hostility of Heaven. But, as a matter of fact, we see that his doom was pronounced long before he was born, and that he is quite helpless in the hands of external destiny. Oedipus is throughout the doomed man. The Nemesis which comes upon him, the fate which overwhelms him, is both external and arbitrary—a bolt, as it were, from the blue, coming from that dark background of dim and mysterious forces which regulate the path of events without any care or regard for the individual. And there is another point which makes this a typical case of Greek

tragedy. It is the irony which seems to preside over the whole transaction. Laius, in the first place, thinking to get rid of his son, takes the very means by which his son would be preserved alive. The son, in his turn, in order to avoid killing his father, leaves Corinth, and takes the fatal road back to the real scene of his birth. Then—supreme stroke of the irony of fate!—it is Oedipus himself who is most anxious to discover who the unknown murderer may be who is bringing the pestilence on Thebes. Each step that he takes brings home more inevitably the sentence recorded against him. There is tragedy, as the Greeks understood the word. The individual hero, on the one side; the great, superincumbent destiny on the other. Every deed of the hero only makes the destiny more certain, and, as though the fate which rules the universe had a wanton pleasure in mocking at the sufferings of humanity, the whole of the oracular action involved in the play is suffused with a most caustic and cynical humour.

Macbeth may be usefully compared with this, because here, too, destiny works with irony, only with an irony which is rather justice in a mocking humour, than a mockery at justice itself. Macbeth and Banquo came back from successful war, Macbeth probably with some dim schemes already working in his brain. And then we study the rise and fall of Macbeth, as a most conspicuous and brilliant example of Fate apportioning punishment to crime. Macbeth's series of successes is unbroken till the murder of Banquo; his series of failures is unbroken from the escape of Fleance. Success occupies the first half: failure the second half; and

the turning point, the expedition against Banquo and Fleance, occupies the exact middle of the middle act. The two halves have each their respective characters, and the position which Banquo holds in the first half is held by Macduff in the last half—a point which Macbeth himself seems to realise, for directly after the appearance of the Ghost at the banquet we find the hero making the remark, "How sayest thou, that Macduff denies his person at our great bidding?" I need not, perhaps, dilate on the obvious irony with which the oracular action is conducted. All that the Witches say is ironical: everything that Macbeth does when he begins to fail, in obedience to the witches, is one more nail in his coffin. Reassured by the prophecy that only one not born of woman shall be his real enemy, he strikes far and wide, and amongst others injures the very one to whom the description "not born of woman" applies. So, too, because he has been told that only when Birnam Wood shall come to Dunsinane shall he fail, he confidently shuts himself up in Dunsinane Castle. But for this fact the English Army would never have approached by Birnam Wood, and the incident of the boughs would never have taken place. Macbeth's fate depends upon a series of apparent impossibilities. By his action he makes them one after another possible.* A mocking fate, an ironical oracle, comes to be thereby fulfilled. But wherein lies the difference between the modern poet's conception of destiny and the ancient? Each hero, Oedipus and Macbeth, is apparently the victim of a doom pronounced long ago.

* Mr. Moulton's Essays on 'Shakespeare and Dramatic Criticism.'

And yet this is not quite true of Shakespeare's hero, for two reasons. First, because we can view all Macbeth's actions from a purely human side, and say exactly where he made his mistake. If he had contented himself, for instance, with being elevated to the throne, all might have been well. He had allayed suspicion, and seemed to be firmly established. But no, the oracle had said something about Banquo's successors, that Banquo was to beget kings, though he was not to be king himself. Therefore Macbeth takes just the one more step which begins his ruin. He kills Banquo, Fleance escapes, and the crime is committed in vain. So, too, when he begins to suspect Macduff, he proceeds to take vengeance on Macduff's house, killing all his babes and little ones. But Macduff is not killed, and lives to be the avenger of his kith and kin. And there is a second and much greater reason why Shakespeare in his treatment of destiny comes closer to our consciences than the ancient dramatist. You have probably noticed that when Macbeth and Banquo, at the very beginning of the play, meet with the Witches, they refuse to answer Banquo. "How far is't called to Forres?" asks Banquo. No answer. Then he directly addresses himself to the witches:

> What are these,
> So withered, and so wild in their attire;
> That look not like inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on't?

Still no answer.

> Live you, or are you aught
> That man may question?

They signify in dumb show that they may not answer. Each lays her "choppy finger upon her skinny lips." But now, mark when Macbeth speaks:

> Speak, if you can;—what are you?

Instantly they reply,

> All hail, Macbeth!

It is the tamperer with temptation who has spoken, and he gets his answer. There is no question that Macbeth's secret thoughts, which he betrays in his guilty start, have already meditated treason when he meets the witches on the heath.

Or have you ever noticed another interesting indication? The witches repeat the very words with which Macbeth opens the scene.

> So fair and foul a day I have not seen,

are Macbeth's first words as he comes on the blasted heath. And now listen to the echo in the earliest chant of the witches:

> Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
> Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Could there be a more significant suggestion* that what Macbeth is meeting is but his own wicked thoughts, his own half-understood purposes of grasping ambition and cruel murder? But if so, what is the high light that we thus get on Shakespeare's conception of destiny? What destiny was to the earlier dramatist, Sophocles or Aeschylus, we know—an external, arbitrary force, against

* The remark is made by Professor Dowden.

which the individual struggles in vain. But what was it to Shakespeare? Destiny is not external, but internal, carried within a man or woman's soul or conscience. The witches but voiced the thoughts of Macbeth himself. Destiny is character.

Naturally, therefore, if destiny is character, each man and each woman will regard the dominion of fate in accordance with his or her strength or weakness. Listen to the strong, direct, practical intelligence of Helena in 'All's well that End's well':

> Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
> Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
> Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

Listen to Romeo when he had become indeed a man:

> Then I defy you stars!

Listen to Cassius, who more than anyone else understood the proper means to the desired end:

> Men are at some time masters of their fates;
> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
> But in ourselves that we are underlings.

The fact is that few students of philosophy or scientific thinkers can persuade themselves that man's will is free; but every practical man at every moment of the day, or whenever he is initiating action, can never believe that his will is otherwise than free. Hamlet, the metaphysician, is a gentle fatalist.

> "There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

"If it be now, it is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now. If it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all."

So, too, in 'King Lear' we have a series of deliverances on this question, the deliverance in each case being true to the different characters. The good, stupid, honest Kent says bluntly,

> "It is the stars, the stars above us,
> That govern our conditions,"

and Gloucester, in the first agony of his suffering, seems to chide heaven, as though it were malicious.

> "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
> They kill us for their sport."

He knew better later on, and attains the higher level, which believes that the world is governed by justice, and that if we suffer we have earned our sufferings.

> "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to plague us."

There is no such thing as a blind, unreasoning destiny which comes upon us from the outside and overbears our wills. We carry our own doom or happiness within ourselves. We must not, as King Lear wanted to do, take upon us the mystery of things as if we were "God's spies," but within the range of human activity which is open to us, we know that as adventures are to the adventurous, so are success and failure already implicit in our deserts. What is it that Maeterlinck says in his noble book, 'Wisdom and Destiny'? His words are almost an echo of Marcus Aurelius' meditations.

"Let us always remember that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves . . . . Whether you climb up the mountain, or go down the hill to the valley, whether you journey to the end of the world, or merely walk round your house, none but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate. If Judas go forth to-night, it is towards Judas his steps will tend."

But what, you will naturally ask, about 'King Lear'? Surely it is a little difficult to fit this stupendous drama into a philosophical theory that the only real fate is man's character. I acknowledge that 'King Lear' brings certain difficulties with it, although its total outcome is so little discordant with the views that I have put before you that it ultimately confirms them. We sometimes forget that in dealing with Shakespeare we are dealing not with a philosopher, but with an artist. For instance, a philosophical theory of the universe will have to take into account a number of things which do not properly come within the scheme of an artist's work. Shakespeare the artist generally tells you on which side you are to turn your sympathies. He will make you sympathise with Hamlet, although nothing is clearer than the fact that a king of this sensitive character, a ruler who is so introspective, so little inclined to the direct and prompt activity which administration involves, might conceivably do a great deal of harm in the State over which he rules. But in the play we sympathise with Hamlet. We are sorry when he dies. We are glad that before he dies he at least puts the malevolent Claudius out

of the way. The real saviour of society is, of course, Fortinbras, who comes in with his banners flying, the pre-destined king for Denmark, because he is not going to encumber himself with too much thinking, but heal the wounds of society by direct and practical methods. Or again, take the case of Macbeth. Macbeth is such an imaginative poet, so interesting to us, that we are in real danger of forgetting that he was a blood-stained tyrant. It becomes necessary to load his memory with stupid and pointless murders of Macduff's family, for fear that our interest should carry us too far with the man who, imaginative poet though he might be, was still a villain. Besides considerations of this sort, there are many other elements—bad people who prosper, good people who suffer, comedies which include deaths, tragedies which involve the mockery of wholesale disaster, which might properly come into a philosophical view of the universe, but which an artist, desiring to fix our attention on the main points of a story, would either soften or omit.

'King Lear' is not altogether a stage play, and for once Shakespeare is not so much an impersonal artist as an acutely suffering individual. Few people, I imagine, who have ever seen 'King Lear' on the stage can honestly say that they feel otherwise than crushed and over-burdened with the dreary tragedy of events, when the final curtain falls. Nor do I suppose there is any doubt that when Shakespeare wrote this play he was at the lowest depths of a personal revolt against the hard, adamantine laws of destiny. Things may have gone wrong with him, for aught we know. Schemes of hope and

of ambition may have been frustrated; his own heart may have been lacerated with a thousand wounds. We do not know, and it is an exceedingly rash speculation to argue from what a man writes to what he personally is. But at least we have this play of 'King Lear' before us, in which, more strongly than in any other work, all the riddle of this painful earth comes visibly before our eyes. If I might venture to summarise the general effect, I would describe it as an immense panorama of stupid wastefulness in human products. A doting monarch, by no means always on the side of the angels, but still a man in whom the elements of good were stronger than the elements of evil, betrays a dense obstinacy, a foolish pride, a senile desire to get as much flattery round his declining years as he can. And simply through these weaknesses, which are pardonable, one would think, from any human standpoint, he involves everyone round him in inextricable ruin. Not only so. The evil men and women flourish exceedingly, although they do not do so permanently, and the good people, merely from the fact that they are related to, or that accident has brought them into conjunction with, the maleficent figures, at once go down in a sort of universal smash. The mere fact that a man or a woman is good seems sufficient reason in this extraordinary play for his endurance of countless ills. The final blow of all is that the pure character of Cordelia is offered as a sacrifice to the jealous gods. It was just an accident that her life was not spared, an accidental delay in the giving of a message. What more bitter insult could any dramatist offer to our human sense of

justice, to our human indignation at the hopeless waste of a good life? Of course, as you are aware, several ingenious dramatists of the age which succeeded that of Shakespeare altered this terrible conclusion, and made Cordelia live. So strong is the feeling that besets our minds that here at least our poet is unjust to his own theories, is too bitter, too hopeless as to the just governance of this world.

All these things are true, and if we were to attempt to construct a theory based on 'King Lear' alone, we should have, I think, to recognise that the world was governed, if not by chance, at least by some arbitrary despotic power, which did not care, I will not say, for the worth of human lives, for that is a small matter, but for the worth of human goodness. And yet can you explain to me how it comes to pass that when the five acts have been read, and the last page turned, depression is not the result, but a certain sense of elevation, as though a human spirit had once more incontestably proved its right to exist and to thrive? I may, perhaps, exaggerate this feeling; I may, perhaps, wrongly assume that this is an effect which the majority of readers are aware of. But at least every one of us can see one point. Say what you like about the hopeless ruin, and yet there is one thing which is not ruined, but confirmed. May I put it in this fashion: that the total lesson of 'King Lear' is that it does not matter the toss of a farthing what happens to us in this life, but that it matters immensely what we are? Even Cordelia, dead in her father's arms, proclaims the nobility of an innocent soul. Observe how keenly the contrast is put before our eyes between external

conditions and internal worth. The people who are rich and prosperous are not only evil, but miserable in their evilness. The good people, blind and helpless and maimed though they may be, are not only good, but in some marvellous way obtain a sombre kind of real happiness in their goodness. Which would you rather be?—for this is a test. Would you be Goneril, or Regan, or Cordelia? Would you be Edmund or Edgar? Why, the warm, comfortable rooms where the guilty live are, when we look at them, an absolute hell. The wind-swept heath, although the lightnings are playing round it, and the rain is descending in torrents, and inside the small shelter there is nothing but indigence and rags—why surely this is Heaven. And so, by a circuitous path, but yet none the less certainly, we come back to the principle which underlies the whole of Shakespeare's tragic theory. Destiny is character, which now we learn in a new shape. The essence of life is character; something internal, never something external. The value of the human soul emerges once more, whatever the conditions of this universe in which it is forced to live. Evil triumphs, bad men succeed, good suffers, the virtuous die. Let us even suppose that the world is ruled by blind Chance, or some arbitrary demonic power, which can blast and waste the fortunes and the lives of men. But it does not touch their souls. "I am the captain of my soul," as Henley wrote, emerges at once as the philosophical and the artistic principle of the universe. Even if we have to reform our theory, it comes to very much the same thing. We may not be able to assert in a hard, definite fashion

that destiny is character, but we can say that destiny is powerless against character, and that the victory rests, not with an external fate, but with an internal soul. It does not matter where or how I live, or what fortunes or misfortunes I suffer. It matters supremely, immensely, immeasurably what I am.

BYRON AND CARLYLE.

BY LAURIE MAGNUS, M.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 27th, 1909.]

I PROPOSE, with your consent, to consider in my lecture this afternoon certain points of likeness between two writers who seem at the outset to be almost utterly diverse, Lord Byron and Thomas Carlyle. I think, in this centenary year, and entering as we are upon a period very rich in literary centenaries, we, who by our membership of this Society are assumed to be fairly familiar with the works which adorn our literature, may appropriately devote ourselves to the task of synthetic, rather than of analytic, criticism.

The more remote the period of literature which we happen to be criticizing, the more commonly it will be found to present, in exterior appearance, a harmony and a singleness of aspect under which it can be regarded. Thus we speak—and we mean something when we speak—of the Hebrew or of the Greek note in literature; and, even in dealing with special periods of the literature of one country, we can speak—and we mean something when we speak—of the Elizabethan age in England, of the Renaissance, the Puritan reaction, the Age of Reason, and the Romantic revival. There, commonly, pliability stops. The nearer we get to our own times,

the more we tend to confuse criticism by rehearsing differences which disappear in the perspective of time, instead of likenesses which unite.

The literature of the nineteenth century presents to criticism a confused picture of this kind. It is only just now that we are beginning to appreciate the somewhat subtle threads which connect Keats and Tennyson and Rossetti under the common aspect of a search for beauty, and which unite William Morris, John Ruskin, and Algernon Chas. Swinburne on the one hand, Coventry Patmore and Walter Pater on the other, as men who came under Rossetti's influence, and who continued his search for beauty with individual variations of their own. Still less generally accepted is the view of the whole of that middle period of Victorian letters under the single aspect of the search for beauty—Rossetti seeking it absolutely, in company with the early Millais, with Mr. Holman Hunt, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones; Ruskin and Morris seeking it secondarily, as a condition of utility and practice, Ruskin translating it into economics, and Morris into crafts; Matthew Arnold seeking it as a sanction of morality with reference to the conduct of democracy; Mr. Swinburne breaking away from the Pre-Raphaelites into a passionate cry for spiritual freedom; Pater, Patmore, and Louis Stevenson cultivating beauty in style, and a certain sensuous enjoyment of the fleeting moments of pleasure; the novelists—Dickens especially, with Lytton before him and Sir Walter Besant after him—seeking to extend the privilege to the homes and lives of the poor; with the transcendental writers, Meredith and Browning,

and, less courageously, Lord Tennyson, adapting—Meredith most thoroughly, Robert Browning most dramatically, and Tennyson most popularly—the new philosophy of life, incorporating the Darwinian speculation, to the old forms of poetic interpretation.

All this is a matter for history. The historian of English literature in the nineteenth century may be trusted, when he comes, to render under one aspect its many-raying facets of brilliancy.

To-day I propose to deal with two writers only, both of whom were born within a few years of the beginning of the century, and one of whom survived till within twenty years of its close. The external differences are obvious. Fate herself conspired to accentuate them. Byron was born in 1788, and died in 1824; Carlyle, who was seven years his junior, lived till 1881. Thus, though they were born in the same epoch, the one died when George IV was on the throne, and the other survived till within six years of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee. Two generations lie between them. The Reform Acts and the Factory Acts and the Education Acts lie between them. 'The Origin of Species' lies between them, with all the revolution that it wrought in the construction of scientific principles and in the reconstruction of principles of faith. The consolidation of India lies between them, and the whole of the fairly recent movement which is now described as Imperialism. Or take this decree of fate from another point of view in order to realize it more clearly. If Byron had lived till 1881—the year of Carlyle's death—he would not have been more than ninety-three years of age, the age at which Samuel

Rogers died. If he had lived till 1866—the year when Mrs. Carlyle died, and when her husband's zest of living departed—he would have been only seventy-eight, three years younger than Tennyson when he wrote 'Crossing the Bar,' and five years younger than Gladstone when he became Prime Minister for the fourth time.

The accidents of fate are final, but synthetic criticism may appeal from the accident of 1824, when the minute-guns at Missolonghi proclaimed the death of a Greek hero who was also an English poet. We may appeal from fate's harsh decree to the possibilities which it estopped. We may appeal, in Byron's own words, used in a different context, "from tyranny to God." Thus, too much stress must not be laid on the fact that many of us remember Carlyle and that none of us can remember Byron; and negligible too, in the perspective of time, is the difference in the rank of the two writers. It is negligible not because it mattered less a hundred years ago, but because it mattered so much as to produce the same result at both extremes. Byron was the grandson of a peer, and inherited the title as a schoolboy; Carlyle was the son of a peasant, and he remained a peasant all his life. But this class distinction which divided them was itself, more carefully considered, a source of equal strength. Byron was so much above, and Carlyle was so much below, the comfortable plane of compromise and convention, that each could afford to neglect the social proprieties of respectable thought. The moral and intellectual gain in each instance is immense, and it is not wholly to be measured by the freshness

and fearlessness which are obvious. Carlyle, the stonemason's son—like Burns, his fellow-countryman—pierced the hypocrisies and follies of society and politics with the peasant's shrewd independence; Byron, by virtue of his rank and of his fiery pride in it, indulged a contempt for the shibboleths to which he would not subscribe.

Let me illustrate what I am saying by an example drawn from either author. We all remember the opening of the first lecture on 'Heroes,' which deals with the Hero as Divinity. "Universal history," Carlyle tells us, "the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here." He reminds us that we cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him, and he calls the great man the "living Light-Fountain" which it is good and pleasant to be near. And then he goes on to his famous definition of religion; that a man's religion—or a nation's religion—is the chief fact with regard to the man or the nation. He does not mean by religion the Church-creed which he professes or the articles of faith to which he will subscribe; "his true religion—or it may be his mere scepticism and no-religion—is the thing a man does practically believe, and the manner in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World."

Let us turn at this point to the Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage':

> "I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
> Man and his Maker—but of things allowed,
> Averr'd and known, and daily, hourly, seen."

And from that point to the end of the poem Byron displays the belief, first in the power of the great man to dictate or to moderate history, and secondly in the permanence of essential faith as a factor in human affairs, stronger than the creeds which men profess. By what a man believes Byron judges him, for his acts justify his faith.

I think the more deeply we read the works of Byron and Carlyle the more clearly we shall see that they were joined by a common ethical purpose, which their contrasting temperaments disguised. Carlyle was a Byron moralized and not bred to the fleshpots of Egypt, or Byron was a sensuous Carlyle. 'Sartor Resartus' and the 'Heroes' were Carlyle's 'Childe Harold'; his dramas were 'Cromwell' and the 'French Revolution.' These two contemporary writers of unequal birth and fate, and unequal length of years, display a true likeness beneath their differences. They both hated shams and pretence; they both believed in the strong man and in the sovereignty of thought:

> "Tis a base
> Abandonment of reason to resign
> Our right of thought, our last and only place
> Of refuge. This at least shall still be mine.
> Though, from our birth the faculty divine
> Is chain'd and tortur'd, cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,
> And bred in darkness lest the truth should shine
> Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
> The beam pours in; for time and skill will couch the blind."

And Carlyle's similar utterances as to the thaumaturgic virtue of thought are too familiar to require

quotation. Both these writers read history in biography; both inveighed against custom and opinion; both are unconventional moralists and masters of the art of rhetoric.

Parallel passages are never so satisfactory as parallelisms of circumstance and temperament, but I may be permitted, perhaps, one more brace of quotations. We remember—it is unforgetable—that fine passage in 'Sartor Resartus' where Carlyle admits us to glimpses of the struggle between his soul, capacious of religion, and his mind rejecting its formulæ.

"The hungry young looked up to their spiritual nurses and for food were bidden eat the east wind. In the silent night watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-Seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for Light—for deliverance from Death and the grave. Not till after long years and unspeakable agonies did the believing heart surrender—sink into spellbound sleep under the nightmare Unbelief—and in this hag-ridden dream mistake God's fair living world for a pallid vacant Hades and extinct Pandemonium. But through such purgatory pain it is appointed us to pass. First must the dead letter of religion own itself dead and drop piece-meal into dust if the living spirit of religion, freed from this its charnel-house, is to arise on us, newborn of Heaven, and with new healing under its wings."

Compare, with this passionate utterance, a not dissimilar passage from Byron:

"Oh, Love, no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph we believe in thee,—
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart—
But never yet hath seen, nor ever yet shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be.

The mind hath made thee as it peopled Heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given
As haunts the unquenched soul—parch'd—weari'd—
wrung—and riven.

"Of its own beauty is the mind diseas'd
And fevers into false creation :—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized ?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair ?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom
again ?"

Surely in these extracts, allowing for the differences of temperament and upbringing, and for the fact that Byron was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and that Carlyle trudged from his native village to the meagre fare of Edinburgh University, we perceive a similar passionate desire for the realities of truth and beauty, though Carlyle sought them on the moral, and Byron on the æsthetic side. It was more than the artist's yearning to shake off the shackles of the finite. It was more than an escape from experience to metaphysics. Byron and Carlyle were both oppressed by the same sense of impotence in action. Remember, a year or two later, how comfortable Macaulay found himself in the world into which he was born. His first article in 'The Edinburgh Review' appeared in 1825, the year after Byron's death, when Carlyle was seeking among the Germans for a satisfactory language for

his needs. Macaulay's party view of life was forbidden to Byron and Carlyle, for both—from the conditions of their birth—were outside of the class which accepted it. Both sought a deeper reconciliation, a higher mode of independence, a more complete and universal self-expression. The right of freedom in thought, of freedom limited, if at all, only by the conscience of enlightened leaders of the community, was, at bottom, the object of their search, in the transition of the age from aristocracy to democracy, with the accompanying changes in industrial conditions, and in scientific speculation reacting on the dogmas of theology.

Byron, I have said, sought an æsthetic and Carlyle a moral way out. But even so we should not be too definite in our conclusions. Byron, too, in a sense —a very charitable sense it may be, and haply to the detriment of right action—was likewise preoccupied with righteousness. Lord Morley, writing in 1870, when Carlyle was still alive, declared that Carlyle's doctrine had effectually routed Byronism, and so far the judgment coincides with the conclusion in 'Sartor Resartus':

> "Close thy Byron; open thy Goethe."

But the fact is, Byronism was routed, not so much by Carlyle or another, as by the death of Lord Byron himself. Add to Byronism the fulfilled renown which Carlyle lived to inherit, and Lord Morley's notes of contrast are touched to a deeper and more vital sympathy. "Carlylism," he tells us, "is the male of Byronism," and for a true understanding of either it is, I think, necessary to sym-

pathize with both. Lord Morley notes that there is in these writers "the same complaint against the time, its men and its spirit: something even of the same contemptuous despair, the same sense of the puniness of man in the centre of a cruel and frowning Universe." But he adds that there is in Carlyle "a deliverance from it all," and that his despair is "a despair without misery." This is true, and it is fully justified, but it is not, I think, a complete statement of the case, which should include the fact that the deliverance by Byronism was interrupted while Byron himself was still seeking it. No review of the nineteenth century can, I venture to think, be complete without suffering the imagination to dwell on the course which that literature might have taken if Byron had been restored from Greece. The attitude of Carlyle towards the men of 1830 is clearly defined and easy to understand. It resembles, as far as any analogy may be suggested, the attitude of Milton two hundred years before towards the Cavalier poets. They, too, when the challenge to duty came, and the engine stood ready at the door, were discovered in a shallow dream, at ease in the Zion which they loved. The choir of irresponsible divines, with Robert Herrick at their head, did not listen to the trumpet. Milton had been summoned, in his 'Lycidas' of 1637, to a purgation of the Church, as Carlyle was summoned in his 'Sartor' of 1833, to the cause of social reform. But the noise of battle went by them; they were sporting with Amaryllis in the shade.

A like indolence and self-indulgence marked the work of Carlyle's contemporaries. They possessed

rare faculties and gifts—Herrick, too, had the charm of his kind—but their direction was remote from the highway. They strayed into by-paths and blind alleys. They made shift with a semblance of the might, of which Carlyle—and the Byron who would have been—clutched at the substance. They took shelter in corners of the field. They tended their delicate plants, and the great winds of power passed over them. Their "Neæra" wore different shapes. For one, the tangles of her hair were the threads of a superfine style with which he played till they broke. For another, her murky shade was a lure for fanciful ghosts which drove the light from his mind. For a third, the echo of her laughter was louder than the music which it mocked. The radiance of Shelley and Keats was refracted in prismatic hues. The streaming confidence of Wordsworth was turned back to the emotions from which it sprang. Day was breaking unacclaimed, save by the prophecies of Carlyle. None other waited for the morning, to bring glad tidings from the East. The poets who should have gone to meet it lay dead in Italy and Greece, and the lesser voices of the twilight proved unequal to the call. The sessions of thought were invaded by the trivial, the vernacular, and the bizarre. Weeping was better than sorrow, laughter better than joy; it was better to die than to live.

From all this Carlyle delivered them, as Lord Morley affirms, and as the eagle flight of Milton had delivered his own generation two centuries before. But in all this surely we miss Byron even more than Shelley or Keats. The Pre-Raphaelite sympathies

of Keats—it is from a phrase in one of his letters that the name of the famous brotherhood was taken —were picked up by Tennyson in his early poems, and a few years later by Rossetti and his circle. The work of Keats, therefore, was so far complete that it found its proper continuation. And Shelley's inheritance is contained in the splendid wealth of lyrical poetry bequeathed to us since he died. We can hardly grudge him, at this date, his peace in a green island in the sea. But the broken column of Byron still appeals to our sense of what might have been. The old view of him as a voluptuary, and a dandy, and a sensualist and a fop—a man of mysterious wickedness and unfathomable conceit—is gradually being displaced by the more correct view of him as a man who was first spoiled by fortune, and was then impatient of the spoliation, and who did not live long enough to rebuild, on the basis of his own free self-expression, the successive structures which he reared and demolished on the bases of his friends' flattery and of his own mistakes.

If Byron had lived during the transit of English society and thought through the crucial year of 1832 (the year when Scott died and when the Reform Act was born) it is probable that he would have effected in poetry what Carlyle effected in prose—the deliverance of the soul of man from worn-out conventions and formulae. He had many gifts which Carlyle lacked. One of these was a persuasive, even an invasive style. I am not among those who speak of Carlyle's style as something fantastic and apart, and what is called unintelligible. This is one of the errors of the analytic method.

Over-mannered his style certainly is, but even so deductions must be made. No small part of the mannerisms is contributed by printers' devices of capital letters and italicized types. Further, he did valuable work in following the lead of S. T. Coleridge and De Quincey to German methods and models; thus giving English style a solid background which has been useful in moderating the not less valuable attack of French models in more recent years. Then, too, Carlyle made free use of certain figures of speech which, when we meet them in Greek poets, we greet as ornaments of style—*epanalepsis*, *ellipsis*, *aposiopesis*, *soraismus*, and so forth. The presence of these figures is unfamiliar, or is, at least, disguised in the prose of most English writers. But they do not make him unintelligible save only to the unintelligent. He "wants" reading in the current phase. He wrote for the mind rather than the eye. But once the surprise is overcome of finding in English prose a poet-theologian of uncompromising honesty, grand simplicity and unaffected tenderness, to whom truth and its anomalies presented themselves dramatically—who, like the prophets of old, sought strange images to expel his readers' torpor, and who laboured in a pregnant obscurity such as lay upon the Universe before the light—we shall find Carlyle sweet and pure enough, and shall say of him—as Robert Browning said of Aeschylus—that his eagle bark has somehow spoiled our taste for twitterings.

But this strength, and purpose, and originality are likewise characteristic of Byron. He, too, sought to shock the Philistines, and to arouse them from

their idle sleep. He, too, though always on the æsthetic side, sought to administer tonics to the senses of the smug British middle-class. He might choose a bull-fight at Cadiz, held, of all days, on a Sunday, to mock the rigid self-righteousness of dull Sabbatarians in London. He was not necessarily right in preferring the desecration to the observance, but, I think, he was certainly right, as he was obviously in agreement with Carlyle, in wishing to enlarge the horizon of his stay-at-home fellow-countrymen, and to show them that, not many miles away, right is wrong, and wrong is right, so that dogma is a matter of relativity, and morality is a matter of will. Carlyle travelled in the realms of thought, and applied to his discoveries an independent habit of mind. Byron travelled in the physical universe, applying similar powers. Both expressed themselves vigorously to much the same result. Moreover, both invented a *misè-en-scène* appropriate to the ideas to be conveyed. Byron peopled a mysterious South and East, deluding his untravelled readers with impossible heroes in unconventional surroundings. The whole atmosphere of 'Sartor Resartus' is similarly abstracted from common experience. But, on the whole, Byron went South and Carlyle went North for his properties. Still, I think that if Byron had lived into the same middle period of the nineteenth century, as his age entitled him to do, he would have been found at one with Carlyle in this protest against the twitterings—against the twilight timidity—of the writers who are interposed between the first and second periods of the "renascence of wonder."

The fifteen years—the half generation—between 1825 and 1840 must always strike the student of English letters as one of the most remarkable epochs in its history. The young men were just beginning to speak. 'Poems by Two Brothers' had appeared; 'Pauline' had appeared; Darley was dipping into the Elizabethans, and Beddoes was playing at philosophy. Lytton, in the prefaces to his novels, was proving that social reform was the key to literary success, and the greater voices had not yet been raised. Meredith, Rossetti, Swinburne, the true Browning, the true Tennyson, William Morris, Ruskin, Arnold, these are all Victorian writers subsequent to that period of timid speech. The only great writer who accompanied the transition with a constructive philosophy of life, and without parleyings with Whig politicians, was Carlyle, the stonemason's son. Wordsworth was an old man in those days, and had almost ceased to see visions. Scott was dead. Coleridge was dying, and the rest were *functi officio.*

It is, perhaps, in this aspect finally that the likeness becomes clear between Byron and Carlyle. It may be an unsatisfactory conclusion to assert that the likeness must be sought in the work which Byron would have achieved between 1825 and 1840 —in the fifteen years after his death,—but I think that no reviewer of those years whose ear is sympathetically attuned to the interpretation of the age by its prophets and its poets, can fail to read in the poems which Byron wrote the far greater poems which he should have lived to write. If Carlylism, to go back to Lord Morley, is "the male of

Byronism," Byron's admirers, faithful to his memory, may at least cherish the belief that the male Byron was germinant in the species which bears his name.

Mr. E. H. Coleridge said—We have had the pleasure and the privilege of listening to a brilliant and instructive lecture. To do justice to the questions which the lecturer raises would demand another lecture by way of comment and reply. We have been the guests at a feast of good things —well refined. I will only attempt to analyse a few of the crumbs.

Byron and Carlyle were typical exponents of the Time-spirit, raised up or inspired to awaken the age and to turn men from shams and dreams and vain shows to the realities of life and truth. Their fan was in their hand, and they would throughly purge the confused heaps of chaff and husks, the superfluous layers of conventionalities and inanities and hypocrisies. In their own day and for long afterwards they appeared to be foes or rivals, but, now that the dust has begun to clear, we can see that they were fellow winnowers, and that we possess or inherit the grain. I may have marred, but I do not think that I have exaggerated or misstated the lecturer's contention. I think that he makes his point, but I would put in a caveat against the practice of marshalling great thinkers and writers into groups and periods, and labelling the group or period by some generic term. The time-spirit does, indeed, transmit the mantle of some older Elijah to the shoulders of some younger Elisha, but his powers are limited. There can be no doubt that Carlyle had been greatly moved and stirred by the influence of Byron before he took to slaying chimaeras on his own account. He was too considerable a man to be overtaken by Byron, but he had listened to him, and it is pleasant to note how anxious he is to do him justice—that he perceived that there was a real and genuine Byron underneath the "theatrical and easily criticised personage" who shocked the suburbs, but played to a crowded European audience.

In contrasting Carlyle's origin and early surroundings with Byron's, the lecturer observes that both men were equally removed from the mediocrity of the middle classes. They were the "better able to do battle with the social

proprieties of respectable thought." I think that in Byron's case this needs qualification. He spent his childhood in narrow if not squalid surroundings, and he formed his first impressions of men and manners from the standpoint of small provincial gentility. Both men missed the advantages of Macaulay's birth and breeding (see p. 242), and both in their estimate of character and in their social attitude and behaviour were betrayed into littleness and commonness. Can this be said of Shelley or Browning, or Coventry Patmore, or of Wordsworth, even after, in the lecturer's pregnant phrase, "his streaming confidence was turned back to the emotions from which it sprung?" I do not say that the peasant birth of one, and the noble birth of the other, were not potent factors in their life and careers, but there was loss as well as gain—even in their capacity for shattering idols.

The lecturer comments finely on the tragedy of Byron's early death, and the injustice of reckoning his premature manhood by the measure of maturity, which has had its chance of reconsideration and amendment. If Byron had been *spared* as people say, he would no doubt have ranged himself, come to heel, lived down his mysteries and scandals, and died in the odour of eminence, if not of sanctity. But whether, if he had accomplished the liberation of Greece, he would have joined in the liberation of England, or, —what say you?—of Ireland, is highly problematical.

It was all to his honour that he stood for freedom against oppression, and that in a day of trembling and dismay he spoke loud enough to be heard. His political energies sprang from a *generous* instinct, a lofty contempt for littleness in high places, a proud determination to see fair play. But his revolt was rather against persons than principles. He was on the side of the people against kings, but he cared no more for the people for their own sake than Wellington, or Metternich, or Castlereagh—infinitely less than the so-called renegades, Wordsworth and Southey. For better or worse, he was neither democrat nor radical nor humanitarian. There are some lines which the author of 'Paradise Regained' puts into the lips of his Divine Protagonist:

> And what the people but a herd confused,
> A miscellaneous rabble who extol
> Things vulgar and well-weighed, scarce worth the praise?

I do not think that either Byron or Carlyle would have taken these lines amiss, or wished that they had been

written by another pen than that of John Milton—whose "commendation is glory," to quote a great saying of Sir James Mackintosh—not, I think, retrieved in this in-gathering of Miltonic tributes.

Of Carlyle, apart from his theories of government with which some would agree, and apart from his querulous and ill-bred and even unintelligent comments on public and private persons (I am not thinking or speaking of anything contained in the books published by himself) which no one would defend, we can but say—"Honour! Honour! Eternal Honour to his name!" He stands in the forefront as prose-poet, as historian, as critic, and the greatest moral teacher of his century.

Of Byron as a man it may be said, *Summum jus*, MINIMA *injuria*. On the whole he suffers from apology, and we must take him as we find him, and as he meant himself to be taken. But in spite of his European reputation which remains, here in England he has never fully entered into his inheritance, either as man of letters or thinker, or great constructive artist, or even as a poet of the first rank. If the Philistines can be induced to think that he fought in the same ranks with Thomas Carlyle they will be the better inclined to pay him his honour due.

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SOME SPANISH INFLUENCES IN ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

BY MARTIN HUME, M.A.(CAMB.), F.R.S.L.

[Read February 24th, 1909.]

THE dazzling light that flooded Western Europe from the Italian Renaissance has to a great extent blinded the eyes of men to the pure though fainter rays of the morning star of Spain, which heralded its coming and continued to add lustre to its brightest day. At a time when Italy was but faintly stirring, groping for the half-forgotten classical forms and traditions which presently it was to transmit to succeeding ages in new and modern shape, Spain had already gone back to the fountain-head of Greek and Eastern lore, and the libraries of Moslem Cordova, and Seville were centres of busy learning, where texts from Greek, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and Chaldean were studied, copied, and commented upon, and were presently to disseminate their influence throughout Europe, thanks mainly to the Jewish and Mozarabic scholars who translated and adapted them into modern tongues.

In its long migration through the ages of luxurious-cultured Rome the classical literature, when it at length appeared in new Italian form, had

lost most traces of its Oriental origin. It had grown graceful, facetious, sensuous, and the world hailed it with delight, for the world was starved, and hungered for intellectual brightness and grace.

But the literature that the Arab Caliphs and their Jewish colleagues brought, and caused to be copied in such vast quantity from the Eastern libraries, had passed through no such transforming process. In Spain itself practically all trace of Latin culture had been lost during the ages of Moorish domination and struggle, and an entirely new re-introduction was made straight from the Orient, pure, strong, and austere. The form of letters which inspired the Spanish writers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and through them reached the rest of the world, was therefore simple, sententious, and didactic. The inculcation of wisdom, the instruction of inexperienced youth by age, the enforcement of a moral was the main object of all such literature; and from this source already the tradition of didacticism and sententiousness had gained firm hold, especially in England, where the national character so closely resembles that of Spain, when the Italian novelle and short stories came to delight a world eager for amusement. In England, indeed, the tendency has never disappeared from the time of Caxton to our own.

The apologues and proverbs, which in this country were the first signs of the awakening, were mainly inspired by Spanish originals, and were invariably presented as moral teaching, however licentious they might be in matter. The more joyous Italian and Frenchman reduced the moral to

a minimum and soon suppressed it altogether; but the Spaniard, and the Englishman who borrowed from him, continued to express abhorrence of the sin, which he nevertheless dwelt upon with malicious glee. This was the influence mainly exercised upon English letters by Spanish thought even down to so recent a period as that of the Tudors. The coming of Catharine of Aragon to England, and the closer political relations with Spain in consequence of the States of Flanders and Holland being ruled by the Spanish king, made the influence from that time forward considerably stronger. Spanish bishops, professors and courtiers came in the train of the Spanish Queen Consort, and brought with them Spanish fashions and modes of thought. One of them, the famous Latinist, John Luis Vives, a great friend of Sir Thomas More, a professor at Oxford and tutor to Queen Mary, wrote all his books in Latin, but they were purely Spanish and didactic in spirit. His 'Instruction to a Christian Woman,' translated by Richard Hyrde, and his 'Introduction to Wisdom,' translated by Sir Richard Moryson, were for many years after 1540 the constant reading of every English gentlewoman who could read at all, and practically moulded the feminine ethics of Tudor England.

But when Elizabeth was Queen and an heroic age dawned, with great thoughts and soaring aspirations that burst the bonds of old convention, with strong ambitions, national and personal, and with exalted ideals of conduct and life, then the need arose for a suitable linguistic vehicle for its expression. England yearned for something else that Spain could give

her besides the clear-cut apothegms, sententious crystals teaching impossible morality, and apologues conveying wisdom by anecdote. She needed a redundant, sonorous, and inflated phraseology. The man who supplied both desiderata, and whose influence is clearly seen throughout the Augustan age of English letters, was a Spanish bishop, one Antonio de Guevara, bishop of Mondoñedo, Confessor to the Emperor Charles V. His two most famous books were 'The Dial of Princes,' otherwise 'The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius,' and 'Familiar Letters.' The first is a set of moral apologues or short stories of pretended classical origin, infinitely tedious now, and the second a series of epistles also inculcating moral lessons. At first sight it is difficult to understand why these books, which were certainly not wiser or better than the many other didactic works that had preceded them, should have exercised so strong a fascination over Elizabethan England, where they were read and quoted by everybody as the quintessence of political subtlety, and the choice sentences of them collected and repeated by everyone who aspired to an elegant literary taste. The book of Marcus Aurelius was translated first from the French by Lord Berners in 1534. Then Sir Francis Bryan, the friend of Henry VIII, translated the 'Dispraise of the Life of a Courtier,' afterwards called 'The Looking-Glass for the Court,' and 'The Familiar Epistles' was translated by Edward Hellows in 1574.

The Dial of Princes, or Marcus Aurelius, especially became a perfect craze in England, and the contemporary Casaubon said that no book in the

world except the Bible had been so often translated and reprinted. The quality which made the works of this Spanish bishop so fashionable in Elizabethan England was the extraordinary redundancy, obscurity, preciosity and allusiveness of the language. They were written in the early sixteenth century, when Spain was in her heroic age and needed exuberant expression, and they seized hold of English taste later in the century for a similar reason.

Signs of admiring imitation of the style were seen in England even before the advent of Elizabeth, for the famous book of jests of Dr. Andrew Boorde is clearly influenced by it. But it was not until 1579 that a young man of twenty-five bettered the instruction, and produced a book in avowed and close imitation of Guevara, both in didacticism and pomposity. The 'Euphues' of John Lyly was one of the most successful books ever written in English, the first of a numerous tribe of followers, and its influence upon English forms of expression was immense. The allusiveness of the style and its affectation were at once adopted by Elizabeth and her literary court, and soon all the fine flower of England were constructing verbal puzzles, in which the meaning had to be painfully discovered by patient tracking through a maze of allusions. It is true that Lyly had some sort of modern story upon which to thread his lessons, and this of itself was an innovation that accounted for much of his popularity, especially with women readers, whom he principally addressed. He takes his young Athenian, Euphues, to foreign lands, and, moved

thereto by the sights he sees, he discourses upon morals, manners and worldly wisdom with a pompous, wordy preachiness and reiteration of illustration that leaves the reader in nebulous dismay. In Lyly's second book or part he brings Euphues to England, and here the affectation is more tiresome still, because as the matter is pure panegyric the wisdom is less apparent. The illustrations of Guevara, which often fill pages, during which the main argument waits, are mostly taken from real and imaginary classical or Biblical history; but Lyly, being strong upon the empirical natural history of his time, oftener takes his endless illustrations from the peculiarities of birds, beasts and plants. The effect, however, is the same, and the involved allusiveness that for the later years of Elizabeth's reign overwhelmed English prose was as purely Spanish as was the sententious proverbial philosophy which formed its main intellectual peculiarity.

There was another Spanish book, however, besides those of Guevara, that influenced the origin of 'Euphues,' the first English modern novel. This was a true work of genius, and a literary starting-point of the highest importance—a long novel in dialogue form, printed in Spain in the last year of the fifteenth century, called 'Celestina, or the Tragi-Comedy of Calisto and Melibea,' whose influence upon Elizabethan literature in another direction I shall mention presently. The story is that of a lover who enlists the foul aid of a professional witch and procuress to obtain access to his blameless lady. The end is tragic for both, indeed for all concerned, but the story is unfolded with vigour, directness and

wit that at that time had all the attraction of novelty. The scenes are laid no longer in imaginary regions or amongst characters who are merely abstract qualities, but in the streets, market-places and brothels of a Spanish city, and with personages of flesh and blood speaking the common speech of the day and moved by passions familiar to all.

The book was first published in English entire in 1631, after Lyly's time; but it was well known in Elizabethan England long before that, for a translation was licensed in 1598 in London, and it was current in French quite early in the century. Before Lyly wrote 'Euphues,' moreover, the full story of 'Celestina' had been told upon the English stage; Lyly's gibes about the wiles and devices of evil women are almost the same as those found in 'Celestina,' and there are many other indications that the Spanish book had influenced his own; 'Celestina,' indeed, was a revelation to the world at large as to the possibilities that lay behind realistic fiction in the way of descriptive character writing, but it had a more direct formative influence upon English Elizabethan drama than upon the novel, as I shall have occasion to point out presently. For the moment I wish to confine myself to the Spanish origin of English narrative fiction. We have seen that 'Euphues,' the first novel proper in modern England, owed its style and its didactic tendency to Spanish models. Its machinery was possibly of classical origin, for the wandering student, with a wise philosophical mentor, was not unknown to ancient letters.

But there was in the middle of the sixteenth

ury, before 1554, another Spanish experiment ie in fiction, almost as pregnant as was 'Celestina.' .s was, you will recollect, an age of literary ex- iment, and men of all nations were searching for best vehicle in which to convey their fancies. ie chivalric romance had become too artificial and :travagant to carry belief to a generation which as doing great deeds for itself. The discovery and xploration of distant lands, the probing of Nature's ecrets, the rise of learning, the decline of serfdom, and the assertion of freedom in religion and nationalities caused men to yearn for realism in their reading, for they were too close to fact themselves to need beguilement from dreams. So, with the decline of the impossible hero of chivalry and his self-sacrificing exaltation there came as a reaction the vulgar rogue hero who lived in the squalid cities that sheltered most of the readers of the time. The first experiment in presenting him—and it was so successful that it has never varied much in its methods—was published in Spain about 1550. It borrowed its machinery from the books of knight errantry, in so far as it made its hero peripatetic, but it used him more as a peg upon which to hang descriptions of the acts of others and of the scenes he passed through than in developing his own character.

'Lazarillo de Tormes,' as the book was called, was the first true picaresque novel, and represents episodes in the life of a beggar-boy living by his wits. The roguish tricks of servants and boors had often before been collected in book form; but 'Lazarillo,' disconnected and crude as it was, yet told a

continuous story, and told it with marvellous spirit, wit and satiric observation. Its success was great in Spain, and even long before it was published in English by one of Gresham's clerks named Rowlands in 1576, it was well known to English men of education. Spanish culture and the Spanish tongue, it will be recollected, were already the fashion. Naples and Milan were Spanish cities, Antwerp and Brussels were ruled by the Spanish King and were filled with Spanish influence; and it was only natural that English scholars should turn, as they did, to Spanish books for inspiration, either in the original language or in French or Italian translations.

In any case, the effect of the publication of 'Lazarillo de Tormes,' with its scenes of squalid roguery, was promptly seen in England. The machinery was an ideal one to enable piquant descriptions to be presented, satirising the life of the day as seen by a realistic vagabond. It enabled the author to thread lightly upon the general plot as many incidents as he pleased, to take up and drop characters as he liked, and it was possible, whilst revelling, as 'Celestina' had done, in salacious and criminal detail, for the author to respect the traditional proprieties by the affectation of a moral lesson to be taught. In parenthesis I may say, however, that the first of the rogue tales, 'Lazarillo,' is less conspicuous in this respect than its numerous followers.

English fiction up to the third quarter of the sixteenth century had been almost confined to tales from the Arthurian romances, Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' and some adaptations of the Italian and

French short stories in prose and verse, Boccaccio, Bandello and others being the principal source of plots for the earlier English dramatists. But 'Lazarillo de Tormes' opened up new ground, and was largely read in England in Rowlands' translation, and continued with its sequels and imitations to be popular for a hundred years. Like 'Celestina,' it was the very reverse of Euphuistic, simple, straight and witty, with no literary affectation. It needed much originality and hard struggle for an English literary man of the day to free himself from the fashionable influence of 'Euphues,' whose strange allusive and alliterative jargon was the courtly style. Two clever young bohemians attempted it, however, and turned to the Spanish rogue tale with its moral purpose for their new inspiration. Robert Greene and Thomas Nash, friends and boon companions, both began by writing stories in Euphuistic vein, some invented, some borrowed from Italian, Latin, and French sources.

Greene was one of those literary roysterers of Elizabeth's day, who thought they might live by the pen independent of the patron. Such men were condemned in most cases to die in penury after a life of revolt against slavish convention and of vicious indulgence. He had travelled abroad, and had rubbed shoulders with the great; but he was no sycophant. A man prompt to quarrel, even with his best friends; and when vice and misery broke down his health and spirits he turned into copy his experience and observation of the criminals and rogues amongst whom his poverty and habits forced him to live. He produced his pamphlets of low life

rapidly and with facility to provide himself with bread, shelter and wine, for they sold well, and his rivals were more popular on the stage than he. The "Cony-catching Pamphlets," as he called them, were, in fact, so many short rogue tales inspired by the similar experiences of the Spanish picaroon, Lazarillo. They represent the sordid life of London sharpers, beggars and courtesans as vividly as Lazarillo describes those of Spain. One especially, called the 'Life and Death of Ned Browne,' is a true picaresque short novel on the Spanish model, and was published just before Greene's unhappy death.

This man, Robert Greene, pitiable yet lovable, was the first to introduce into English literature thus crudely the continuous quasi-autobiographical rogue tale from Spain, and he was followed in his experiment by his only faithful friend, Thomas Nash, who presented us, not with fugitive pamphlets, like those of Greene, representing vicious life, and ostensibly prompted by repentance, but with a regular English peripatetic novel that may compare favourably with some of its Spanish exemplars—'The Life and Adventures of Jacke Wilton.'

Besides this really new departure in English novel writing, obviously originating in Rowlands' translation of 'Lazarillo,' Nash, like his friend Greene, wrote some powerful rogue pamphlets scourging the vices of Elizabethan London, such as 'Pierce Penniless' Supplication to the Devil,' and 'Christ's Tears over Jerusalem'; but these are less conspicuously Spanish in form, and less important as a literary starting-point than 'Jacke Wilton.' This novel of

movement was published in 1594, nearly twenty years after 'Lazarillo' had been made popular in England in Rowlands' translation. It tells the story of a roguish young court page of the time of Henry VIII, a lad of good birth but small means, who goes to the wars and plays endless pranks in order to provide himself with comforts and indulgences for which he had no money to pay. Like the Spanish picaro, he delights in his own tricks, especially those he plays at the expense of the victualler attached to the English army in France, a character as humorous and clear cut as some of Shakespeare's best. He is, indeed, a very Falstaff, a fat, pompous coward, who has married the hostess of the tavern, but will not therefore bate one jot of his gentility.

It should be noticed that this first English roguish tale and biographical novel of real life had changed in one respect in its passage from Spain to England. Spain urgently needed the anti-hero in squalid surroundings as a reaction against the artificiality of the chivalric tales, which had for three quarters of a century fed the nation with false ideals and unpractical philosophy. England had in the time of Elizabeth no such need, for the nation was in the fullest vigour of its expansive youth and there was no reaction. The men of Elizabeth's day looked facts in the face. The ineffable altruistic knight of Celtic fancy was dead long before as a convincing character in England, and the crapulous rogue was not yet needed in English literature to kill him. So Jacke Wilton, though a mischievous and not too scrupulous youngster, was neither beggar nor an habitual criminal, and the scene

through which he passed were not of repulsive squalor and vice as were those in the Spanish tales of the same sort.

The influence of the Spanish picaresque fiction upon English literature was not felt to anything like its full extent until after Elizabeth's death, though its effects exist strongly even to this day; but it is well to recognise that all the subsequent English novels of the same form, through Defoe, Smollett, Fielding, and Dickens, took their origin from the same Spanish source as Greene's "Cony-catching Pamphlets" and Ned Browne and Thomas Nash's 'Jacke Wilton.'

The Spanish influence upon the literature of England of the time of Elizabeth was not by any means confined to the novel of movement. I have mentioned already the strongly didactic tendency which also characterised English serious writing of the same period. The 'Essays and Apothegms' of Bacon are good specimens of this tendency. Every writer and statesman of standing produced his collection of epigrammatic gems, either drawn from his works or specially compiled; and the polishing of these pebbles of wisdom in the form of proverbs, apothegms, sentences and the like, for the instruction of sons, was a favourite literary occupation. Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Burghley, Sir Francis Walsingham and a dozen others gave their names to such collections of sententious maxims for the guidance of youth; and the famous Antonio Perez, of whom I shall speak at length presently, gave from his asylum at Essex House powerful impetus to this tendency of sententious proverbial expression

n English letters of the time, as well as outdoing Lyly and Guevara himself in the affected obscurity and pompous allusiveness which was fashionable at Elizabeth's Court.

Shakespeare's lines abound in clever hits at both the Spanish tendencies to which I have referred. You may see the pompous alliteration and allusiveness of Guevara and Perez in the speeches of Falstaff, when in the roystering frolic at the "Boar's Head" he represents the King and considers it necessary to use the court language in the first part of Henry IV. It is burlesqued again more broadly still in the characters of the two pedants in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and Armado in the same play, and in the conversation between Osric and Hamlet; whilst the admonition of youth by means of sage maxims, which as I have shown was purely of Spanish origin, is immortalised in Polonius.

One of the greatest patrons of the Spanish influence upon the literature of his time was Sir Philip Sidney. He was the godson of Philip II; many members of his family were attached to the Catholic faith, and were strong Spanish partisans; his cousin was the famous Duchess of Feria, and he himself was a perfect Spanish scholar, to whom were dedicated many of the very numerous translations of Spanish works that appeared in England in his time. He was, with his sister, Lady Pembroke, the centre of the most literary set of the court, and it is not surprising that his friends, such as Richard Carew, Abraham Fraunce, Hakluyt and Spenser, should follow his lead and look to Spanish originals for inspiration. To Sidney must be attributed the

popularisation in England, from a Spanish model, of a type of literature not really native to Spain, but which had for a time become fashionable there as an Italian introduction. The pastoral romance was fully as artificial as the romances of knight errantry had been, and to some extent replaced them as a vehicle for fancy when the knights had grown so extravagant and inflated as to provoke scornful laughter rather than admiration.

Shepherds and shepherdesses in Arcadian surroundings had been a classical tradition, and had become popular again in Italy in the hands of Sannazzaro early in the sixteenth century. But it was a Portuguese writing in Spanish, one George de Montemayor, who improved and modernised the pastoral form to suit the more elegant writers of Elizabethan England. The 'Diana' of Montemayor was written largely in prose with lyrics introduced in the narrative; and the courtly inflation and pomposity of its style fell in with the prevailing taste in Spain. This was the model adopted by Sidney for the 'Arcadia,' which he addressed to his beloved sister. The plot of the 'Arcadia' is, of course, not identical with that of 'Diana,' though the beginning is similar, but there are many points of resemblance, whilst the style is throughout reminiscent of the Spanish work. The only portions of 'Diana' actually translated in the 'Arcadia' are some exquisite lyrics by Sidney, but there is no question that the whole work is Spanish in its inspiration. It will be recollected that Sidney himself left instructions that the 'Arcadia' was not to be printed. It was deliberately written in the

inflated Euphuistic style then fashionable, and this style was not inappropriate to the artificiality of the pastoral romance itself, but doubtless Sidney, with his fine literary taste, saw its absurdity, and had no desire to link his fame with a style which sins against simplicity. 'Diana' was, almost simultaneously with the writing of 'Arcadia' (not with its publication), translated direct into English by Bartholomew Yong, and was widely read and copied in England, where the pastoral romance thenceforward held its ground until the early eighteenth century. That Shakespeare must have seen 'Diana' in English is almost certain for reasons I shall give, but it was probably in Yong's manuscript.

There were other great Englishmen besides Shakespeare who were enamoured of the pastoral by reading 'Diana.' The 'Shepherds' Calendar' of Spenser, published first in 1580, is confessedly inspired by the eclogues of Virgil and the Italian pastorals, but the plan of the work is clearly traceable to 'Diana'; and that this and the 'Faery Queen' assumed the form of pastorals was obviously because the pastoral had caught the literary taste owing to the popularity of the Spanish 'Diana' of Montemayor in England.

Although I am dealing in this paper only with the influence exercised by Spanish letters upon nat[illegible] English literature, it may to some extent explain t[illegible] great and penetrating character of this influence [illegible] pointing out how numerous were the translations fr[illegible] Spanish books published in England at the time, a[illegible] the very wide field they covered. I have mention[illegible] the translations of Guevara's and Vives' books, whi[illegible]

nd so enthusiastic a public here; but the Spaniards
:he time were not only the first philosophers, but
most notable soldiers and explorers, so that works
ling with travel, navigation and the science of
· were turned into English and found here eager
lers avid for information. I will not trouble you
h a list of such books, nor of the equally numerous
s dealing with religious controversy, which also
ie to England from Spain in the reign of Elizabeth;
ice it to say that, in addition to the 'Dial of
nces or the Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius'
l the 'Familiar Letters' of Guevara and other
actic books of morality which were read by every-
ly, Spanish originals were largely responsible also
the geographical and military knowledge then
sting in England.

But it is to another branch of English literature
which I wish more especially to direct your atten-
ı, as receiving at its highest point of development
ie of its inspiration from Spanish sources. It is
e that, at a later period than that of Elizabeth,
English drama was much more deeply indebted
Spain for its plots and complications than in the
gn which now occupies us. The drama of intrigue,
ch flourished from the Restoration period far
the eighteenth century, received through the
nch playwrights, or direct, most of the ingenious
plications which formed their stories from the
haustable mines of Lope de Vega, Calderon
· their followers. But even the great English
matists of the Elizabethan era could not avoid
ıg influenced by what I have shown to have been
predominant literary taste of their time, and

Spanish influence is everywhere evident in their works.

I have already mentioned the epoch-making dialogue-novel, the ancestor of all modern realistic fiction, 'Celestina, or the Tragi-Comedy of Calisto and Melibea,' published in Spain in the last year of the fifteenth century, and I have pointed out how this work influenced the English novel initiated by Lyly. But the influence of Celestina upon the English stage was even earlier and more marked than on the novel. As early as 1530 an attempt was made to dramatise this vividly realistic tale, 'Calisto and Melibea.' "*A new Cōmodye in english, in maner of an entertude ryght elygant and full of craft of rethoryk, wherein is shewd and dyscrybyd as well the bewty and good propertes of women as their vycys and euyll cōdiciōs with a morall cōclusion and exhortacyon to vertew*"; and it was printed by John Rastell, the brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More. This interlude in verse is, indeed, a crude production, and although evidently intended for presentation upon the stage, it does not tell anything like the whole story, and ends with a wearisome sanctimonious sermon; but nevertheless the characters in the original were too vividly drawn to be killed even by translation, and, so far as it goes, this interlude, one of the very first realistic English stage plays, provided what people yearned for, namely, a reflection of real life on the stage, and it was the forerunner of the combined romantic and realistic plays that reached their highest excellence in the hands of Shakespeare.

In 'Celestina' the love interest is as absorbing

in 'Romeo and Juliet,' to which play, by the way, it bears much resemblance, whilst the low life in it is as boldly and truly portrayed as in the tavern scenes in Henry IV, where Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet are introduced. The story and manner of 'Celestina' were too good to be forgotten, and its dramatic possibilities were evident. In Spain it promptly found adaptors to the stage. We have seen that it did so in England also, notwithstanding Luis Vives' denunciation of the tale in his 'Instruction of a Christian Woman' as a "vile parent of naughtiness." But perhaps it was before its time, for it stood without a successor in English in the same style for several years. A play, now lost, is mentioned as being popular in London in 1580, called the 'Tragical Comedy of Calistus,' and this probably was some adaptation of 'Celestina.' Later, too, in 1591, the 'Stationers' Register' contains an entry which seems to prove that it was intended to publish a Spanish version of 'Celestina' in London; and in 1598 the same Register has the following entry as a book to be published: "'*The Tragicke Comedye of Celestina,' wherein are discoursed in most pleasant stile manye philosophicall sentences and advertisements, verye necessarye for yonge gentlemen. Discoveringe the sleightes of treacherous servants and subtile carriages of filthy bawdes.*"

It will be seen, therefore, that the book was well known in England at the time when the Elizabethan dramatists were forming their traditions and settling the lines upon which English dramas were to develop. The personages were no longer abstract types, but individuals with distinct characters; the incidents

were no longer scriptural or classical, but modern: and the romantic love interest was saved from insipidity by the contrast of vicious real life, such as might be seen outside the walls of the theatre. 'Celestina' did not enter into its full popularity in England, so far as it influenced the novel, until after Mabbe's fine translation of it appeared in 1631, but the early Elizabethan dramatists learnt from it how romance and reality might be effectively blended upon the stage. I am not desirous of minimising the debt that the English Elizabethan drama also owes to Italy, especially in the matter of plots and historical plays, but I claim for Spain the hitherto little-acknowledged credit of having first taught the English play-writers the attractiveness of presentations of real life, and the development of individual character upon the stage, though the first attempts were so crude, as 'Ralph Roister Doister' and 'Gammer Gurton's Needle.'

Lyly, Lodge, Peele, Kyd, and Greene all knew Spanish, and several of their comedies are inspired by Spanish subjects, such as Peele's 'Battle of Alcazar,' Kyd's 'Spanish Tragedy,' and Greene's 'Alfonsus, King of Aragon.' These were all worthy pioneers, who founded the traditions upon which Shakespeare worked: but it was their successors who looked to the Spanish dramatists mainly for their plots, especially Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Middleton and Rowley, though most of the plays thus indebted were written after Elizabeth's death.

In Shakespeare himself the traditions he inherited, as I have explained, are plainly observable through his individual genius. Most of his plots were taken

from Italian novelle or classical legends, either direct or through some English source, such, for instance, as poor Greene, from whom many stole; but the love of terse epigram and pregnant pronouncement, the blending of romance and reality, and the processional dignity of the style are all echoes of the prior influences which I have endeavoured to trace to Spanish sources. These indirect influences, however, are not by any means the only Spanish origins to be found in Shakespeare. I have already mentioned 'The Diana Enamorada' of Montemayor, the first prose pastoral tale with interpolated lyrics, which became naturalised in England by the genius of Sidney and prospered exceedingly. One of the stories introduced into Montemayor's pastoral is the incident of the shepherdess, Felismena, and this plot was adopted by Shakespeare practically unchanged in his 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' though one of the novelle of Bandello has a somewhat similar plot. The 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' was one of the earliest plays of the master, and was certainly written before the publication, in 1598, of Yong's translation of 'Diana.' This translation, however, is known to have been made by 1583, and was well known in manuscript; so that there was nothing improbable in Shakespeare's having learnt the story from this source.

This is not the only plot drawn by Shakespeare from a Spanish original. Amongst the many didactic books of apologues or moral short stories produced from Oriental originals by early Spanish writers was the famous compilation called the 'Book of

Patronio,' otherwise the 'Tales of Count Lucanor,' written by the Prince Don Juan Manuel early in the fourteenth century. The book had an immense influence throughout Europe; for its appearance even preceded the tales of Boccaccio, and it was the first collection of stories in the modern form of adventures drawn from real life. One of these stories tells how a young Moor was bold enough to marry a girl who was the terror of all her friends, and how he began the task of taming her as soon as they were left alone after the marriage feast was over. The process by which he does it is by out-Heroding Herod in blood-thirsty violence, killing all his domestic animals before his wife's eyes for disobeying his orders; and the bride, fearing the same fate, is cowed into trembling obedience to his most capricious commands. When early next morning the family go to the house, expecting to find the bridegroom either dead or badly mauled, they find instead the bride, white and panic-stricken, with finger on lip, praying her friends not to make a noise and wake her imperious spouse. Needless to say the couple lived happily ever afterwards.

Now this story, as you will see, is exactly that of 'The Taming of the Shrew.' The 'Tales of Count Lucanor' were early translated into French and Italian, and in those forms had been popular throughout Europe for a century before Shakespeare's time, though no English version had appeared. By whatever conduit the plot may have reached Shakespeare—probably it was Italian—there is no doubt that the original European source of 'The Taming of the Shrew' was Spanish. A diligent

search would doubtless show that several other plots which reached the Elizabethan dramatists in Italian form had similarly been derived originally from the Oriental apologues introduced to modern Europe by Spanish writers.

Not in plots alone, however, is Spanish influence on Shakespeare and his contemporaries to be sought. The large number of books on didactic subjects translated from the Spanish that were current in England at the time, forming the fashionable serious reading, cannot fail to have left traces, and, in fact, a close student of Spanish literature is constantly coming across reminiscences of his reading in the Elizabethan drama, often too fugitive to trace to a particular source, but quite unmistakable nevertheless. As a single instance let me mention one which has never been noted before. There was an extremely famous book published in Spain in the third quarter of the sixteenth century called 'Examen de Ingenios,' by a physician called Juan Huarte. The book was a very remarkable one, for it formulated a new theory of sanity, talent, and madness, making perfect sanity almost unattainable, because it consisted in the perfect and permanent equilibrium of the four humours, dryness, humidity, cold and heat, in the human organism, and it instructs how, by calculating the excess of a particular humour and the consequent increase of its corresponding mental quality, not only may the talent of an individual be controlled and directed, but the mental and bodily gifts of offspring be decided by pre-natal precautions. The work was very successful, and was translated through the

Italian into English ('An Examination of Men's Wits') by Richard Carew, a member of the Essex House coterie, and published in 1596 by Adam Islip. Many other editions followed rapidly, and the book was the subject of much speculation and discussion. I do not find any traces of Huarte's theory of sanity and madness in any of Shakespeare's studies of mental alienation (although I see many such traces in 'Don Quixote'), but other students of Shakespeare, more profound than I can hope to be, may probably do so: but that the great dramatist must have read Huarte in the translation of his friend, Carew, is obvious to anyone who will read Nym's quaint talk about "humours" in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and the speech of the bastard, Edmund, in 'King Lear,' where he states the reasons for the mental and physical superiority of illegitimately-born children over those born in wedlock. As the speech and Huarte's original are somewhat coarse they need not be reproduced here.

The influence of Spain, vague though it might be at this period, was yet visible everywhere on English letters. The language was a fashionable accomplishment, and to patter a few words of Spanish was the universal affectation of the polite. The Spanish nation itself loomed gigantic in the world of politics, finance, arms, literature and the drama, dwarfing all other nations by its greatness, though that greatness was rapidly tottering to its fall. The character of its people, reflecting their national predominance and pride, was represented, especially in England and France—with both of which countries they were on bad terms—as overbearing, boastful and presump-

tuous. The type of swashbuckler so often i
into the Elizabethan drama was purely th
view of the Spaniard of his day. To take
instance, that of the Ancient or Ensign I
swaggering soldier who had picked up S
the wars and interlards his vaunts wit
expletives, is evidently a burlesque upon th
captain of the grandiose Spanish drama
tious, presumptuous and grandiloquent, tha
Englishmen had met upon the fields of Fla
elsewhere. Spain and England were at
of course this type was held up to ridicule
a coward as well as a rodomont, as in th
stances was only natural.

How completely Spanish fashion domin
lish society at the time is seen in Ben
'Alchemyst.' There is a scene in that p
one of a gang of swindlers is made up as
nobleman, in order to impose upon a fooli
man and his widowed sister, who is to be d
marriage with the sham Spaniard for th
her money. The scene is played half i
and half in English, and when the preten
is introduced the poor lady is told that sh
a Spanish countess. She asks if that is bett
English countess. After an expression o
that such a question should be asked the co
who is carrying on the fraud, continues:

"Ask from your courtier, from your Inns of
from your mere milliner; they will tell y
Your Spanish jennet is the best horse, your Sp
your best garb, your Spanish beard the best
Spanish ruffs the best wear, your Spanish pav

dance, your Spanish tittilation in a glove your best perfume; and as for your Spanish pike and Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak."

Not only were Spanish plots, especially, somewhat later than Elizabeth's time, freely used in English drama, but when the plots were taken from Italian or other sources the names of the characters were almost invariably Spanish rather than Italian.

That men so observant as the great Elizabethan dramatists can have failed to reproduce in their plays caricatures of some of their contemporaries for the delectation of those spectators who would recognise the originals is impossible to believe; although at this distance of time it is dangerous to be too sure about the identity of such caricatures, since much must have depended upon the manner and make-up of the actor for the resemblance. It has been so frequently asserted as to pass almost as an article of faith that Marlow's Barabbas in the 'Jew of Malta,' if not his Dr. Faustus, was a direct representation of the famous Portuguese Jew Court Physician, Dr. Lopez. I must confess that I do not trace any special resemblance. Barabbas appears to me as simply an embodiment of greed and malice, and he was made a Jew because the prejudice against the race would naturally aid the illusion. Lopez was greedy, and Lopez, like Barabbas, had a daughter whom he loved; but when the 'Jew of Malta' was written Lopez was in high favour at court, and, although, doubtless, his medical rivals and others looked askance at him as a poisoner, it would not have been safe for any playwright to hold him up

too plainly to public execration upon the London stage.

It is, however, somewhat different with Shylock. The 'Merchant of Venice' was written when all England was shocked at the accusation that had brought Lopez to the gallows. The man who had (so it was untruly said) conspired with the national enemy, Spain, to poison his benefactress the Queen, and had appealed to Christ upon the gallows to prove his innocence, was beyond pity; and I have no doubt that the actor who first represented the part did manage to suggest to his audience the person of the unhappy Jew Lopez. That Shakespeare himself intended to suggest some resemblance between his typical Hebrew usurer and the man whom all England hated is more than probable. The name of Lopez suggests wolf, and wolf is again and again applied as a characteristic term to Shylock. The gallows, too, is frequently mentioned in connection with his fate, though Shylock in the play is of course allowed to go free; and Lopez's sanctimonious expressions during his trial and execution would seem to suggest Antonio's words of Shylock—"The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose." But I am not disposed myself to carry the parallel too far, and can hardly suppose that Shakespeare ever meant to give a full-length portrait of Lopez in Shylock or the resemblance would have been much closer than it is.

There is, however, at least one character in Shakespeare that I am convinced is intended for a faithful caricature of a particular Spaniard, and, as I have not seen the suggestion elsewhere, it may be well to give somewhat at length the reasons for

my belief. In the summer of 1593 there arrived in England one of the most extraordinary characters in history. He was Antonio Perez, who had been for many years the trusted Secretary of State and friend of Philip II. A man of vast ability and inordinate vanity, he had, for reasons which I need not here dwell upon, gained the undying hate of the master whom he had betrayed, and whose closest secrets he alone knew. He had raised rebellion against his sovereign, he had derided his justice and escaped his claws; and for the rest of his life he devoted himself to blackening the character and subverting the aims of the most powerful monarch on earth, whose enemies he served.

He came to England from Henry IV of France (Henry of Navarre) to intrigue with the English Puritan party and aid them in their efforts to keep England at war with Philip, by the side of the King of France, who was in death-grip with his foe. Perez was welcomed by the Earl of Essex and his satellites the Bacons, and lived whilst in England mostly at Essex House, treated with almost royal honours. His charm was extraordinary; every person who has left on record an impression of him speaks of his strange fascination. He was subtle, witty, malicious and false; he betrayed everybody that trusted him, and saw through men as through a glass; but withal, though he was feared, his manners and speech made him the laughing-stock of the Court as soon as his back was turned and his patron, the Earl of Essex, was out of hearing. He was an elderly man, incredibly emaciated, a bag of bones he frequently calls himself, for his sufferings in Spain at

the hands of the Inquisition had been long and cruel. He was over-dressed, extravagant and inflated in his speech, making even 'Euphues' simple in comparison with his affected pedantry, and his posturings and gestures were ridiculous in the extreme. All this is historical and undoubted.

So long as Essex and the Puritan party could keep him in England to aid them by embittering relations with Spain the better was Perez contented, for he loved comfort, luxury and safety, all of which he found in the devoted care of Essex, who delighted in his company. But in the pursuit of the intrigue, and to obey the King of France, who was equally anxious to have him near him, he was obliged to return to France and the war in the summer of 1595, and though he hankered to get back again to England, Henry would not let him go. The great Bearnias, indeed, would hardly allow Perez out of his sight he admired him so, and he piled gift upon gift upon him. Essex was jealous and vexed, and so was Perez, whose petulant letters ended by boring the Earl. Perez failed, too, in his attempts to keep Elizabeth up to the war pitch desired, and he sold everybody all round; so that by 1597 Perez was no longer admired but only laughed at by the English court.

One of Shakespeare's earliest plays was 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and in it there was a character called Braggart, apparently an Englishman, although no copy of the original form is known to exist. But in 1597 or early in 1598 the play was remodelled and acted at Court, and then there appeared instead of Braggart the character of Don Adriano de Armado, the Spanish favourite of the King of Navarre of the play.

So long as Perez had enjoyed Court favour in England it would have been unsafe to lampoon him; but in 1597 or 1598 he was utterly discredited in England, his friend Essex was sick of him and his importunities and airs and graces; and then he was fair game for those who had in secret laughed at him before. Don Adriano de Armado, with his affected pedantry of speech, exactly reproduces the peculiarities of Perez's exaggerated style. Many of his letters have been printed in Spanish and Latin, and the famous book of his troubles that he wrote in Essex House, and published in 1594 in London, stands as a witness to his style. He was fond of making presents of scented gloves, and perfumes and cosmetics of his own making to his friends at Court; and every present was accompanied by a letter, many of which are still preserved. In these letters the very expressions used are almost identical in some cases with Armado's extravagant quips. This is how the King of Navarre speaks of Armado in the play:

"A refined traveller from Spain,
A man with all the world's new fashion planted
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanted harmony.
A man of compliments whom right or wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny,
This child of fancy that Armado hight."

and he says of him:

"I protest I love to hear him lie."

You will recollect the letter which Armado in the play addresses to the King, beginning—

"Great Deputy, the Welkin's vice-regent and sole dominator of Navarre, my Soul's earth's God and body's fostering patron."

Compare this with a few of the lines in Perez's dedication of his 'Relaciones' to Henry IV, and you will see that the caricature is only slightly exaggerated.

"Our Lord guard your Majesty for many years, that you may exercise those virtues of piety, fountains of many others, poles of the movements and concerts of the realms, stability and beauty of the political edifices, to your own glory, the happiness of your vassals, the envy of other realms, the example for other princes and the admiration of all the world."

Many letters in this and still more extravagant style written to Henry exist, and doubtless some of them, or those similar letters written to Essex, must have been seen by whoever wrote in the character of Armado in 'Love's Labour's Lost.' In one letter written from England to Henry, Perez says that he will return to France because he has left his soul behind him there with the King, and without it he cannot live.

"Pardon me, sire, the boldness of the compliment, but the soul, sire, has its loves, and uses compliments as the body does, compliments which break through the bounds of all earthly respect."

Here are a few lines of another letter written by Perez to Henry: "I send you the water from my soul's eyes, sire; and from my entrails I would with joy distil it for your health and life, but that I am

already too dry even to distil, and so am useless for that"; and then he proceeds to play upon distilling hearts and minds instead of bodies with much far-fetched imagery.

To all the Earl of Essex's female relatives Perez was an assiduous courtier, and this is the letter he sends with a pair of gloves to Lady Knollys:

"I send your ladyship these dogskin gloves, unworthy gift to appear before such eyes. But I have seen a simple sea-shell accepted graciously from a pilgrim. Besides, these unworthy gloves go decked with the sweetest odour upon earth, and even in heaven, I mean love and faith; and these in a pilgrim should surely be held in esteem; for pilgrims wander and peregrinate, led alone by love and faith. Few have been proved like mine by all the blows of fate and fortune, for it is only to maintain them that I am a pilgrim and a wanderer. My lady, the material for these gloves is taken from a dog, the animal of all others famous for its fidelity. As such I crave you call me, and accept me in your grace and service. Do not disdain me, lady, for I have seen dogs in highly favoured places with the fair; and when I am useless for further service perhaps my hide will serve for gloves.—Your dog and servant."

This is genuine; you will recognise in it the true Armado style.

But if any doubt existed in my mind on the subject of the identity of the characters it would disappear on consideration of one word. The two pedants in the play meet, and one says to the other:

"I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the King's, who is entitled, nominated or called Don Adriano de Armado."

To which Holofernes replies:

"*Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous and thrasonical. He is too pricked, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it."

To this his companion adds:

"A most singular choice epithet."

Now, the word thus doubly emphasised, the word "peregrinate," is unusual, nay, quite meaningless as it stands. But it has a special significance when it is recollected that the Peregrino (pilgrim) was Perez's favourite pseudonym. He signs his letters "Peregrino," he wrote his book under the name of "Peregrino," and in his writings he plays upon the word in every form and variation, as we have seen in his letter to Lady Knollys, so that the word "peregrinate" to describe Armado, dragged into this speech as the key-word, though meaningless by itself becomes quite clear when we identify Armado with Perez. The word "odd" is, of course, common, and might be used by anyone; but you will observe that this word also is markedly applied to Armado in the speech quoted, and it is curious that Standen, one of the Bacon-Essex secretaries, thus writes when he first saw Perez: "Surely he is, as we may say, an *odd* man, and hath his full sight everywhere. I have hardly heard of him, and yet, I know not how, I begin to admire him already."

The proof seems to me too clear to allow any doubt that in Don Adriano de Armado the Spaniard we have a vivid caricature of Antonio Perez.

An industrious study would doubtless divulge many more traces of Spanish influences in the rich English literature of the later years of Elizabeth. I leave the further investigation of the subject to purely literary students; it has been a political historian's humble task to indicate some of the lines upon which such investigation may profitably be made.

LITERARY MARTYRDOMS.

BY THE REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read March 24th, 1909.]

THE story of literary martyrdom forms a curious page in the history of letters. In spite of the freedom of the press, over which some stern reviewers of books of the present age see cause to mourn, the roll of martyrs is not complete. Though rack, torture, and a violent death no longer await the rash scribe, there are crowds of literary aspirants who have, as they dreamed, reached fame, upon whom success smiled in the early days of their career and ere long deserted, who burned their boats when they had landed on the shores of El Dorado, and then ended their days in want and woe, martyrs to literature. We might mention the names of Edgar Allen Poe, whose centenary we have just been celebrating; of Robert Buchanan, who, in spite of his extraordinary literary activity, fell into misfortune, raved against letters, and said that he would rather see a son of his lying dead at his feet than that he should take up literature as a profession; or of George Gissing, whose melancholy shrouds his early writings, though, for a brief space, the sun shone on his latter days. But none can tell the muster roll

of the martyrs who have sacrificed their means of livelihood for the profession of letters, and then have failed, and found that in seeking the rewards of literature they have sacrificed the substance for the shadow. They are not all noble, these martyrs. In their distress they have not shown themselves very particular about the means they adopted to gain a livelihood. Like Satan, they have said, "So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear, farewell remorse." The gutter press provides bread, though the mud sticks and clings and refuses to be shaken off. It is well not to judge the genius who has failed and fallen from his high aspirations, his dreams of success, applause, and affluence. The increasing struggle for existence in literary affairs, the ceaseless roll of that avalanche of books that threatens to overwhelm the world of letters, to ruin authors, destroy the life of books, tend to increase the roll of the martyrs, and the heart is moved with pity for the tired and wounded warriors who have sacrificed all for literature, and found her to be but a hard, cruel, and fickle mistress.

But our concern this afternoon is not with the records of modern martyrdoms, though in all ages fortune awaits the aspiring scribe with many wiles, and often treats him sorely. If she enrich any, it is but to make them subject of her sport. If she raise others, it is but to pleasure herself with their ruin. What she adorned but yesterday is to-day her pastime, and if we now permit her to adorn and crown us, we must to-morrow suffer her to crush and tear us to pieces. To-day her sovereign power is limited; she can but let loose a host of angry critics upon us;

she can but scoff at us, take away our literary reputation, and turn away the eyes of a public as fickle as herself from our pages. Surely that were hard enough! Can Fortune pluck a more galling dart from her quiver, and dip the point in more envenomed bitterness? Yes, those whose hard lot we shall presently consider have suffered more terrible wounds than these. They have lost liberty, and even life, on account of their works. The cherished offspring of their brains have, like unnatural children, turned against their parents, causing them to be put to death.

Fools many of them—nay, it is surprising how many of this illustrious family have peopled the world, and they can boast of many authors' names which figure on their genealogical tree—men who might have lived happy, contented, and useful lives, were it not for their insane *cacoethes scribendi*. And hereby they showed their folly. If only they had been content to write plain and ordinary commonplaces which everyone believed, and which caused every honest fellow who had a grain of common sense in his head to exclaim, "How true that is!" all would have been well. But they must needs write something original, something different from other men's thoughts; and immediately the censors and critics began to spy out heresy, or laxity of morals, and the fools were dealt with according to their folly. There used to be special houses of correction in those days, mad-houses built upon an approved system, for the special treatment of cases of this kind; mediaeval dungeons, an occasional application of the rack and other gentle implements

torture of an inventive age, were wonderfully icacious in curing a man of his folly. Nor was ere any special limit to the time during which the reatment lasted. And, in case of a dangerous fit of olly, there were always a few faggots ready, or a sharpened axe, to put a finishing stroke to other and more gentle remedies.

One species of folly was especially effective in procuring the attention of the critics of the day, and that was satirical writing. They could not endure that—no, not for a moment; and many an author has had his cap and bells, aye, and the lining too, severed from the rest of his motley, because he would go and play with the Satyrs instead of keeping company with plain, dull and simple folk.

Far separated from the crowd of fools, save only in their fate, were those, who amidst the mists of error saw the light of Truth, and strove to tell men of her graces and perfection. The vulgar crowd heeded not the message, and despised the messengers. They could see no difference between the philosopher's robe and the fool's motley, the saint's glory, and Satan's hoof. But with eager eyes and beating hearts the toilers after truth worked on.

How many with said faith have sought her?
How many with crossed hands have sighed for her?
How many with brave hearts fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her Divine completeness?

In honour of these scholars of an elder age, little understood by their fellows, who caused them to

suffer for the Truth they loved, we doff our caps to-day, and honour the memory of bygone martyrs. The learning of the censors and critics who pronounced judgment on their works, was often indeed remarkable. A recondite treatise on Trigonometry was condemned, because the critics imagined it contained heretical opinions concerning the doctrine of the Trinity; and another work, which was devoted to the study of Insects, was prohibited because they concluded that it was a secret attack upon the Jesuits. Well might Galileo exclaim, "And are these, then, my judges?" Stossius, who wrote a goodly book with the title, 'Concordia rationis et fidei,' which was duly honoured by being burnt at Berlin, thus addresses his slaughtered offspring, and speculates on the reason of its condemnation:

"Ad Librum a ministerio damnatum
Q. Parve liber, quid enim peccasti, dente sinistro.
Quod te discerptum turba sacrata velit?
R. Invisum dixi verum, propter quod et enim,
Vel dominum letho turba sacrata dedit."

We who live in this enlightened age when the freedom of the press is considered to be one of our most cherished institutions, may perhaps like to glance at the process, the mediaeval machinery, which caused our friend Stossius and others such sorrow. It is only possible to glance at the history of Press Legislation. It is an immense subject which would require a whole paper or sturdy volume for its elucidation. In all countries the freedom of the press is a plant of recent growth. Books supposed hurtful to the interests of government, reli-

gion or morality have been sometimes condemned to the flames, sometimes censured by particular tribunals, and sometimes suppressed. Heathen antiquity supplies some instances of the burning of obnoxious books, such as the reported destruction of the works of Protagoras at Athens, and of astronomical works, as well as the writings of Labienus by Augustus at Rome. Tacitus mentions a history by Cremutius Cordus, which the Senate, to flatter Tiberius, condemned, because it designated C. Cassius the last of the Romans. Diocletian, so Eusebius informs us, caused copies of the Scriptures to be burnt, and the orthodox Christians condemned to the flames at the Council of Nicaea the works of Arius. The writings of Nestorius were ordered to be burnt at the Council of Ephesus, and those of Eutychus at Chalcedon.

But the chief rigours of persecution began with the invention and progress of printing, when a crusade against literature was inaugurated by the Inquisition. In England, prior to the Reformation, ecclesiastical censorship was asserted, but only as collateral with the censorial rights of the crown, claimed by virtue of its general prerogative. The ecclesiastics, however, seemed to have exercised the chief control. Every book which had not come under the personal inspection of a bishop or archbishop was prohibited, and in 1526 we find the Bishop of London prohibiting a long list of books, including Tyndal's translation of the New Testament, and three years later upwards of 70 Latin books. After the Reformation the Crown claimed exclusive rights, and granted by letters patent the

right of printing or selling books as a monopoly. With Queen Mary came into existence the Worshipful Company of Stationers, whose records throw considerable light upon the literary history of the two following centuries. The Company was used by the Court of the Star Chamber, the great censorial authority of the Tudor and early Stuart period, for the purpose of prohibiting unlicensed books, destroying unlicensed presses, and searching for unlawful publications. In 1595 the High Commissioners ordered no book or pamphlet to be printed without the license of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London.

The Long Parliament was quite as strict in controlling the press as any Stuart or Tudor monarch, and it was against the Parliament that Milton thundered forth his sonorous sentences in his 'Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing,' wherein he said, "Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all other liberties."

I cannot follow all the changes in the Press Laws. The records of the Stationers give many most interesting details. We find the following offenders whose presses were seized :—

Robert Walgrave, Roger Ward for printing grammars, catechisms, primers and other books, Robert Bourne, Henry Jefferson, Edward Venge, John Danter and others. A very objectionable practice was adopted in 1673 and subsequent years, that of damasking books. To damask means to obliterate. If any book were unlicensed or contained any statements that seemed obnoxious, the sheets were

damasked. Thus we find an order to "damask Leviathan" in 1673. In 1685 the Bishop of London, Henry Compton, ordered the Stationers to damask portions of the 'Loyall Protestant Tutor,' and a seditious book entitled, 'A Papist Misrepresented and Represented.' In 1595 the Stationers were very busy. On August 15th they had a grand bonfire in their Hall by commandment of His Grace Canterbury, and burnt little French books 8vo. an 'Surin's Chronicle.'

But it is impossible within the limits of this paper to pursue further the varied history of our press laws. We must, however, glance abroad and see the machinery whereby martyrs were made. The whole history of the 'Index Librorum Prohibitorum' is a remarkable page in bibliography. Without considering early efforts we find the University of Louvain at the command of Charles V preparing in 1546 an index of pernicious and forbidden books. The Inquisition at Rome in 155[illegible] published the first Roman Index. The Council of Trent devoted much time and energy to the consideration of heretical works and published an Index, and the Congregation of the Index still exists to condemn and withhold from the faithful books that are deemed unfit for their reading. Such is the depravity of human nature that the publication of these lists had an opposite effect to that which was originally contemplated. The indices increased rather than diminished the sale of the condemned books. The publisher of the 'Colloquies of Erasmus' intrigued to procure the burn-

ing of his book, which raised the sale to 24,000 copies.

The expurgatory indices which purged books of certain passages considered by the correctors to be objectionable excited louder complaints than those which simply condemned books, because the executioners of books by, as Milton calls them, omitting or interpolating passages made the author say, or unsay, what the inquisitors chose; they drew off the life-blood and left the author a mere spectre. A licenser once said to a geometrician, "I cannot permit the publication of your book! You dare to say that between two given points the shortest line is the straight line. Do you think me such an idiot as not to perceive your allusion? If your work appeared I should make enemies of all those who find by crooked ways an easier admittance into court than by a straight line. Consider their number!" It is curious to note that Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' was proscribed in Spain "on account of the lowness of its style and the looseness of its morals."

I may say that my attention to this subject was first called by a little Latin book which I bought in Holland by Klotz published in Leipsic in 1751, and except for the miscellaneous works of Isaac Disraeli I found no English work which treats of books fatal to their authors. Some twelve years ago I wrote for the Booklovers' Library a volume with that title, but had to rely mainly for information on foreign works. Bayle's 'Biographic Dictionary,' 'Analecta de Calamitate Literatorum' by Menkenius, a book by Pierius Valerianus entitled, 'De

Infelicitate Literatorum,' Peignot's 'Dictiona[illegible]re Critique et Bibliographique des Livres condamn[illegible]és au Feu,' and 'Infelix Literatus' by Spizelius, a[illegible]re some of the sources of information, but the subje[illegible]ct has been singularly neglected by English writers.

We will now take some examples of Litera[illegible]y Martyrdom. Science in its infancy found man[illegible]y powerful opponents who, not understanding th[illegible]e nature of the newly-born babe, strove to strangle i[illegible]t But the infant grew into a healthy child in spite [illegible]o its cruel stepmother, and cried so loudly and talke[illegible] so strangely that the world was forced to listen t[illegible] its utterances. These were regarded with distru[illegible]s and aversion by the theologians of the day, for the[illegible] were supposed to be in opposition to Revelatio[illegible] and contrary to the received opinions of all learne[illegible] and pious people. The controversy between Rel[illegible]gion and Science still rages in spite of the declara[illegible]tion of Professor Huxley that in his opinion th[illegible] conflict is entirely factitious, and the more recen[illegible] valuable contributions of Sir Oliver Lodge. Bu[illegible] theologians are wiser now than they were in th[illegible] days of Galileo; they wait to see what scientist[illegible] can prove, and then when the various hypothese[illegible] are shown to be true, it will be time enough to reconcile the verities of the Faith with the ascertained facts of science.

To those who believed that the earth was flat it was somewhat startling to be told that there were antipodes. This elementary truth of cosmology Bishop Virgil of Salzbourg was courageous enough to assert as early as A.D. 764. He wrote a book in which he stated that men of another race, not

sprung from Adam, lived in the world beneath our feet. Virgil was expelled from the Church and deprived of his office. In spite of this censure and excommunication he was canonised by Pope Gregory XI. This example may be consoling to those martyrs who suffer for the sake of their books, when they reflect that perhaps subsequent ages may reverse the judgments which a hostile public has passed upon their works.

The facts of Friar Bacon's life are a little uncertain, but if the account of his imprisonment be true he was one of the earliest scientific authors whose works proved fatal to them. In 1267 he sent his book 'Opus majus' together with its abridgement 'Opus minus' to Pope Clement IV. After the death of that Pope he was cited by the General of the Franciscan Order to appear before his judges at Paris, and was condemned to prison. He is said to have languished there fourteen years, and to have died in his beloved Oxford worn out by his sufferings the year of his release.

The treatment which Galileo received at the hands of the ecclesiastics is too well known to be mentioned here. Milton in his 'Areopagitica' states that in Italy he found that for many years nothing had been written but flattery and fustian. "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." At length wearied by his confinement, the squalor of his prison, and by his increasing years, he consented to recant his "heresy" and regained his

liberty, a blind and broken man. Besides his well-known scientific discoveries others might have been added to them had not his widow submitted his MSS to her confessor, who ruthlessly destroyed all that he considered unfit for publication. Possibly he was not the best judge of such matters.

Jordano Bruno, a contemporary of Galileo, is another famous writer. He wandered through Europe a knight errant of philosophy, *multum ille et terris jactatus et alto*, teaching letters. He came to London and was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Paris, Germany, Prague, Frankfort knew him. Imprudently he returned to Italy, was arrested at Venice, and after two years imprisonment was burnt alive. "You pronounce sentence on me with greater fear than I receive it," was his philosophic speech to his judges.

To the same period belongs Thomas Campanella, who, chiefly on account of his 'Atheismus Triumphatus,' was racked and tortured with terrible malignity. His ultimate fate is shrouded in obscurity. The persecution of Denis Didero, D'Alembert, and the Encyclopedists is well known, and need not be recorded.

The Reformed Church of Holland at the end of the seventeenth century was much exercised by Balthazar Bekker's 'Enchanted World,' in which he refuted the common notion with regard to demonical possession. Four thousand copies were sold in two months, a triumph for the author, but it caused his expulsion and speedy death. Some curious medals were struck to commemorate the controversy—a devil clad in a priestly robe, riding

on an ass and carrying a trophy. Isaac de la Peyrère suffered for the science of ethnology on account of his book on 'Pre-adamite Man.' He was imprisoned, his book burnt, but he escaped the flames according to his prophecy: Parve, nec invideo, sine me, liber, ibis in ignem.

Lucilio Vanani was burnt at Toulouse in 1619. He was a roving philosopher who, to add to his importance, assumed the high-sounding cognomen of Julius Caesar. France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and England knew him. He was an Atheist, and adopted the prudent fashion of pretending orthodoxy, setting forth with great skill and subtlety Atheistic arguments, and then refuting them by a weak and feeble defence, by foolish arguments and ridiculous reasoning, secretly exposing the whole Christian religion to ridicule. The inquisitors did not approve of this subtle method of teaching Atheism, and by way of converting Vanani burned him.

I must not omit to mention the French philosopher of the eighteenth century, Jean Jacques Rousseau, who for his work 'Emile' was obliged to flee for his life from France and Switzerland, where he was adjudged to prison, and then passed an anxious wandering existence, even imagining that his best friends wished to betray him.

Since the knowledge of Truth is the sovereign good of human nature, it is natural that in every age she should have many seekers, and those who ventured in quest of her in the dark days of ignorance and superstition amidst the mists and tempests of the sixteenth century often ran counter

to the opinions of dominant parties, and fell into the hands of foes who knew no pity. Inasmuch as Theology and Religion are the highest of all studies —the *aroma scientiarum*—they have attracted the most powerful minds and the subtlest intellects to their elucidation; no other subjects have excited men's minds and aroused their passions as these have done; on account of their unspeakable importance, no other subjects have kindled such heat and strife, or proved themselves more fatal to many of the authors who wrote concerning them. In an evil hour persecutions were resorted to to force consciences, Roman Catholics burning and torturing Protestants, and the latter retaliating and using the same weapons; surely this was, as Bacon wrote, "to bring down the Holy Ghost, instead of in the likeness of a dove, in the shape of a vulture or raven; and to set, out of the bark of a Christian Church, a flag of a bark of pirates and assassins."

The historian will not be surprised to find that by far the larger number of Fatal Books deal with the subjects of Theology and Religion, and many of them belong to the stormy period of the Reformation.

The first author we record whose works proved fatal to him was Michael Molinos, a Spanish theologian born in 1627, a pious and devout man who resided at Rome and acted as confessor. He published in 1685 'The Spiritual Manual,' which was translated from Italian into Latin, and together with a treatise on 'The Daily Communion' was printed with this title: 'A Spiritual Manual, releasing the soul and leading it along the interior way to the

acquiring the perfection of contemplation and the rich treasure of internal peace.' This work received the approval of the Archbishop of the kingdom of Calabria, and many other theologians of the Church. It won for its author the favour of Cardinal Estraeus and also of Pope Innocent XI. It was examined by the Inquisition at the instigation of the Jesuits, and passed that trying ordeal unscathed. But the book raised up many powerful adversaries against its author, who did not scruple to charge Molinos with Judaism, Mohammedanism, and many other "isms," but without any avail, until at length they approached the confessor of the King of Naples, and obtained an order addressed to Cardinal Estraeus for the further examination of the book. The Cardinal preferred the favour of the king to his private friendship. Molinos was tried in 1684, and three years later was conducted in his priestly robes to the temple of Minerva, where he was bound, and holding in his hand a wax taper was compelled to renounce sixty-eight articles which the Inquisition decreed were deduced from his book. He was afterwards doomed to perpetual imprisonment. On his way to the prison he encountered one of his opponents and exclaimed, "Farewell, my father; we shall meet again on the day of judgment, and then it will be manifest on which side, on yours or mine, the Truth shall stand." For eleven long years Molinos languished in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where he died in 1696.

The noblest prey ever captured by those keen hunters, the Inquisitors, was Bartholomew Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, in 1558, one of the richest

he died sixteen days after his cruel sentence had been pronounced.

Samuel Clarke, born at Norwich in 1675, became Chaplain to Queen Anne and Rector of St. James's. His book, entitled 'The Scriptural Doctrine of the Trinity,' was declared to be opposed to the Christian belief, and caused him to be deprived of his offices by a decree of Parliament. Francis David, of Hungary, a learned but fickle genius on account of his book 'De Christo non invocando,' was cast into prison by the Prince of Transylvania, where he died in 1599.

Another fickle person, Antonio di Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, had an extraordinary career. He was very learned, and a shining light in the Roman Church at the end of the sixteenth century. He took a leading part in the controversy between the Republic of Venice and the Pope, and after the reconciliation between the two parties was obliged by the Pope to pay an annual pension of five hundred crowns out of the revenues of his see to the Bishop of Segni. This highly incensed the avaricious prelate, who immediately began to look out for himself a more lucrative place of preferment. He applied to Sir Dudley Carlton, the English Ambassador at Venice, to know whether he would be received into the Church of England, as the abuses and corruptions of the Church of Rome prevented him from remaining any longer in her communion.

King James I heartily approved of his proposal, and gave him a most honourable reception, both in the Universities and at Court. All the English bishops agreed to contribute towards his mainten-

ance. Fuller says: "It is incredible what flocking of people there was to behold this old archbishop now a new convert; prelates and peers presented him with gifts of high valuation." Other writers of the period describe him as "old and corpulent," but of a "comely presence"; irascible and pretentious, gifted with an unlimited assurance and plenty of ready wit in writing and speaking; of a "jeering temper," and of a most grasping avarice. He was ridiculed on the stage in Middleton's play, "The Game of Chess," as the "Fat Bishop." "He was well named De Dominis in the plural," says Crakanthorp, "for he could serve two masters, or twenty, if they paid him wages."

Our author now proceeded to finish his great work, which he published in 1617 in three large folios—'De Republicâ Ecclesiasticâ,' of which the original still exists among the Tanner MSS in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. "He exclaims," says Fuller, "in reading, meditation, and writing, 'I am almost pined away,' but his fat cheeks did confute his false tongue in that expression."

James rewarded De Dominis by conferring on him the Mastership of the Savoy and the Deanery of Windsor, and he further enriched himself by presenting himself to the rich living of West Ilsley, in Berkshire.

In an unfortunate moment he insulted Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, who determined to be revenged, and persuaded the Pope to send the most flattering offers if he would return to his former faith. Pope Gregory XV, a relative of De Dominis, had just ascended the Papal throne.

The bait took. De Dominis, discontented with the *non multum supra quadrigentas libras annuas* which he received in England, and pining after the *duodecim millia Coronatorum* promised by the Pope, resolved to leave our shores. James was indignant. Bishop Hall tried to dissuade him from his purpose. "Tell me, by the Immortal God, what it is that can snatch you from us so suddenly, after a delay of so many years, and drive you to Rome? Has our race appeared to you inhospitable, or have we shown favour to your virtues less than you hoped? You cannot plead that this is the cause of your departure, upon whom a most kind sovereign has bestowed such rich offices." The Archbishop was questioned by the Bishops of London and Durham, by order of the King, with regard to his intentions, and commanded to leave the country within twenty days. He was known to have amassed a large sum of money during his sojourn in England, and his trunks were seized, and found to contain over £1,600. De Dominis fled to Brussels, and there wrote his 'Consitium Reditûs,' giving his reasons for rejoining the Roman Church, and expecting daily his promised reward—a cardinal's hat and a rich bishopric. His hopes were doomed to be disappointed. For a short time he received a pension from Gregory XV, but this was discontinued by Urban VIII, and our author became dissatisfied and imprudently talked of again changing his faith. He was heard to exclaim at supper on one occasion, "That no Catholic had answered his book, 'De Republicâ Ecclesiasticâ,' but that he himself was able to deal with them." The Inquisition seized him, and he was conveyed to

the Castle of St. Angelo, where he soon died, as some writers assert, by poison. His body and his books were burned by the executioner, and the ashes thrown into the Tiber. Dr. Fitzgerald, Rector of the English College at Rome, thus describes him: "He was a malcontent knave when he fled from us, a railing knave when he lived with you, and a motley parti-coloured knave now he is come again." He had undoubtedly great learning and skill in controversy,* but avarice was his master, and he was rewarded according to his deserts.

Translators of the Bible fared not well. William Tyndale perished at the stake, though his 'Practice of Prelates' was mainly responsible for his fate. Arias Montanos, the author of the 'Polyglot Bible,' nearly shared the same punishment, but obtained pardon. It is a curious irony of fate that Montanos, who was one of the chief compilers of the 'Index Expurgatorius,' should have lived to see his own work placed on the condemned list. The story of the death of John Huss is well known. Antonio Bruccioli, who translated the Bible into the Tuscan language in 1546, was condemned to be hanged, but his life was spared. Enzinas, the author of a Spanish translation of the New Testament in 1543, was imprisoned and his brother burnt at Rome. I need not record the fate of Jansenist Louis Le Maistre, Gasper Peucer, Grotius, Pasquier Quesnel, François le Courayer, Savonarola, Michael Servetus the victim of Calvin, Sebastian Edzardt, William of

* His opinion with regard to the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan over suffragan bishops was referred to in the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln.

Ockham the Invincible Doctor, and Abélard, all of whom suffered various misfortunes on account of their works.

We will pass from ill-fated Theologians to Historians, who can boast of many martyrs in their ranks.

Antonius Pelarius, styled "Inquisionis Detractator," Professor of Classics at Sienna and Milan, was hanged, strangled, and burnt at Rome in 1566 on account of his works, one ground of accusation being that he signed his name Aonius instead of Antonius, which evidently showed his detestation of the Cross in the letter T.

Caesar Baronius, the author of a stupendous work 'Annales Ecclesiastici' (1588–93), would have attained to the Papal throne but for his work, which proved that Sicily belonged to the Pope and not to the King of Spain. This so enraged Philip III, who was master of Italy at the time, that he forbade his election. The disappointment and ill-health brought on by hard study killed him, and two booksellers who had copies of his work on their shelves were sent to the galleys.

Passing over John Michael Bruto, who by his 'History of Florence' incurred the wrath of the Medici and was forced to seek safety in exile, the Jesuit Berruyer, and Louis Elias Dupin, I may mention the Italian Peter Giannone, whose 'History of the Kingdom of Naples' caused his death in prison in 1758. He sought safety at Geneva, but a certain nobleman pretended to be his friend, admired his writings, invited him to dinner at a farm not far from Geneva, which happened to be in the Kingdom

of Savoy. The repast was scarcely over when the soldiers of the King of Sardinia entered and conveyed their prisoner to St. Angelo, where he died.

De Thou's history of his own time incurred the wrath of Richelieu, and caused sorrow, disappointment, and death not only to the author, but also the execution of his son, Frederick Augustus de Thou, who was pursued by the undying animosity of the powerful minister. Among other historians who have suffered are Beaumelle, the writer of the 'Memoires and Letters of Madame de Maintenon,' John Mariana the Spaniard, Count Primi, the author of the history of the war in Holland in 1672, the Swedish historian Rudbeck.

Anthony Urseus, of Forli, finished a great work, and left his study, wherein was a lighted lamp. During his absence the fatal flame enveloped his books and papers, and the poor author on his return went mad, beating his head against the door of his house raving blasphemous words. Few authors have had the bravery of Carlyle, who, when his 'French Revolution' was burnt by the thoughtlessness of his friend's servant, could calmly return to fight his battle over again, and reproduce the MS of that immortal work of which hard fate had cruelly deprived him.

The thorny subject of politics has had many victims, and not a few English authors who have dealt in statecraft have suffered on account of their works. The way to the block was worn hard by the feet of many pilgrims, and the fires of Smithfield have shed a lurid glare over this melancholy page of English history.

One of the earliest victims was John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, whose book against the divorce of Henry practically sealed his fate, before the question of the king's supremacy sharpened the headman's axe. Cardinal Pole's 'Pro unitate Ecclesiæ' drew down the wrath of Henry on several members of his family, including his mother, though the author with much difficulty escaped the spies and assassins of the enraged monarch. Udal and Penry, the chief authors of the Marprelate books, were executed, and Hacket, Coppinger, Arthrington, and Greenwood all felt the vengeance of the Star Chamber. Dr. Cowell, the author of the 'Interpreter' (1607) and of the 'Institutiones juris Anglicani' (1605) was sent to prison, and escaped the hangman; but Fuller tells us that his death occurred soon after the condemnation of his book, and was hastened by his troubles.

Dr. Leighton, on account of his 'Syon's Plea against Prelacy' (1628) was committed to the Fleet Prison for life, had to pay £10,000, degraded from the ministry, whipped at the pillory at Westminster, his ears cut off, his nose slit, and branded in the face with S.S. (Sower of Sedition), a sentence sufficiently severe to deter any rash scribe from authorship.

Maiming an author, cutting off his hands, or ears, or nose, seem to have been favourite methods of criticism in the sixteenth century.

John Stubbs, on account of his "Discoverie of a Gaping Gulf whereinto England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns by letting her Majestie see the

sin and punishment thereof" (1579), was subjected to the loss of his right hand, which was cut off at Westminster by a butcher's knife and mallet. With amazing loyalty Stubbs took off his cap with his left hand and shouted "Long live Queen Elizabeth." Page, the bookseller, suffered with him. This is not the only instance of publishers and booksellers sharing the fate of authors. The printer of a conference about the next succession to the Crown (1594) was hanged, drawn, and quartered, but the authors, Parsons, Cardinal Allen, and Sir Francis Englefield were safe beyond seas.

William Prynne, the author of 'Histriomastrix, or the Player's Scourge,' was one of the most famous victims of the Star Chamber. He had to stand in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, lose both his ears, and pay a fine of £5000, and to be imprisoned for life. His 'News from Ipswich' cost him another £5000, the deprivation of the rest of his ears, which a merciful executioner had spared, and to be branded S.L. (Schismatical Libeller).

John Selden, on account of his 'De Decimis,' suffered a long period of imprisonment. John Tutchin's 'Observator,' Delanne's 'Plea for the Nonconformists,' Samuel Johnson's 'Julian the Apostate,' were other fatal books; and all men mourn the fate of Algernon Sidney, who perished on the scaffold on account of his political opinions and his book 'Discourse on the Government,' a MS discovered at his house which furnished his enemies with a pretext for his condemnation, though the book contained nothing worse than the propositi[illegible] that kings were subject to the law, and such cop[illegible]

book platitudes as that "Liberty is the mother of virtue, and slavery the mother of vice."

We will omit foreign political writers, but I may just mention the names of Edmund Richer, John de Falkemberg, Pietro Sarpi, Jerome Maggi, Jean Lenoir, Simon Linquet, Abbé Caveirac, and Darigrand.

Authors have often been compelled to eat their words, but the operation has seldom been performed literally. One Theodore Reinking, a Dane, lamenting the diminished glory of his voice after the Thirty Years' War, wrote 'Dania ad exteros de perfidia Succorum' (1644). It was not a very excellent work, neither was its author a learned or accurate historian, but it aroused the anger of the Swedes, who cast Reinking into prison, where he remained many years. At length he was offered his freedom on the condition that he should either lose his head or eat his book. Our author preferred the latter alternative, and with admirable cleverness devoured the book when he had converted it into a kind of sauce. For his own sake we trust his work was not a ponderous or bulky volume.

The dealers in the Black Art, Astrologers, Alchemists, and Magicians have sometimes suffered for their works. The more noted was Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a man of noble birth and learned in Medicine, Law, and Theology. His supposed devotion to necromancy and his adventurous career have made his story a favourite one for romance writers. Beyond exile and imprisonment he suffered little for his writings. Joseph Francis Borri, a famous chemist and charlatan, the author of 'The Key of

the Cabinet of Borri,' suffered perpetual imprisonment in the Castle of St. Angelo. Urban Grandier, the author of 'La Cordonnier de Loudun,' a victim of Richelieu, accused of casting spells of witchcraft on the Ursuline Nuns of Loudun, was burnt; and Dr. Dee, our English astrologer, fell into poverty, and died in misery, his downfall being brought about partly by his works, but mainly by his unfortunate connection with the impostor Kelly.

I have rather an affection for this poor Dr. Dee, occult philosopher, mathematician, astrologer. If it had not been for his relations with that arch-villain Kelly he would have left to posterity the fame of a learned author, a reformer of the calendar, a collector of MSS, and a man at whose feet the imperious Queen Elizabeth and five emperors were content to sit as humble learners. He was a great scholar and the friend of scholars. His book, 'Liber Mysteriorum, or True Relations with the Spirits,' was published by Dr. Casanbon fifty years after Dr. Dee's death. In his later years we find him in poverty and wretchedness, pawning his plate and his wife's jewels, running into debt incredibly tormented with shame, "pinched for meat, drink, fewel, and cloathes," and dying at Mortlake a broken aged man. No life has been written of this sage. After 300 years' neglect this is to be remedied by Miss Charlotte Fell Smith, whose work is to appear this year, and who will doubtless do justice to the astrologer's memory.

To sit in the seat of the scorner has often proved dangerous, as the writers of satires and lampoons have found to their cost. Few victims of satirists

are like Frederick the Great, who said that experience had taught him to be a good post-horse, going through his daily stage, and caring nothing for the curs that barked at him along the road.

Count Roger Rabutin de Bussy was one of the princes of satire, but he jested dangerously at the court of the Grand Monarque, and his book caused him trouble. He earned the title of the French Petronius by lashing with his satirical pen the debaucheries of Louis and his court after the same manner in which the Roman philosopher ridiculed the depravity of Nero and his satellites. A little story comes in here which shows that it is not always wise to trust the ladies. He wrote a book, 'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules,' in which he spared few of the ladies of the court. He had a great friend the Marchioness de Beaume, and showed her the MS. But the best of friends sometimes quarrel, and unfortunately the author Count and the Countess quarelled while yet the MS was in her possession. A grand opportunity for revenge thus presented itself. She showed the severe verses to the ladies of the court, and they were very angry, and carried their complaints to the King, who sent poor Bussy to the Bastille, and then doomed him to perpetual exile.

The Italian satirist Trojan Boccalini, the elegance of whose style, his witticisms, and fine satire have earned for him the title of the Italian Lucian, on account of his books was seized at Venice by four hired assassins, cast on a couch, and beaten to death with bags filled with sand. Another Italian, Pietro Aretino, a venal, obscene, and unscrupulous

blackmailer, died at Venice in 1557. Some say he was beaten to death, others that he died through laughing at some unpleasant jests.

Giovanni Chinelli offended the doctor of the Grand Duke of Florence by his book 'Bibliotheca volans,' which was burnt by the hangman, and its author imprisoned and banished. Nicholas Francus, another Italian, a true poet, who satirised Pope Pius IV, was by his successor Pius V hanged. Lorenzo Valla only just escaped the fire; and Ferranti Pallavicino, a witty canon, paid the penalty of his rashness in attacking Pope Urban VIII and the Barberini by a cruel death in the Papal palace at Avignon at the early age of twenty-nine years. Our own Daniel Defoe for his 'Shortest Way with Dissenters' (1702) was condemned to the pillory and prison and his book to the flames. But all the venom of satirical writers seem to have been collected by that strange author, Gasper Scioppius, who had such a singular lust for powerful invective that he cared not whom he attacked, and made himself abhorred by all. This Attila of authors was born in Germany in 1576, went to Rome, abjured Protestantism, was raised to high honour by Pope Clement VIII. He wrote against James I, and saw his books burnt in London and Paris. This public pest of letters wrote 104 works (authors were tremendously industrious and prolific in those days) was imprisoned at Venice, and would have been slain but for the protection of a powerful Venetian. He died hated by all parties in 1649 at Padua.

Of unfortunate poets I might mention Adrian

Beverland, a vicious poet whose poems and his book 'De Peccata originali' were burnt at Leyden. Being exiled he came to England, and very unworthily obtained a pension through his friend Isaac Vossius, Canon of Windsor. He died insane. Cecco or François di Stabili was burnt at Bologna in 1327. The absurdities contained in his poems merited for their author a place in a lunatic asylum rather than at the stake. The adventures of George Buchanan, the Scottish poet, author of 'Silva Franciscanorum,' are well known. His work was a satire on the degenerate sons of St. Francis, who seized and imprisoned him in one of their monasteries, whence he contrived to escape. He was the tutor of King James I of England, who did not approve of his 'History of Scotland,' and ordered it to be proclaimed at the Market Cross, and every possessor to bring his copy to be purged of offensive matter. The University of Oxford ordered his 'De jure regni' to be publicly burnt.

Charles Marot was imprisoned on account of his poetical version of the Psalms, and found refuge in Geneva. Casper Weiser lost his head on account of a simple couplet. The story is worth telling. He was a professor at Lund, Sweden, and wrote a panegyric on the coronation of Charles XI, King of Sweden. When Lund was captured by the Danes in 1676, he greeted the conqueror with the lines:

> "Perge Triumphator reliquas submittere terras,
> Sic redit ad Dominum quod fuit ante suum."

Unfortunately for him the Swedish monarch expelled the Danes, heard of this unfortunate verse, and the

poor poet was accused of treason and beheaded. John Williams in 1619 was hanged, drawn, and quartered on account of two poems, 'Balaam's Ass' and 'Speculum Regis,' which he foolishly sent in a box to James I and foretold the King's speedy death; and a simple poem on the arrest of the young Pretender in 1749 at the opera house in Paris, confined Deforges for three long years in a cage in the gloomy fortress of Mont St. Michael. Voltaire suffered a year's imprisonment in the Bastille on account of a satirical poem on Louis XIV, and we could name many others who suffered on account of their poems, and dramatists, too, who shared their fate.

It would be possible to enlarge this paper with the record of the booksellers and publishers who have been condemned with authors on account of their books. One printer was fined £3000 for the omission of a single word in one of the commandments, his Bible, called the Wicked Bible, being now much sought after by collectors. The widow of a German printer objected to the supremacy of husbands, and desired to revise the text of the passage in the Scriptures, which speaks of the subjection of wives (Gen. iii, 16). The original text is, "He shall be thy lord." For *herr* in this German version she substituted *narr*, and made the reading, "He shall be thy fool." It is said that she paid the penalty of death for this strange assertion of woman's rights. But I must forbear to give other instances of printers who have suffered.

We have still a list far too long of literary martyrs whose works have proved fatal to them, and yet whose names have not been mentioned. These are

they who have sacrificed their lives, their health and fortunes, for the sake of their works, and who had no sympathy with the saying of a professional hack writer, "Till fame appears to be worth more than money, I shall always prefer money to fame." For the labours of their lives they have received no compensation at all. Health, eyesight, and even life itself have been devoted to the service of mankind, who have shown themselves somewhat ungrateful recipients of their bounty. Some of the more illustrious scholars indeed enjoy a posthumous fame,—their names are still honoured; their works are still read and studied by the learned,—but what countless multitudes are those who have sacrificed their all, and yet slumber in nameless graves, the ocean of oblivion having long since washed out the footprints they hoped to leave upon the shifting sands of Time! Of these we have no record.

Fatal indeed have their works and love of literature proved to be to many a luckless author. No wonder that many of them have vowed, like Borgarutius, that they would write no more nor spend their life-blood for the sake of so fickle a mistress, or so thankless a public.

In these days of omnivorous readers, the position of authors has decidedly improved. We no longer see the half-starved poets bartering their sonnets for a meal, learned scholars pining in Newgate; nor is "half the pay of a scavenger" considered sufficient remuneration for recondite treatises. It has been the fashion of authors of all ages to complain bitterly of their own times. Bayle calls it an epidemical disease in the republic of letters, and poets seem

especially liable to this complaint. Usually those who are most favoured by fortune bewail their fate with vehemence; while poor and unfortunate authors write cheerfully. To judge from his writings one would imagine that Balzac pined in poverty; whereas he was living in the greatest luxury, surrounded by friends who enjoyed his hospitality. Oftentimes this language of complaint is a sign of ingratitude of authors towards their age, rather than a testimony of the ingratitude of the age towards authors. Thus did the French poet Pays abuse his fate: "I was born under a certain star, whose malignity cannot be overcome; and I am so persuaded of the power of this malevolent star, that I accuse it of all misfortunes, and I never lay the fault upon anybody." He has courted Fortune in vain. She will have nought to do with his addresses, and it would be just as foolish to afflict oneself because of an eclipse of the sun or moon, as to be grieved on account of the changes which Fortune is pleased to cause. Many other writers speak in the same fretful strain. There is now work for all who have the taste, ability, and knowledge requisite in the vast field of literature; and few authors now find their books fatal to them—except perhaps to their reputation, when they deserve the critics' censures. The writers of novels certainly have no cause to complain of the unkindness of the public and their lack of appreciation, and the vast numbers of novels which are produced every year would have certainly astonished the readers of thirty or forty years ago.

For the production of learned works which appeal only to a few scholars, modern authors have the aid

of the Clarendon Press and other institutions. But in spite of all the advantages which modern authors enjoy, the great demand for literature of all kinds, the justice and fair dealing of publishers, the adequate remuneration which is usually received for their works, the favourable laws of copyright—in spite of all these and other advantages, the lamentable woes of authors have not yet ceased. The leaders of literature can hold their own, and prosper well; but the men who stand in the second, third, or fourth rank in the great literary army, have still cause to bewail the unkindness of the blind goddess who contrives to see sufficiently to avoid all their approaches to her.

For these brave, but often disheartened, toilers that noble institution, the Royal Literary Fund, has accomplished great things. During a period of more than a century it has carried on its beneficent work, relieving poor struggling authors when poverty and sickness have laid them low; and it has proved itself to be a "nursing mother" to the wives and children of literary martyrs who have been quite unable to provide for the wants of their distressed families. The foundation of the Royal Literary Fund arose from the feelings of pity and regret excited by the death of Floyer Sydenham in a debtors' prison. It is unnecessary to record its history, its noble career of unobtrusive usefulness in saving from ruin and ministering consolation to those unhappy authors who have been wounded in the world's warfare, and who, but for the Literary Fund, would have been left to perish on the hard battlefield of life. We may be thankful that this

Fund exists to prevent, as far as possible, any more distressing cases of literary martyrdom, which have so often stained the sad pages of our literary history.

In spite of the sorry fate that has befallen many a scribe, in spite of these stories I have told, those who have acquired the love of letters, and that ardent desire to commit their thoughts to paper and to be read of all men, will not be deterred from their pursuit by the warnings of other writers' misfortunes. So sanguine are the lettered sons of men, so eager are they to take the one chance in a thousand, so laden are legions with rhyme, or facts, or a message, or a mission, that not even the chronicle of a hundred martyrs, who have had nothing except sorrow for their pains, will deter hundreds more from risking the modified misfortunes of a twentieth century author.

> "Ah well! 'tis not so much to win the bays!
> Uncrowned or crowned—the struggle still delights;
> It is this effort, not the palm we praise."

And the learned Fellows of this Society who work and toil by light of midnight lamp, weaving from their brains page upon page of lore and learning, wearing their lives out, all for the sake of an ungrateful public, which scarcely stops to thank the toiler for his pains, it will be pleasant to them to feel safe and free from the stern critic's ways of former days, as it is to watch the storms and tempests of the sea from the secure retreat of their study chair. And if at any time a cross-grained reviewer should treat their cherished book with scorn, and presume to ridicule their sentiment and

scoff at their style (which Heaven forfend !), let them console themselves that they live in peaceable and enlightened times, and need fear that no greater evil can befall them than the lash of his satire and the bitterness of his caustic pen. After the manner of their race they will tempt Fortune again. May they proceed and prosper. Valete.

ROBERT BROWNING'S DEBT TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

BY THE REV. J. ARBUTHNOT NAIRN, LITT.D., B.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read April 28th, 1909.]

THE theme of the paper which I have the honour of reading before this Society to-day is a wide and ample theme. It is concerned with the works of a writer of exceptional fertility, whose period of literary activity covered no fewer than fifty-seven years.* Robert Browning (as we shall see) was from boyhood to old age an ardent student of the Greek and Latin Classics, and he devoted to classical subjects some of his longest and most important poems.

Thus my material is almost bewildering in its variety. My object this afternoon, however, will be to keep as far as possible to general principles rather than to go into each poem in detail. The question before us is this: what was the nature and the extent of the influence exerted by the classical writers of Greece and Rome upon the substance, and upon the form, of Robert Browning's poetry?

In endeavouring to answer this question I propose first to consider the width and the depth of Browning's knowledge of the classical literatures, and afterwards to deal with certain of his works

* From 1832 to 1889.

which bear the clearest proof of classical influence. Among these works some will require fuller treatment than others: and so I propose to give special attention to that important section of Browning's work which centres round the Greek dramatists Aeschylus and Euripides.

That Browning's study of Greek, at least, began early was pointed out by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, who drew attention to certain classical allusions* in 'Pauline' (written in 1832, when the poet was twenty). To these reference will be made presently: but still earlier study of Greek by Browning is proved by a famous passage in his poem 'Development,'† contained in the volume 'Asolando: Fancies and Facts' (which was published on the day of Browning's death in 1889). From this delightful snatch of autobiography you will allow me, I hope, to quote the salient part. This is how the poem begins:

"My father was a scholar and knew Greek.
When I was five years old, I asked him once,
'What do you read about?' 'The siege of Troy.'
'What is a siege, and what is Troy?' Whereat
He piled up chairs and tables for a town,
Set me a-top for Priam, called our cat
Helen, enticed away from home (he said)
By wicked Paris, who couched somewhere close
Under the footstool, being cowardly,
But whom, since she was worth the pains, poor puss,
Towzer and Tray—our dogs, the Atreidai,—sought
By taking Troy to get possession of.

* For instance, to Plato (vol. i, p. 7), and to Aeschylus and Euripides (vol. i, p. 9). The edition quoted throughout this paper is that of Smith Elder: 2 vols., 1899.

† Vol. ii, p. 766, of the two-volume edition.

Always when great Achilles ceased to sulk
(My pony in the stable), forth would prance
And put to flight Hector, our page-boy's self.
This taught me who was who and what was what."

Two or three years later, so the poem tells us, Browning's father * handed him Pope's translation of Homer; and, later still, Browning was pronounced to be quite ready for the 'Iliad' in the original. He began his Greek studies with the excellent injunction from his father—

"Don't skip a word; thumb well the Lexicon."

We gather that Browning was able to read Homer in the Greek at the age of twelve. For Homer he retained a great affection all through his life. Thus he tells us (also in 'Development') that all the destructive criticism of the Germans, from Wolf (author of the famous 'Prolegomena') onwards, failed to shake his belief in one great poet Homer, or in an actual city of Troy; and that nothing could

"Wring from the shrine my precious tenantry,
Helen, Ulysses, Hector and his spouse,
Achilles and his friend."

We may thus add Browning to the long list of English poets who have derived inspiration from the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey'; and we should observe that Browning sought his inspiration not (like Keats) from translations of Homer, but (like Milton) from the fountain head. From Homer's

* For a description of his literary attainments see Orr-Kenyon, p. 11. He used to lull Robert to sleep by humming an ode of Anacreon (in these notes, Orr-Kenyon stands for Dr. F. G. Kenyon's edition, one vol., Smith Elder, 1908, of the 'Life and Letters of Robert Browning' by Mrs. Orr).

very mouth he caught that large utterance which we see already in 'Pauline'; the "grand style" which Matthew Arnold assigns to Homer has thus passed to Homer's disciple.

To the Greek drama no reference is made in 'Development'; but it is certain that a poet of such strongly marked dramatic instinct must have been, in very early years, drawn to the study of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. So in 'Pauline,' where he describes his own poetical training and growth, he alludes to the impression made upon him by the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus, the 'Ajax' of Sophocles, and the 'Orestes' of Euripides.*

> "Music, my life,
> Nourished me more than ever; then the lore
> Loved for itself and all it shews—that king
> Treading the purple calmly to his death,
> While round him, like the clouds of eve, all dusk,
> The giant shades of fate, silently flitting,
> Pile the dim outline of the coming doom:
> And him sitting alone in blood while friends
> Are hunting far in the sunshine: and the boy
> With his white breast and brow and clustering curls
> Streaked with his mother's blood, but striving hard
> To tell his story ere his reason goes."

We may also compare the fine passage which begins—

> "They came to me in my first dawn of life
> Which passed alone with wisest ancient books."†

References to Aeschylus and to Euripides are

* i, p. 9. 'Artemis Prologizes' was suggested by the 'Hippolytus,' and was to have been part of a longer poem on the same subject.

† Vol. i, p. 6 ('Pauline').

frequent, especially to Euripides. To Sophocles there are few allusions. One is in 'Pauline' *:

> ". . . I will read great lays to thee: how she,
> The fair pale sister, went to her chill grave
> With power to love and to be loved and live."

(the allusion is to Antigone); and Sophocles is also mentioned by name in 'The Ring and the Book.' †

> "O law, of thee how neatly it was said
> By that old Sophocles, thou hast thy seat
> I' the very breast of Jove."

The passage of Sophocles here alluded to is from the 'Oedipus Coloneus.' ‡

To the three tragic poets of Athens we must add the comic poet Aristophanes, whom Browning studied with exceptional thoroughness. The proof of this lies in 'Aristophanes' Apology,' where Browning shows minute acquaintance not only with the extant plays of Aristophanes, but also with the smallest fragments of plays now lost.

Thus the Greek authors with whom Browning shows special familiarity are Homer and the Attic dramatists, including Aristophanes. But his reading covered a very wide range. Beginning with Homer § and Hesiod, we pass to Pindar, then to Herodotus ('Pheidippides,' first part) the Attic dramatists, Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle (end of 'Development') and so on to Plutarch, from whom Browning derives the background of 'Balaustion's

* Vol. i, p. 14.

† Vol. ii, p. 211.

‡ v. 1382: Jebb translates, "If indeed Justice sits with Zeus in the might of the eternal laws."

§ This list of authors does not claim to be complete; but I believe no author of importance has been omitted.

Adventure,' and also the famous description, in 'Aristophanes' Apology,' of the destruction of the Long Walls of Athens, and the sparing of Athens herself owing to the pathetic associations called up by a chorus from Euripides' 'Electra'; a story utilised before Browning by Milton in one of his sonnets.

The story of 'Echetlos' is from Pausanias. The latter part of 'Pheidippides' is from Lucian. 'Pambo' is based apparently on Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian (middle of the fourth century of our era). The story of 'Protus' is, as Mr. Birrell reminds us, without warrant of history; but it exactly reflects the age of the Byzantine Chronoclers. The story of the harpist and the cricket (cicada) which ends the poem 'The two Poets of Croisic' is from Paulus Silentiarius, a poet of the Greek Anthology, who wrote in the sixth century A.D. Thus Browning's range of Greek, from Homer to Paulus Silentiarius, is a wider one than many professed scholars cover; and we see from 'Aristophanes' Apology' that width of reading was quite consistent with depth, and with the subtlest critical appreciation.

We are now able to picture to ourselves Browning in his own words as he sits and reads. Some early verses of 'By the Fireside' do this service for us.*

"I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
O'er a great wise book, as beseemeth age,
While the shutters flap as the cross wind blows
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!

* i, p. 281.

Till the young ones whisper, finger on lip,
'There he is at it, deep in Greek.' "

If we had been able to look over Browning's shoulder as he read we should, I fancy, have found that the book was a copy of Euripides,* or of Homer, or (in prose) Plato. His love of fine editions of the classics is well shown by 'Pippa Passes': the sculptor Jules shows his books to Phene, his bride:†

"What gaze you at? Those? Books, I told you of.
Let your first word to me rejoice them too.
This minion, a Coluthus, writ in red
Bistre and azure by Bessarion's scribe.
Read this line. No, shame,—Homer's be the Greek
First breathed me from the lips of my Greek girl!
This Odyssey, in coarse black vivid type
With faded yellow blossoms 'twixt page and page,
To mark great places with due gratitude."

In 'Bishop Blougram's Apology' you may remember an allusion to

"Little Greek books with the funny type
They get up well at Leipsic."

That Browning's love for all things Greek comprehended Greek art in general in its embrace, and especially Greek sculpture, could be shown from 'Cleon' or from 'Pippa Passes' if our purpose today were not exclusively with the literature. Also in 'Aristophanes' Apology' he expresses through Balaustion the passionate sorrow of a lover of

* In 1862 the only book which he took with him to Biarritz was a copy of Euripides (Orr-Kenyon, p. 250).
† i, p. 205.

Greece who sees the downfall of the home of Greek art and culture, viz. Athens.

If now we turn to consider Browning's knowledge of Latin, we are at first inclined to come to the conclusion that he knew less Latin than Greek. It is true that he does not base any of his longer poems, at least, on a Latin theme in the sense in which, for example, 'Balaustion's Adventure' is based on a Greek theme. Thus the poem entitled 'Instans Tyrannus' bears a motto taken from a phrase in Horace's 'Odes'; but the poem is not Horatian either in treatment or in phrasing. It is also true that references to Latin authors are not scattered so freely up and down Browning's works as are references to Greek authors. Nevertheless the 'Ring and the Book,' based on a story of Italy at the end of the seventeenth century, contains abundant proof, especially in its later portions, that Browning's knowledge of Latin also was both wide and thorough. For instance, he employs Latin freely in the narrative of Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, Pauperum Procurator, and of Juris Doctor Johannes Baptista Bottinius. That of Dominus Hyacinthus is (as Mr. Birrell states in his edition) so full of Latin, and its humour turns so much upon Latin phrases, "as hardly to repay the trouble of reading to anyone not acquainted with that language." In using the two-volume edition of Browning by Mr. Birrell it appeared that in the first volume scarcely any Latin quotation or reference to Latin authors or to Roman life could be found; whereas in the second volume, and especially in 'The Ring and the Book,' such allusions

are common. It seems probable that, with a view to writing 'The Ring and the Book,' Browning, in 1862 and following years, prepared himself by conscientiously reading through all the Latin Classics. Thus in the second volume of Mr. Birrell's edition we find references to Plautus, Terence, Catullus, Cicero, Ovid, Livy, Persius, Seneca, Juvenal, and Martial. References to, and quotations from, Virgil and Horace,* are especially frequent.

Of Virgil's work, the 'Eclogues,' 'Georgics,' and 'Aeneid' all come under contribution; an entire poem, 'Pan and Luna,' is based on a passage in the third 'Georgic' (vv. 391—3).

Nor does Browning forget the almost superstitious respect paid in the Middle Ages to Virgil. Thus he refers to the practice of opening Virgil at random and deducing omens from the first verse read ('The Pope' in 'Ring and the Book') †; and he makes Guido (in the same poem) quote Virgil as an authority on the early history of the noble families of Italy.‡

If, however, one Roman author can be singled out from the rest as especially dear to Browning, it is Horace, whose 'Odes' and 'Satires' are often quoted. Strangely enough, the Epistles do not seem to be quoted, though their ripe and somewhat worldly wisdom might have been expected to attract Browning more than either 'Odes' or 'Satires.' In one passage ('Fifine at the Fair')§ Browning

* For a description of the literary circle at the court of Augustus see the poem, 'Imperante Augusto natus est': ii, p. 764.

† Vol. ii, p. 220.

‡ Vol. ii, p. 272.

§ Vol. ii, p. 351 (Sect. 82).

practically translates a portion of the well-known 'Ode' to Virgil in Horace's First Book.*

> ". . . I class
> With those around whose breast grew oak and brass:
> Who dreaded no degree of death, but with dry eyes
> Surveyed the turgid main and its monstrosities,
> And rendered futile so the prudent power's decree
> Of separate earth and disassociating sea.
> Since how is it observed if impious vessels leap
> Across, and tempt a thing they should not touch, the deep ?"

As in Greek we saw that Browning ranged wide and far, so in Latin he ranged from Plautus and Terence (200 B.C.) to Priscian (500 A.D.). You may remember that those who read the daily office of the Church in mediaeval Latin "broke Priscian's head," *i.e.* his grammatical rules.† Browning's knowledge of the still later Latinity (legal and juristic) of mediaeval times is proved by 'The Ring and the Book.'

We are now in a position to answer the question with which we began, as to the width and depth of Browning's knowledge of the Classics; and we can say that in both Greek and Latin he reached a high standard of scholarly appreciation. He was much more than a mere copier of the phraseology of the ancients, or plagiarist of their picturesque epithets. In the weight of learning and in the ease with which he carried it and the aptness with which he employed it he reminds us of a great Elizabethan whom he resembles in other respects also (for instance, in the ruggedness of his style): Ben Jonson. Perhaps

* Hor., 'Od.,' i, 3, 17 foll.

† 'Ring and the Book' (Giuseppe Caponsacchi), vol. ii, p. 121.

we shall be still nearer the mark if we say that in the union of the qualities above-named with a wonderfully subtle and metaphysical turn of mind he represents both Ben Jonson and John Donne (1573—1631) Dean of St. Paul's, and founder of the metaphysical school of poetry in England.

In Browning's many classical quotations and allusions there are one or two slips; but the number of these is very small. One of them was noticed by Browning himself, and the correction incorporated in verse, as Mrs. Orr points out. Near the end of 'Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau'* we read—

> "'Clitumnus' did I say?
> As if it had been his ox-whitening wave
> Whereby folk practised that grim cult of old,
> The murder of their temple's priest by who
> Would qualify for his succession. Sure
> Nemi was the true lake's style."

This is a reference to an earlier passage in the same poem:

> "Well, how was it the due succession fell
> From priest to priest who ministered i' the cool
> Calm fane of the Clitumnian god?"

Those who know Dr. Frazer's 'Golden Bough' will remember the description of the true scene of the ever-renewed tragedy of

> "The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain."

Clitumnus then is a *lapsus memoriae* for Nemi.

* Vol. ii, p. 319, compare p. 317.

In the 'Ring and the Book' Bottinius has—

"And thus I end, *tenax proposito.*"*

But Horace† has, and good Latin requires, the genitive (*iustum ac tenacem propositi virum*).

Also, there is a Greek line (from the 'Prometheus Vinctus' of Aeschylus) quoted twice in 'Fifine at the Fair'‡ with a word ἤπερ instead of ἤ (θεόσυτος ἢ βρότειος ἤπερ κεκραμένη). The substitution of ἤπερ (=than even) for ἤ (= or) spoils both the sense and the rhythm of Aeschylus' phrase.

But these are merely spots in the sun. We must now turn to weightier matters. Of the many subjects suggested by the classical lore of Browning there are two which appear to merit special consideration. One is the reference made to Greek thought on the immortality of the soul, in one of Browning's latest poems ('Gerard de Lairesse'§ in 'Parleyings with certain People.') The other subject, with which I shall conclude my paper, is Browning's treatment of Aeschylus and of Euripides respectively, with which subject goes his theory of translation from the Classics illustrated by, on the one hand, the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus; on the other hand, the 'Alcestis' and the 'Hercules Furens' of Euripides.

Gerard de Lairesse was a Flemish painter who died in 1711. In the poem named after him, Browning thus speaks of the spirit of Greek lore:

* Vol. ii, p. 216.

† Hor., 'Od.,' iii, 3, 1.

‡ Vol. ii, pp. 340 and 367 (where it is in the neuter).

§ We should not forget the wonderful descriptions of Prometheus and Artemis in this poem (vol. ii, p. 718).

"What was the best Greece babbled of as truth?
A shade, a wretched nothing, sad, thin, drear,
Cold, dark, it holds on to the lost loves here.
. . . . Sad school
Was Hades! Gladly (might the dead but slink
To life back) to the dregs once more would drink
Each interloper, drain the humblest cup
Fate mixes for humanity."

In this description of Greek ideas as to a future life, Browning seems scarcely to do justice to the Greek belief in the immortality of the soul, and in the full enjoyment of all bodily and mental activities in the life to come, such as we find expressed most memorably by Plato in the 'Apology of Socrates' and in the 'Phaedo,' but also held by other Greeks long before. One of the earliest Greek writers who gave expression to this belief in the immortality and in the continued activity of the soul is Pindar, who deduces the doctrine from the kinship existing between God and man. The divine nature in man does not allow us—so Pindar held—to think that this life is all we can expect. After Pindar Euripides, after Euripides Plato expounded the same view, as has been well shown in recent years by a distinguished student of Greek thought whose loss will long be felt by scholars—the late Dr. James Adam.*

When, therefore, Browning in this poem ('Gerard de Lairesse') refers to Moschus' famous lament for the dead poet Bion—

"Spring for the tree and herb, no spring for us,"

* See the 'Cambridge Prælections' (1906), pp. 29 to 67.

and takes this as "the best Greece babbled of as truth," he forgets that the best thought of Greece was never limited to the idea of this present life as the only sphere allotted to man for the display of his energies. The Greeks had, with their own limitations, and with narrower vision of the truth, nevertheless prepared the way for the acceptance of the full Christian doctrine of a life beyond the grave which is to be found in the writings of St. Paul.

We now come to Browning's treatment of the two Athenian dramatists, Aeschylus and Euripides. These two poets have always been regarded as strongly contrasted types; as early as the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes (404 B.C.) we see the contrast between them drawn out in a form which has been universally admitted to be fair in the main. Aeschylus is solemn and statuesque; his language is grand and lofty, as befits his characters; but the loftiness of his language becomes exaggerated, and his characters may be found wanting in human interest. The poetry of Euripides, on the other hand, is smooth and fluent, elegant and elaborate. "The stage with him is not an ideal world of superhuman personages; but an everyday world, peopled with everyday folk." *. In fine, "Aeschylus exhibits the mythic past of Hellenic legend: Euripides colours the legends of the past with the tints of the present."

This contrast has then been felt ever since the poets' own time; and Browning shows that he is

* See Merry's introduction to his edition of the 'Frogs' (Clarendon Press), pp. 11 foll.

conscious of it when, for example, in 'Bernard de Mandeville'* ('Parleyings with Certain People') he writes:

> "A myth may teach:
> Only who better would expound it thus
> Must be Euripides, not Aeschylus."

Browning thereupon proceeds to rationalise, after the manner of Euripides, the Aeschylean story of Prometheus, who first brought fire from heaven to benefit mankind.

The contrast, however, between Aeschylus and Euripides is more clearly seen when we take the group of works which contains 'Balaustion's Adventure,' 'Aristophanes' Apology' (with the translation of the 'Hercules Furens' of Euripides which is imbedded therein), and the translation of Aeschylus' 'Agamemnon.' The story of 'Apollo and the Fates' (in 'Parleyings with Certain People') is based both on Aeschylus and Euripides, but the poem is not in the manner of either poet. In 'Balaustion's Adventure' we have partly a recitation, partly a description, of the 'Alcestis' of Euripides. Balaustion, both here and in 'Aristophanes' Apology,' is the avowed partisan of Euripides as the "human" poet. She knows Aeschylus, and sings that song of his which saved at Salamis.†

> "O sons of Greeks, go, set your country free,
> Free your wives, free your children, free the fanes
> O' the gods your fathers founded—sepulchres
> They sleep in! Or save all, or all be lost."

* Vol. ii, p. 693.

† 'Balaustion's Adventure,' vol. i, p. 628.

But for Euripides she has a passion. She saves her own life and that of all the crew by reciting Euripides' 'Alcestis' to the people of Syracuse:

"Then because Greeks are Greeks, and hearts are hearts,
And poetry is power, they all outbroke
In a great joyous laughter with much love,
'Thank Herakles for the good holiday.
Make for the harbour! Row, and let voice ring,
'In we row, bringing more Euripides."
All the crowd, as they lined the harbour now,
'More of Euripides,' took up the cry."

It is—I take it—unnecessary for me to dwell on the characteristics of the 'Alcestis' according to Balaustion's commentary. She professes to explain Euripides: in reality she gives a fresh conception of the characters and their motives, especially of the character of Heracles.* In fact, as has been ably shown by Dr. A. W. Verrall,† Balaustion (or, if we prefer it, Browning) takes the Heracles of the 'Hercules Furens,' a hero conspicuous for his moral nobility as the friend of mankind, and substitutes this Heracles for the semi-comic Heracles of the 'Alcestis,' a character which Browning doubtless felt to be repugnant to his ideas of art. The details of the process of reconstruction through which Browning makes the 'Alcestis' pass in Balaustion's hands may be seen worked out in the first essay in Dr. Verrall's well-known book, 'Euripides the Rationalist.' In 'Aristophanes' Apology' we have an attack made by Aristophanes on Euripides as one "who slanders the world of sense with its beauties

* See 'Browning,' by Stopford Brooke, p. 374.
† In 'Euripides the Rationalist,' pp. 15 to 22.

and its enjoyments, and constantly shows contempt for the natural life." The object of the transcript from Euripides—the 'Hercules Furens'—is to prove that Euripides was more human than Aristophanes professed to think.

A word may in passing be given to the vividness of the portraiture in 'Aristophanes' Apology'; for instance in the scene, suggested perhaps by Plato's 'Symposium,' where Aristophanes bursts into Balaustion's house full of triumph at the success of his 'Thesmophoriazusae,' accompanied by his chorus, no soberer than himself, by flute boys and dancing girls: or in the description of the great comic poet:

> "But huge the eyeballs rolled back native fire,
> Imperiously triumphant: nostrils wide
> Awaited their incense."

Or, again, we may take the scene which awakened the conscience of Aristophanes, when during the festive supper that followed the success of his play a knock comes to the door, and there enters the pale majestic figure of Sophocles. Slowly he passes with bent head up the hall between the two ranks of spectators and announces that Euripides is "dead to-day," and that as a fitting spectacle for the god his own chorus would appear at the greater feast next month clothed in black and without garlands. Then, as silently as he came, Sophocles passes out again. These two great scenes are inspired in the fullest sense by Greek literature and life: they exhibit an intense realization of Athenian

life, pictured with all Browning's force of presentation.

We now pass from 'Balaustion's Adventure' and from 'Aristophanes' Apology' to the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus. First be it said that Browning's admiration for Aeschylus is undoubted. He had known his works from early years, as 'Pauline' shows. He must have read Mrs. Browning's translation of the 'Prometheus' (made in 1833). In 'Sordello' he speaks of

> "The thunder-phrase of the Athenian, grown
> Up out of memories of Marathon."

In 1873, when Browning was at Fontainebleau, he read, we are told, the Greek poets, "especially Aeschylus, to whom he had returned with revived interest and curiosity." * The result is seen in his translation of the 'Agamemnon,' published in 1877. From a careful reading of the preface to that translation it is not difficult to discover that Browning approached his task not altogether in a spirit of reverence for the great Athenian poet, but with the belief that the style, at least, of Aeschylus had been overrated, and that a literal translation would bring him down to his true position. For instance, we read (in the preface) "If, because of the immense fame of the following tragedy, I wished to acquaint myself with it, and could only do so by the help of a translator, I should require him to be literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language." Again, "I would be tolerant, in the case

* Orr-Kenyon, p. 287.

of so immensely famous an original, of even a clumsy attempt to furnish me with the very turn of each phrase in as Greek a fashion as English will bear."

The insistence on the reputation of the 'Agamemnon,' and also the peculiar and well-known qualities of Browning's translation of that play, had already led me to suspect that the motive of this translation was something different from that which led to 'Balaustion's Adventure' or the transcript from 'Hercules Furens.' However, all doubt in the matter is set at rest by a passage from Mrs. Orr's 'Life of Browning.' * The passage is so important that it deserves to be quoted in full:—"Mr. Browning's deep feeling for the humanities of Greek literature, and his almost passionate love for the language, contrasted strongly with his refusal to regard even the first of Greek writers as models of literary style. The pretensions raised for them on this ground were inconceivable to him: and his translation of the 'Agamemnon' . . . was partly made, I am convinced, for the pleasure of exposing these claims and of rebuking them. His preface to the transcript gives evidence of this. The glee with which he pointed to it when it first appeared was no less significant."

As to the translation itself, most are agreed that the literalness at which Browning aimed is carried to excess: that the turn of the phrases is more Greek than English will bear. We may share that antipathy which Browning elsewhere (in 'Development') expresses in regard to those translations which the French call *les belles infidèles*:

* Orr-Kenyon, p. 294.

"Translation, if you please,
Exact: no pretty lying that improves,
To suit the modern taste."

But there are certain limits beyond which even the commendable practice of literalness cannot be carried without doing violence to the genius of the language into which the translation is being made. Horace has given wise counsel ('Ars Poetica,' 133): *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus interpres.* The ruggedness of Aeschylus is reproduced: but the "mighty line," the noble rhythm of chorus or of dialogue, the grandeur of his diction, has disappeared.

It would be a fascinating, though a perilous enterprise, to analyse the working of Browning's mind in regard to Aeschylus and to Euripides respectively, and to show why he admired Euripides so much more than Aeschylus. Here are one or two possible reasons. In Aeschylus he may have disliked a turgid and bombastic quality of phrase (rather like Marlowe's 'Tamburlaine'), which appears, as it so happens, somewhat frequently in the 'Agamemnon.' With Euripides, on the other hand, Browning had a close affinity of style, at least in his later work. That "hard, dry pressure to the point" of which he makes Balaustion speak is an exact description both of Browning at the time of this translation, and also of Euripides' dialogue. But there is an even closer affinity of thought between Browning and Euripides. Euripides was, as has been well said,* the first Greek who pointed beyond the Greek to

* By Professor J. B. Bury, in a paper read before the Browning Society: see 'Browning Society's Papers,' vol. ii, pp. 79—86.

the new world. The beginnings of the modern spirit appear in him; also, his poetry shows that, though man is heavily laden, there is, nevertheless, a principle of deliverance (typified by Heracles), and a hope of safety for humanity. From him we gain the belief that there is an invisible world with the certainty of escape from the ills of the present. Thus in 'Bishop Blougram's Apology':

> "Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,
> A fancy from a flower bell, someone's death,
> A chorus-ending from Euripides:"

these overthrow our confidence that the present life is all, and remind us of another life beyond the grave. Browning most probably found in Euripides just that sudden suspicion of the invisible world which he puts into the lips of Blougram: and his love of Euripides is based on a similarity not only of style, but of thought and of outlook upon life.

The quotation which I made from Mrs. Orr as to Browning's view of the style of the ancient writers helps to explain the peculiar features of the translation of the 'Agamemnon.' It also raises the whole question of style, of form, of manner as contrasted with matter. Much might be said on this subject; but it has been so admirably treated by Mr. Stopford Brooke in his work on Browning that few words are needed here. Browning was, as he reminds us,* in spirit a pure romantic, not a classic. His faults of style are the opposite of the classic poet's excellences:

* 'Browning' (Isbister), pp. 212 foll., 426. Browning's only experiment in classical metres seems to be in 'Ixion' (vol. ii, p. 637), where he uses hexameter and pentameter.

want of measure, want of proportion, want of clearness and simplicity, and of that selective power which knows what to leave out or when to stop. Browning's own feeling as to style is best expressed in the 'Epilogue' to 'Pacchiarotto,' where he sharply criticises his critics. "The poets pour us wine," he says, "and mine is strong: the strong wine of the loves and hates of man. But it is not sweet as well, and my critics object. Were it so, it would be more popular than it is. Sweetness and strength do not go together, and I have strength!" It is a noteworthy fact in regard to the ancients, that Browning mentions Pindar and Aeschylus as two examples cited by his critics of the combination of strength with sweetness.* Browning's reply that he had strength and that this quality was enough does not after all meet the critics. The question is (as Mr. Stopford Brooke points out), is the strength poetical? "It is rough, powerful, and full of humanity. But is it half prose or wholly prose?" In this respect Browning might have learnt much from the classical models, as Tennyson did, who from Homer and Virgil learnt the lesson of tranquillity, of simplicity and clearness: or as Milton, the greatest and most successful imitator of the statuesque quality of the best Greek writers in prose and verse.

The last poem of Browning's which I would recall to you this afternoon is 'A Grammarian's Funeral,'† in which the spirit of the Renaissance finds unique

* Vol. ii, p. 508: compare 'The Inn Album,' vol. ii, p. 426:

"That bard's a Browning; he neglects the form;
But ah! the sense, ye gods, the weighty sense."

† Vol. i, p. 424.

expression. The scene is laid (to use Browning's own words) shortly after the Revival of Learning in Europe. We feel, in reading this poem, as if we actually saw some of the old scholars of the Renaissance at work, and Browning shows how fully he, with all his mighty range of imagination, could nevertheless appreciate labours at which the world often sneers as pedantry. Not only in Greek, or in Latin, but in all languages, our own included, patient and laborious work must be done by the pioneers of the army of progress and enlightenment.

So in 'A Grammarian's Funeral' the knowledge of the Grammarian has been pedantic and minute; but for him it represents a great truth. He refuses to live as the world understands life; and the loftiness of his endeavour is symbolised by the resting place up to which his disciples carry him.*

"Where meteors shoot, clouds form,
  Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
  Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
  Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
  Living and dying."

The poet who could create such a figure as the Grammarian has surely deserved well, not only of Greek scholars, but of the students of all humane letters, irrespective of language and of country. He makes us feel the dignity of the man of letters, the real value of the studies in which we, I take it, are all interested; and he encourages us,

* See Mrs. Orr's handbook (1907), p. 296.

each in his own way, to labour for the cause of enlightenment for which, during nearly sixty years, Robert Browning spent himself freely, and with results of permanent value to mankind.

SOME POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY PROFESSOR F. S. BOAS, M.A., LL.D.

[Read May 26th, 1909.]

MATTHEW ARNOLD, as the son of Dr. Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, was from his youth brought into contact with the highest culture of his time, and found himself at the centre of many of its most stirring intellectual forces. Religious and political discussions were in the air around him; classical, foreign, and English literature all lay open to him. These early influences have left their mark equally upon his verse and his prose, though they are all dominated by his own strong personality. The elder Arnold, while belonging to the liberal school in theology, had based his teaching upon firm and definite religious convictions; from these convictions his son broke away, and throughout his life he was seeking to replace them by something which, like them, would nerve the will, and yield a peace like unto theirs. In this effort he failed, and his finest verse is thus the utterance of a baffled aspiration, a deep-seated despondency: it is one long variation, to use Hutton's words, "on a single theme, the divorce between the soul and the intellect, and the depth of spiritual yearning and regret which that divorce produces." But of the

poetry of pessimism the mid-Victorian age yielded an over-abundant store, and did Arnold give us no more than this, he would not take the rank he does nor wield so peculiar an influence. The distinctive feature of his verse is that joined to the despondency and the yearning there is a tone of haughty, almost imperious self-control; there is an inner resistance to the counsels of despair. We may account partly for this by the influence of the Rugby teaching, with its earnest, strenuous temper, of which he always felt the moral effect, long after he had cut its intellectual ground-work from under his feet. But it is still more due to certain elements in his own personality, a fine egotism that thinks scorn of absolute spiritual defeat, a consciousness of what has been aptly called an "Olympian dignity and grace." And thus he naturally turned to the two poets who have in some measure the same characteristics, Goethe and Wordsworth. And scarcely inferior to the influence on him of these two great moderns was that of the poets of Greece, especially Homer and Sophocles. The repose, the self-control, the chastened severity of Greek art appealed to the kindred qualities of his own mind; they braced and strengthened them; they tempered his melancholy; they were an anodyne to the fever of his spirit. And thus the total impression left by his verse is one, indeed, of despondency, but a despondency kept at bay, powerless to ruffle an inner zone of calm.

It may be of interest this afternoon to examine some of the poems in which his genius and outlook find their most characteristic reflection. It is in verse that tells of the tumult of the soul, of spiritual

fever and unrest that we hear his true lyric cry. Sometimes it has in it the tone of unrelieved despondency. Thus as he stands on Dover Beach at night listening to the ceaseless wash of the waves to and fro on the pebbles, "bringing the eternal note of sadness," this is the thought suggested to his mind:

> "The sea of faith
> Was once too at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world."

The fair shows of the world are only delusive, for it—

> "Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,
> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night."

In the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" we hear the same melancholy note. In utter weariness of the "haste, unrest, and disarray," the mingled hardness and frivolity of the modern world, the poet seeks shelter for a time with the men from whom he is intellectually poles asunder—the Carthusian monks in their cloister of the Grande Chartreuse.

The austere and solemn rhythm of Arnold's verse is in consonance with the austere and solemn rule of the Alpine monastery:

"The silent courts, where night and day
Into their stone-carved basins cold
The splashing icy fountains play!
The humid corridors behold
Where, ghostlike in the deepening night
Cowl'd forms brush by in gleaming white.

"The chapel, where no organ's peal
Invests the stern and naked prayer—
With penitential cries they kneel
And wrestle; rising then, with bare
And white uplifted faces stand
Passing the Host from hand to hand;

"Each takes, and then his visage wan
Is buried in his cowl once more.
The cells! the suffering Son of Man
Upon the wall—the knee-worn floor—
And where they sleep, that wooden bed
Which shall their coffin be, when dead."

When Arnold thus seeks shelter with the stern disciples of the ancient creed he is, in a sense, treading the same path as the Pre-Raphaelites—Rossetti or Morris. They found a refuge from the disorder and ugliness of modern life in a revival of the Catholic tradition, though they did not hold the creed upon which it rests, and which gives it its vitality. But Arnold cannot be satisfied with such a compromise, such a make-belief. The incongruity between himself and his surroundings in the Monastery glares in upon him, and wrings from him the cry almost of alarm, "And what am I, that I am here?"

"For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,

Showed me the high, white star of Truth,
Then bade me gaze, and there aspire.
Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:
'What dost thou in this living tomb?'"

But it is not in the spirit of a deserter that he thus tarries for a moment in the camp of those whom he considers enemies of "the masters of the mind." His one point of contact with the Monks is that both they and he are out of harmony with the modern world. They recoil from its infidelity—an infidelity which he shares; he mourns over the materialism, the hardness of which that infidelity is in large part the cause. Hence in stanzas of haunting sadness, all the sadder because of the complete absence of sentimentality, he craves asylum within the cloister-walls:

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these on earth, I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride,
I come to shed them at their side.

"O hide me in your gloom profound
Ye solemn seats of holy pain!
Take me, cowl'd forms, and fence me round
Till I possess my soul again;
Till free my thoughts before me roll,
Not chafed by hourly false control."

To his despondent mood the ferment of the Revolutionary movement, "all the noise and outcry of the former men," seem to have been fruitless. What boots it that Byron unfolded to the gaze of Europe the pageant of his bleeding heart, that the breeze carried Shelley's lovely wail through the

Italian trees? Hearts are still restless; "the eternal trifler," the world, still takes her frivolous course. He can only bide sadly the coming of a happier, more harmonious day:

> "Years hence, perhaps, may dawn an age
> More fortunate, alas, than we,
> Which without hardness will be sage
> And gay without frivolity.
> Sons of the world, oh speed those years,
> But while we wait allow our tears."

Similar in spirit to these "Stanzas" are the two poems, "Stanzas in Memory of the Author of Obermann," and "Obermann Once More." It has been said that it may be questioned whether anywhere within equal space there is to be found so much of the real Arnold as in these three poems.

"Obermann" is a collection of letters from Switzerland treating of Nature and the human soul, something after the fashion of Amiel's Diary, and its author, Etienne de Senancourt (1770–1846), was a curiously kindred spirit to Arnold. He had scanned well "the hopeless tangle" of the age, an age whose haste and unrest are graphically pictured in the well-known verses:

> "We brought forth and reared in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise—
> What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
> What leisure to grow wise?
>
> "Like children bathing on the shore
> Buried a wave beneath,
> The second wave succeeds before
> We have had time to draw breath.

In the Alpine solitudes he had attained to calm,

though "if any calm, a calm despair." His state of feeling is pictured by Arnold in verses, which apply exactly to his own poetry:

"A fever in these pages burns
Beneath the calm they feign,
A wounded human spirit turns
Here, on its bed of pain.

"Yes, though the virgin mountain-air
Fresh through these pages blows,
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare
The soul of their white snows;

"Though here a mountain-murmur swells
Of many a dark-boughed pine;
Though, as you read, you hear the bells
Of the high-pasturing kine:

"Yet, through the hum of torrent lone
And brooding mountain bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony."

This alternation between calm and despondency, till we are at a loss to tell which is really the predominating note, is exactly what is most distinctive of Arnold's own intellectual attitude, and we are therefore not surprised to find him, after he has taken a last farewell of this "master of his wandering youth," returning many years after to commune with him in spirit again. In "Obermann Once More" Senancourt takes Arnold back in thought to the birth-time of Christianity and the downfall of the "hard pageantry of Roman civilisation" at the touch of the new religion. In lines of almost passionate self-revelation the poet gives voice through the lips of

Senancourt to his yearning for the spiritual ecstasy of those first years:

> "O had I lived in that great day,
> How had its glory new
> Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught away
> My ravish'd spirit too.
>
> "No cloister-floor of humid stone
> Had been too cold for me.
> For me no Eastern desert lone
> Had been too far to flee."

But, as everyone knows, Arnold believed that that early Christian religious enthusiasm had no solid basis in historic facts.

Humanity, he held, must throw over its supernatural creeds, must labour henceforth unduped of fancy. The inevitable results at first are disorganisation of the social order and widespread suffering. These are incidental to an epoch of transition, when—

> "The old is out of date,
> The new is not yet born."

But this state is not to be permanent:

> "Men have such need of joy!
> But joy whose grounds are true:
> And joy that should all hearts employ
> As when the past was new."

Of the new era marked by—

> "The common wave of thought and joy
> Lifting mankind again"—

we get a vague and shadowy vista at the close of the poem.

The shadow of the fierce intellectual strife of the Victorian age hangs over "The Scholar-Gipsy" and

"Thyrsis." These two poems, from one point of view, are Arnold's tribute to Oxford, "the sweet city of the dreaming spires," whom he loved so dearly, and of whom in prose, too, he has written words never to be forgotten by her sons. Those to whom almost every line in these poems has an association of its own will always keep for them a peculiar corner in their affections, but judged simply on their own merits they are noble and stately structures of verse. "The Scholar-Gipsy" is founded on a passage in a book by Glanvil, a writer of Charles II's time. It tells:

"The story of that Oxford scholar poor
Of shining parts and quick inventive brain
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore
And roamed the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deemed, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more."

But though to Oxford itself he came no more, the poet thinks of him as still haunting its neighbourhood. And Arnold's love of, and intimate familiarity with, the scenery surrounding the university city, gives to his descriptive verse here a richness and wealth of colouring unusual in his sculpturesque poetry:

"Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe
Returning home on summer nights have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool streams thy fingers wet,
As the punt's rope chops round,
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Plucked in shy fields, and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream."

But then the thought comes that such fancies are only a dream. Two hundred years have flown since the Scholar-Gipsy wandered forth, now he is gone from earth, "long since and in some quiet churchyard laid." And yet must this be so? May he not, in his restful woodland life, possess an immortal lot? It is not the lapse of years that kills, but "the sick fatigue, the languid doubt." of those "who hesitate and falter life away." And in contrasting the wanderer's untroubled existence with our own Arnold gives us a marvellously true picture of himself and his special achievement:

> "We suffer, and amongst no one
> Who most has suffered, takes dejectedly
> His seat upon the intellectual throne,
> And all his store of sad experience he
> Lays bare of wretched days:
> Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
> And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
> And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
> And all his hourly varied anodynes."

From the infection of this mental strife the Scholar-Gipsy is bidden fly far. It is this that kills: once let him come into contact with it and his—

> "Glad perennial youth would fade,
> Fade and grow old at last, and die like ours."

"Thyrsis" is his masterpiece in elegy in the stricter sense. It lacks the deep, poignant note of grief that we find in "In Memoriam"; it paints no such exquisite picture of early Victorian life. But it is the lineal successor in English poetry to "Lycidas." Like Milton, Arnold, with exquisite skill, blends the

refinement, the restraint of the Greek pastoral elegy with modern imagery and meditation.

Clough had gone to his grave in his time, worn out by mental struggle; he had not been strong enough to wait the passing of the storm. And in magnificent verses the poet compares him to the cuckoo, who, when spring is ushered out with rain and wind, takes a hasty leave and will not stay to see the greater glories of summer:

> "So, some tempestuous morn in early June
> When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
> Before the roses and the longest day—
> When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
> With blossom red and white of fallen May,
> And chestnut flowers are strewn,
> So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
> From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
> Come with the volleying rain, and tossing breeze:
> '*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.*'"

> "Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
> Soon will the high mid-summer pomps come on,
> Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
> Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
> Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
> And stocks in fragrant bloom:
> Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
> And open jasmine-muffled latices,
> And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
> And the full moon, and the white evening star."

As superb delineations of English spring and summer scenes it would be impossible to out-rival these stanzas.

But as the poet, with an exquisite turn of thought,

laments, it is just because he is an English shepherd, singing among English fields, that he cannot summon back his friend from the underworld. A Sicilian shepherd, in like case, could cross the river Styx and appeal to Pluto's bride, Proserpine, and flute to his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead:

> "O easy access to the hearer's grace
> When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
> For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
> She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
> She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
> Each rose with blushing face;
> She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain,
> But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
> Her foot the common cowslips never stirr'd,
> And we should tease her with our plaint in vain."

But though Thyrsis is thus gone for ever, and may not be recalled, we feel that as the poet lingers lovingly among their old haunts his grief becomes milder:

> "I know what white, what purple fritillaries
> The grassy harvest of the river-fields
> Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
> And what sedged brooks are Thames' tributaries."

And it seems only fitting that he should end with the determination not to despair while—

> "'Neath the soft canopy of English air"—

he can see the slopes, the fields, the woods, dear to the Scholar-Gipsy and his own dead friend. It is difficult to tear ourselves away from these fascinating poems. "Such English-coloured verse," says Swinburne, "no poet has written since Shakespeare, who chooses his field-flowers and hedge-row blossoms

with the same sure and loving hand, binds them in as sweet and simple an order."

It is Wordsworth who has most deeply influenced Arnold's descriptive poetry, but their method of treating Nature is nevertheless essentially different.

With Wordsworth, as Hutton has said, "Nature is the occasion, but his own mind always the *object* of thought; in the midst of outward beauties, and at their suggestion, he exercises the inward eye that is the bliss of solitude." But Arnold does not thus re-create Nature in his own consciousness; he pictures her simply as she is; he gives us a delicate transcript "painted in the clear, dewy water-colours of tranquil memory." Hence follows another difference between the two poets. Wordsworth infuses into his descriptions something of his own ardent and rapt personality. His heart leaps up when he beholds a rainbow in the sky; in the jocund company of the daffodils he cannot but be gay, and even in thinking of them in memory, his

> "heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils."

He rejoices when he hears the voice of the cuckoo, bringing to him a tale of visionary hours. But in Arnold Nature never causes this exaltation of spirit; she does not stir his pulse or quicken the throbs of his heart; she merely lays a cooling hand upon his brow; she turns the mood that would be despondency into calm.

"Thus his favourite objects of contemplation are those in which there is something subdued—mist rather than cloudless brightness, moonlight rather

than sunlight, sounds of gentle melancholy rather than the roar of the tempest or cataract; the slow, imperceptible operations of growth and decay rather than sudden throes and convulsions. His love of moonlight is very noticeable, and it can hardly be a mere fancy which connects it with his habitual mood of mind. Moonlight in literature has several functions. It is widely associated with romance, because its glamour leaves the fancy less confined than the full daylight. But in Arnold's poems its function is not to deepen the sense of mystery; it is rather to tone down the colours to an eye weary of the world."

Even into the half-playful elegies on his dead pets—his dogs and his canary—the melancholy undertone creeps in. The short span of life allotted to Geist, the dachshund, and the spirit in which he met his fate suggests a homily to man. Four years were Geist's whole day:

"Yes, only four—and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature—with her countless sum
Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

"Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life, I know not where.

"But thou when struck thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die."

Still more characteristic is the elegy on the canary, poor Matthias, whose dainty trochaic rhythm has an echo of the dead songster's trilling note:

> "Poor Matthias! Found him lying
> Fall'n beneath his perch and dying?
> Found him stiff, you say, though warm
> All convulsed his little form?
> One more gasp—it is the end,
> Dead and mute our tiny friend."

He has gone to join "Atossa sage," the cat who used to sit for hours beside his cage:

> "Cruel, but composed and bland,
> Dumb, inscrutable and grand;
> So Tiberius might have sat,
> Had Tiberius been a cat."

And the pity of it is that no one divined Matthias' approaching end:

> "Poor Matthias, couldst thou speak,
> What a tale of thy last week!
> Every morning did we pay
> Stupid salutations gay,
> Suited well to health, but how
> Mocking, how incongruous now!
> Cake we offer'd, sugar, seed,
> Never doubtful of thy need;
> Troubling with our chatter vain
> Ebb of life and mortal pain."

Between birds and men there is a great gulf fixed:

> "What they want, we cannot guess,
> Fail to track their deep distress."

But this severance is, after all, only typical of the isolation of man from his fellow men:

> "Birds we but repeat on you
> What amongst ourselves we do.
> What you feel, escapes our ken—
> Know we more our fellow men?
> Human longings, human fears
> Miss our eyes and miss our ears.
> Brother man's despairing sign
> Who may trust us to divine?
> Who assure us sundering powers
> Stand not 'twixt his soul and ours?"

It is a significant return in this, almost his last poetic utterance, to the melancholy *leit-motif*:

> "In the sea of life misled
> We mortal millions live alone."

Yet the isolation is not absolute. It is the function of a few great men in every age, "heroes," as Carlyle would have called them, to bridge over the severing sea of individualism, to guide and guard their fellows. Such a man in Arnold's eyes was his father, and in the touching lines written in Rugby Chapel we have the filial tribute from the philosopher-poet to the ruler of boys and of men, whose moral temper he reverenced and shared, though intellectually their paths had far diverged.

> "Thou wouldst not *alone*
> Be saved, my father! alone
> Conquer and come to thy goal,
> Leaving the rest in the wild."

It is the mission of such as he to recall the

stragglers, refresh the weary among the host of humanity on its toilsome march:

> "Beacons of hope ye appear,
> Languor is not in your heart,
> Weakness is not in your word,
> Weariness not in your brow.
> Ye alight in our van! at your voice
> Panic, despair, fly away."

It was the lack of more of such heroic souls "tempered with fire" in the England of his day—an England under the domination of the Philistines—that moved him in the lines on "Heine's Grave" to echo the German poet's denunciations:

> "I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
> Upbraidings often assail'd
> England, my country—for we,
> Heavy and sad, for her sons,
> Long since, deep in our hearts
> Echo the blame of her foes.
> We, too, sigh that she flags;
> We, too, say that she now
> Scarce comprehending the voice
> Of her greatest golden-mouthed sons
> Of a former age any more—
> Stupidly travels her round
> Of mechanic business, and lets
> Slowly die out of her life
> Glory, and genius, and joy.
> So thou arraign'st her, her foe,
> So we arraign her, her sons,
> Yes, we arraign her! but she,
> The weary Titan, with deaf
> Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
> Regarding neither to right
> Nor left, goes passively by

Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense
Atlantëan, the load,
Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate."

It is questionable if the noisier and more quickly ear-catching Imperialist verse of to-day contains so noble and permanently impressive an image of England as this of "the weary Titan." Here we have the now familiar conception of the White Man's Burden translated, so far as it affects England, into lofty and essentially poetic phrase. It would be impossible to picture more graphically the responsibilities of wide-world empire, or to arraign more effectually the temper in which they should not be met. This firm, undaunted spirit is of the very essence of the man. Like Shelley in his "Ode to the West Wind," he may cry at times: "I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed." But he could never echo the lines that follow in the "Ode":

"A heavy weight of years has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless and swift and proud."

Arnold is at the end "tameless and proud," unchained, unbent by the heavy weight of years. His lot is cast in an iron time. He does not see the end of the struggle, but he fights and he endures. It is enough, as he tells us in "The Last Word," if at the close he falls, arms in hand and with his face to the foe:

"They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee,
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged and sank at last.

"Charge once more then and be dumb;
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall."

It perhaps goes for something in one's attitude towards Matthew Arnold, that as a boy one was trained, if not at Rugby, yet at that younger school, Clifton, which counts Rugby as its mother, and that afterwards one's Oxford days were passed within the same walls—at least as much as the restoring builder had left of them—which aforetime sheltered Arnold and Clough. Such happy accidents may quicken one's enthusiasm, but they cannot create it. They certainly are not responsible for my conviction that Arnold's finest verse will be one of the most enduring, poetic memorials of the Victorian age. I am not one of those who accept Arnold's view of life as adequate. But the power of poetry is not dependent upon the views that it sets forth. In hours when the edge of our intellect is blunted, our keenness of vision dimmed, our nerve unstrung, Arnold's poetry, so exquisite in finish, so restrained in tone, so keen and lucid in analysis, has a peculiar, a unique appeal. There is no other body of verse quite akin to it: it is the poetry of the *Götterdämmerung*, the twilight of the Gods.

SWEDENBORG AS MAN OF LETTERS AND BOOK LOVER.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read October 27th, 1909.]

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG'S greatness as a man of science is now coming to be more generally recognised. For a time his theological fame somewhat obscured his claims as a searcher into the mysteries of Nature.

Sweden has desired to do honour to Swedenborg by removing his remains to his native soil, there to be treasured as the ashes of one of her most illustrious sons. Dr. Retzius claims for Swedenborg that he was a pioneer in geology, and, indeed, one of the greatest discoverers in the field of physical science. He anticipated Laplace and Kant in their theories of the formation of the sun and planets; he anticipated the wave theory of light and of cosmic atoms, and also much of the present doctrine of the functions of the brain. Swedenborg was a mathematician, chemist, physicist, geologist, and mineralogist.*

The seer is often regarded as one who owes all

* An account of the removal of the remains of Swedenborg from London to Sweden appears in 'Morning Light,' April 11th, 1908, and in the 'Ninety-third Report of the Swedenborg Society' (1903), pp. 29, 30, appears the glowing eulogium on Swedenborg the scientist by Prof. Retzius.

to inspiration, but no prophet ever had a more rigid discipline of learning than Swedenborg. His earlier bent was in the direction of literature; he wrote a poem in his native Swedish at the age of twelve years and four months; his disputation thesis dealt with sentences from Seneca and Publius Syrus; his earliest publications were volumes of Latin verse. Then he turned to scientific investigation and distinguished himself by researches that ranged from engineering to physiology.

Swedenborg the scientist and Swedenborg the seer are now both recognised, but Swedenborg the bookman, the lover of literature, the poet, has also an interest, and is less known. His interest in literature as well as in science is abundantly evidenced in the few letters that remain of his earlier years.

During a visit to Westminster Abbey, in 1710, he came across the tomb of Isaac Casaubon and kissed the marble in his love for the "literary hero." Two Latin epigrams testify to his veneration for the great scholar. The first is:

"Marmore cur ornas tumulum, cur carmine et auro;
Cum tamen haec pereant, Tu que superstes eris.
At puto sponte sua celebrant Te marmor et aurum;
Oscula quod marmor praetereuntis amet."

"Why adorn'st thou the tomb with marble, with verse and with gold?
While these will all perish, thou wilt survive and not die;
But I think of their own will the marble and gold celebrate thee;
For the marble desires the kisses of those who pass by."

The second is:

"Urna Tuos cineres, animum sed Numen et Astra,
Scripta Tuum ingenium, Nomen et orbis habet;
Has licet in partes Te mors distraxerit, ipse,
Attamen in nostro pectore totus eris."

"This urn thy ashes holds—the world thy mind's renown—
God and the stars above possess thy soul;
Though death disperse the atoms of thy frame,
Within our hearts thou ever dwellest whole."

Some were not content merely to kiss Casaubon's tomb, for Izaak Walton scratched his monogram thereon. And on it there is also scratched the letter "S," which may or may not indicate our enthusiast.

The poem in which Swedenborg celebrated his father's sixty-third birthday has been thus translated by Samuel Stockwell:

"Rise, Sappho, and, ere morning dawns,
Go sweep with joy the sounding lyre,
And with its tuneful strains awake
My slumbering sire.
"Go see if sleep hath left his eyes,
That love to watch the opening day,
And round his couch let music breathe
The votive lay.
"Hail! natal day, with welcome crown'd,
Worthy a thousand minstrels' fire;
And birthday songs, by virgins sung
To harp and lyre.
"This day we'll bless, in sweeter strains
Than those to which the lute gives birth,
For worth like his loves that far more
Than boisterous mirth.

"For threescore times and three thou'st seen
The earth her annual circuit run;
So oft beheld the hour when first
Thou saw'st the sun!
"I trembled when the year came round,
That's wont to cut the thread of life,—
To snatch the parent from his child
And loving wife.
"That year is past!—I've seen its end,
And still, belovéd Sire, thou'rt here;
With gratitude I see thee spared
Another year.
"And may I see this day return
A hundred times! but that may be
Too much to wish;—then may 't revolve
Threescore and three!
"That thou mayst see this day return,
And that in thee, man's age twice told
May almost smile with youthful glee,
Although so old.
"Though distant are thy youthful days,
Still may thy age excite no fears,
Till the number of thy scions shall
Equal thy years."

Here is Stockwell's translation of the—

SAPPHIC ODE

On seeing the grand procession which accompanied to the tomb the remains of Hedeviga Ulrica Eleonora, Queen-Dowager of Sweden, on which occasion the Court and Military were in attendance; the Royal Sceptre and Crown formed part of the solemn and imposing scene.

"Haste, Sappho, haste, thy tuneful lyre unstring,
Nor wake its soul-inspiring chords in vain;
Without such aid, 'tis now for thee to sing
The solemn strain!

"Herald of fame! that oft on vig'rous plume
Hast sped through Europe echoing Sweden's praise,
Bend for a moment o'er yon regal tomb,
With sorrowing gaze.
"Goddess of glory! oft with laurels crown'd,
Weep for the dead; and, 'stead of victory's leaf
Be round thy brow the cypress chaplet bound—
Emblem of grief.
"Thou golden Sceptre that wast won't with dread
To strike a world, say how can sparkle so
Thy emerald stars while following the dead,—
The tomb below?
"And thou, bright Crown, enveloped in a blaze
Of glittering diamonds, that resplendent beam,
In sable grandeur rest, and bid their rays
Turn pale and dim.
"Illustrious House; for valiant scions famed;
Bright Star of Sweden, now thy splendours wane,
Attend, since heaven thy parent Queen has claim'd,
The funeral train.
"Soldier of Sweden, too, attend the bier,
With arms inverted, to its last long rest,
With downward looks in sorrow's weeds appear,
And beat thy breast.
"Sweden, of Ancient Goths thou parent land,
Weep! nurse of nations and of warriors brave,
With locks and garments torn by frantic hand,
Weep o'er yon grave."

Swedenborg was an eager searcher after knowledge, from mechanical operations to the most complicated investigations. In 1709 he learned book-binding and mentions having bound two books in half-morocco. He also learned the art of engraving. In 1711 we find him writing to Erik Benzelius and purchasing books on behalf of the Society of

Sciences of Upsala. Amongst them are the writings of Norris of Bemerton. He has read and admired Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning,' has heard of the recent publication of Grabe's 'Septuagint,' and has other bits of literary gossip to communicate. After naming some mathematical books he adds: "There are also eminent English poets that are worth reading for the sake of their imagination alone, such as Dryden, Spenser, Waller, Milton, Cowley, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspere, Ben Jonson, Oldham, Benham, Philips, Smith and others." This is a notable list to be written in 1712* by a young foreigner who could not speak English well.

In that year his correspondence deals among other matters with a book called 'Vitis Aquilonia,' on which a word may be said. Joannes Vastovius published at Cologne, in 1623, a folio entitled 'Vitis Aquilonia,' dealing with the lives of the Swedish Saints. It was re-published at Upsala, in 1708, under the editorship of Erik Benzelius, who appears to have sent some copies to England. Swedenborg writes: "I asked Count Gyllenborg about your books; he said he received the letter, but not the books; they are detained in the Custom House until the duty be paid; it is a great chance if I hear anything about them. The 'Vitis Aquilonia' is a Catholic and superstitious book, which by an Act of Parliament

* There was no English poet named Benham, and it is probably a mistake of the scribe for Sir John Denham. The 'Whole Works of John Phillips,' as his name is more commonly spelled, appeared in 1708. His 'Splendid Shilling,' once very popular, is said to be "an imitation of Milton," but the modern reader who ventures to read it cannot detect the Milton quality.

in the third year of William and Mary's reign was forbidden to be introduced into this country. If it was another book, I should try to get it for you, for then it would be free." This mysterious detention of a book is somewhat puzzling. In Raithby's edition of the 'Statutes at Large' there is no trace of any Act of Parliament bearing upon the subject at the time named. The Rev. James Hyde suggests that probably Swedenborg had been told of the Act of Settlement excluding Roman Catholics from the throne (which was passed just prior to the accession of Mary), and supposed it referred also to literature. And later in the same year (1712) he mentions that John Chamberlayne, the author, or rather continuator, of the 'Angliae Notitia' of his father, Edward Chamberlayne, has promised that in case of future consignments he will use his influence to have the books delivered to those to whom they are addressed.*

"I have longed," he writes in 1712, "to see the Bodleian Library, since I have seen the little one at Sion College, but I am kept back here on account of want of money." It is an old complaint, that—

> " . . . eternal want of pence
> Which vexes public men,"

of which Tennyson has sung.

Nevertheless in February, 1713, Swedenborg was admitted a reader in the Bodleian Library.

As in his letters so in the memoranda which Swedenborg has left of his travels we find evidences of his interest in books. At Berlin, in 1733, he

* Tafel's 'Documents,' i, 212, 221.

visited the library, and remarks that the books are mostly old for lack of funds for the purchase of new publications. "Several MSS. are also exhibited, among which is the Bible of Charlemagne, written eight hundred years ago, which was brought from Aix-la-Chapelle. There are also historical works in the Italian language from the library of Queen Christina (of Sweden), and, in addition, many old codexes; books in the Chinese language, a Koran of most exquisite workmanship, likewise another Koran, almost round in form and enclosed in a case very small in size. A large atlas is also shown." He has also notes on the interesting things to be seen in the Kunst-Kammer. So at Prague he notices the Chinese letters and books at the Jesuitenkloster. The "superb library" consisted mostly of old books. "They showed me a Bible translated from the Latin into German by Rüdiger, and published in Nuremberg in 1483, or thirty-four years before Luther's version." This edition is attributed to Rüdiger nowhere else, nor, indeed, to anybody else, as the Rev. J. Hyde informs me.

In 1734, at Copenhagen, he notes the library as "magnificent and excellently arranged. It contains 70,000 volumes; the octavos are at the top, where access is obtained by a gallery round the interior. They showed me Cicero's works printed at Mayence in 1456, which is supposed to be the first book ever printed." He continues: "They showed me my own work, but without knowing I was its author." That is the 'Opera Philosophica' which was published in this year. What greater pleasure can a bookman have than to inspect his own writings in a foreign library?

At Hamburg he had a letter of introduction to Johan Christoph Wolf and examined his extraordinary collection of autographs. At Paris he mentions the bookshops along the Seine—"which are of no particular importance,"—and has notes as to the libraries which he visited, as also the Jardin du Roi and its library. At Milan in 1738 he thought the library of little value as it contained only old books. Clearly he had little favour for the schoolmen. At Florence he notes that the Laurenziana consists entirely of old books of the fifteenth century, and that the Magliapecchiana was arranged alphabetically. He visited the Vatican Library, and duly saw its famous codex of the New Testament.

Naturally Swedenborg's notes as to science are more copious, for that was the object of his travels, but his jottings show him to be also interested in libraries and in the remains of ancient art.

Swedenborg's verses range in point of date from 1700 to 1740. It is curious to note that the copy of the first edition of his "Ludus Heliconius" (1714) in the Royal Library at Stockholm is printed on vellum. Surely only those whose love of books has gone to the extreme bounds of bibliomania indulge in such luxuries! His father writes to him in 1730 asking him to write some verses for the reprint of the Bishop's portrait: "I think very highly of your verses," he says. The copper-plate of a portrait of Bishop Swedberg was found unharmed after the destruction by fire of his house. Thereupon the son wrote three Latin epigrams, one of which Francis Barham translates:

"Thy statue, father, of inviolate fame,
Emerges brighter from the insulting flame;
So let thy soul in purer splendours glow,
When Heaven's last fires consume the world below."

That Swedenborg was known as a lover of literature we may safely infer from the fact that when Leipzig, in 1740, celebrated the tercentenary of the invention of printing he was one of the contributors to the volume 'Gepriesenes Andencken' then issued. His poem is commendably brief and may therefore be quoted:

IN PRAECONIUM INVENTIONIS TYPOGRAPHIAE, LIPSIAE, 1740.

"Artis, quae format non ore, sed aere loquelas,
Dum laudes rursus Lipsia docta colit:
Heic laudes celebrem simul inventoris, at illas
Tot nequeo numeris, quot meruisse scio.
Quis fuerit? queras, non Gallus, Belga nec Anglus,
Testibus at liceat credere, Teuto fuit.
Schaefferum docuit Faustus, sed primus utrumque
Guttenberg, hujus munere praela vigent.
Nascitur ex rivi unde est fons Palladis, exque
Praelis et numero, fons quod a binde fluat."

There is a spirited version by the Rev. J. H. Smithson, who, however, has left one line—the seventh—untranslated. This omission is here supplied by an English couplet. Latin brevities are apt to expand in modern tongues.

"Whilst Leipsic—famed for taste and learning long—
Applauds that ART, which doth all praise surpass;
Which lives—though dead! which speaks—without a tongue!
Makes silence eloquent in types of brass!

Lends Wisdom wings which Darkness cannot pass!
Be mine to celebrate his honor'd name
Who gave this blessed boon to every class!
Say—who the world's wide gratitude should claim?
What empire boasts his birth—the worthiest son of fame?
Did Gaul give birth to that immortal mind?
Did Belgium tax its genius to create
That man—the work and wonder of his kind?
Founder of worlds where mind alone is great!
Was he a Briton? No, for kinder fate
Gave Germany the glory of his birth!
'Twas Faust to Schaeffer taught this magic art,
But who to both the secret did impart?
'Twas Guttenberg—all grace that name await!
Whose hand first ope'd that fount of richest worth,
Spread Learning, Science, Truth,—like sunlight o'er the earth!"

The prettiest offspring of Swedenborg's muse is:

DELIA IN NIVE AMBULANS.

"Sola ut per flavos spatiata est Delia campos,
Alatus subito desuper imber adest:
Adstitit e summa delapsus Jupiter arce,
Ut Deus argenti luderet imbre deam,
Qua patuere sinus, se nix heic indidit audax,
Se velut in nidis multa recondit avis;
Moesta sed in lacrimam semet guttamque resolvit,
Victa quod a gremio candidiore foret,
Membra dein fluxit tristis per lactea demum
In tunicae limbo gemmula facta stetit."

A curious point about this is that it is a translation of Dr. William Strode's poem:

ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.

"I saw fair Chloris walk alone,
When feather'd rain came softly down;
Then Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thawed into a tear,
Then falling down her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem."

To make the incident quite complete Strode's English poem, which appeared as far back as 1639, has been printed as a translation of Swedenborg's Latin verses.*

It would be useless to claim for Swedenborg any lofty pinnacle of the hill of Parnassus. The fashion of Latin verse is dead. Even the obvious utility of Latin as a universal language for the educated classes did not prevent its disuse. When Milton wanted to influence the mind of Europe and when Newton wanted to address the scientific world each wrote in Latin. This fashion has passed away, and Latin composition is now seldom cultivated as a means of addressing the world at large, however much it may continue to be esteemed as a scholarly accomplishment. Nor can it be claimed that any of the modern writers of Latin verse have equalled their antique models. In all the centuries that have intervened since the days of Horace there is no singer who can challenge his pride of place. Those

* Hyde's 'Bibliography,' No. 49. In some copies of Strode the name of "Delia" is used.

who write in these modern days write in their mother tongue. The exceptions are so few as to be mere accidents.* But in Swedenborg's early days Latin had not entirely lost its vogue.

Sandels very judiciously observes that "poetry was not his forte, nor was it his business." His Latin verses were esteemed in his own day. In spite of Milton and Vincent Bourne it may be doubted if a poem, a great poem of genius, has been written in a dead language.

Swedenborg was something of a linguist, and could certainly read Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Dutch as well as the Scandinavian tongues. His writings are all in Latin or Swedish.† It need not be assumed that he could write or speak in all these tongues or that he had a critical knowledge of them. This was certainly not the case with English.‡

Arvid Ferelius speaks of seeing Swedenborg "sitting and writing at a round table in the middle of the room with the Hebrew Bible before him, which constituted his whole library." We are told by Carl Johann Knös it was the "travelling library" of Swedenborg and was under-scored everywhere.§ This Hebrew Bible passed into the hands of Ferelius as his honorarium for reading the burial service at the first funeral of Swedenborg. Of his later years we have Robsahm's testimony that "although he was

* Thus William Beckford wrote 'Vathek' in French, and the English edition is a translation.

† 'Tafel's Documents,' i, 34.

‡ 'Tafel,' i, 224.

§ Tafel's 'Documents,' ii, 563.

a learned man, no books were ever seen in his room except his Hebrew and Greek Bible and his manuscript indexes to his own works, by which, in making quotations, he was saved the trouble of examining all that he had previously written or printed."* If by these statements is meant that Swedenborg in the closing years of his life confined his studies to the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures no correction is needed, but it is certain that he still possessed other books.† Robsahm speaks of Swedenborg's "handsome library" which occupied one side of the summer house he built in 1767 in the grounds of his house at Stockholm.

Swedenborg's library was sold by auction in 1772, and there has been a reprint of the sale catalogue.‡ This catalogue is not entirely satisfactory, for apparently only half the space is occupied by the titles of Swedenborg's own collection, and it is probable that many books may have been intercepted by friends and relations before the auction room was reached. The catalogue enumerates 268 books, many of them relating to science. Amongst them is Gilbert's epoch-making book 'De Magnete' (1600). There is an English Bible and Book of Common Prayer, and Venn's 'Complete Duty of Man.' Another English theological book is 'A Manual of Devotion' (1742).

* 'Tafel,' i, 32.

† The particulars given by Ferelius will be found in Tafel's 'Documents,' ii, 558.

‡ 'Catalogus Bibliothecae Emanuelis Swedenborgii juxta editionem primam.' Denuo edidit Alfred H. Stroh (Holmiae ex officina Aftonbladet, 1907, 8vo, pp. 16). There is an interesting notice of it from the pen of that well-known scholarly bookseller Mr. Charles Higham in 'Morning Light' for April 25th, 1908.

The books range over many subjects—travel, chemistry, mining, astronomy, physics, theology. Nor is literature without some witness, for both Horace and Ovid are in the list. A rare book of occult philosophy is the 'Chiave del Gabineto' of Borri, from which came Montfaucon de Villars' 'Comte de Gabalis'—a pamphlet that in turn supplied Alexander Pope with the supernatural machinery of the 'Rape of the Lock.'

From the Rev. James Hyde I learn that in his printed and MS. works, Swedenborg shows himself to be acquainted with about 660 distinct books by other writers—counting any work in several volumes as one book. The classics quoted by him are—Aristophanes, Aristotle, Cicero, Diogenes Laertius, Epicurus, Hesiod, Hippocrates, Horace, Leucippus, Ovid, Plato, Plautus, Pliny, Plutarch, Seneca, and Virgil. Publius Syrus has already been named. This list sufficiently shows how deeply he had drunk of ancient literature.

Swedenborg was a bookman in yet another sense.* His literary activity was prodigious, and his writings have found plentiful employment for translators, editors, commentators, and, as a matter of course, for controvertors. It would be difficult to name any body of men who have made more use of the printing press than the disciples of Swedenborg. The Rev. James Hyde estimates that the whole of Swedenborg's writing amounts to 1372 pages folio, 10,368 pages quarto, and 7320 pages octavo in print,

* According to Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences, books signify the interiors of the mind of man, because in them are written all things relating to his life ('Apocalypsis Revelata,' 867).

besides 1688 pages folio and 7094 pages quarto in manuscript which have never been printed. Mr. Hyde has compiled a remarkable chart of the vast oceans of Swedenborg's writings. It is one of the best personal bibliographies that has ever been compiled, and represents an enormous amount of patient labour and industrious research. It records original MSS., printed editions, translations, portraits, and biographies. It extends to 3500 articles, in which are set down all that bibliography can tell us about Swedenborg's works, which, great and small, are known to have been some two hundred in number. The arrangement is chronological according to the date of publication. The full description of the first edition of each work is followed by a similar record of subsequent reprints and translations, and Swedenborg is now to be found in many languages—Arabic, Danish, Dutch, English, French, German, Gujerati, Hindi, Icelandic, Italian, Latin, Magyar, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, and Welsh. Mr. Hyde holds the true doctrine of bibliography, and is commendably full in his transcripts of titles and in his description of books. And very full indexes complete the book and make it easy to refer to any part of this remarkable compilation.*

In his early days Swedenborg did not care for the anonymous system, and, indeed, declared that he

* 'A Bibliography of the Works of Emanuel Swedenborg, Original and Translated,' by the Rev. James Hyde. London: Swedenborg Society, 1906, crown 4to, pp. xvi (2), 742 (2). This book and Tafel's 'Documents Concerning Swedenborg,' of which the latest impression is dated 1890, are the great store-houses of information. Esperanto may now be added to the list of languages.

would not enter into controversy with any enemy who wore a mask.* Yet, like many other bookmen, the Swedish seer wrote under more than one name, and sometimes anonymously. His patronymic was "Swedberg," and his earliest books bear that name on their title-pages; for this reason all his works are entered under "Swedberg" in the catalogue of the British Museum. Under certain circumstances the children of distinguished prelates were ennobled, and Bishop Swedberg asked for and received this favour. Emanuel was the eldest son, and as head of the family became a member of the House of Nobles. He had no feudal title, but his name was changed to Swedenborg—a name which he has made famous. The first edition of his 'Camena Borea' had only his initials on the title. This is the nearest approach to a pseudonym, except one that occurs in MS. only. The 'Arcana Coelestia' was originally issued without the author's name, as the time was not yet come for it to be made known. When the 'Vera Christiana Religio' appeared it was described on the title-page as "ab Emanuele Swedenborg Domini Jesu Christi servo."

In 1771 there was no liberty of unlicensed printing in France. Swedenborg intended to print this 'Vera Christiana Religio' in Paris, and it was therefore necessary to obtain the permission of the licensor. The MS. was submitted to Chevreuil for that purpose and he promised to give a "tacit" permission on condition that London or Amsterdam should appear on the title-page as the place of publication. This subterfuge was not agreeable to

* Tafel's 'Documents,' i, 333.

Swedenborg's straightforward character, and he withdrew the MS. and had it printed at Amsterdam. This incident throws an interesting sidelight on the ways of censorship. The Congregation of the Index did not overlook him. In 1739 the 'Opera Philosophica et Mineralia' (3 vols., 1734) was put on the list of prohibited books. It is, as Reusch remarks, the only one of his writings so included.*

He had troubles with opponents in his own country. Fifty copies of Swedenborg's work, 'De Amore Conjugiali,' were detained in the Custom House at Norrköping in 1769. This was due to the instigation of Bishop Filenius, who was then engaged in the persecution of two clergymen suspected to entertain the views of the Swedish mystic. After the death of the bishop the books appear to have been sold, and Christian Johansen rescued a number of copies from a grocery where they were being used as wrapping-paper.†

Yet it is noteworthy that when the House of the Clergy was raging against Swedenborg's theological writings no effort was directed against him personally. The beauty of his character, his venerable age, his social position, and his great reputation as a man of science proved shields against any effective persecution.

Part of the MS. of the 'Apocalypsis Explicata' had a remarkable escape from destruction. A portion of the copy of the second volume was in the hands of Mr. Henry Peckitt when a fire broke out in his house. The MS. was in a desk which was destroyed.

* Reusch: 'Der Index Der verbotenen Bücher,' ii, 113.

† Tafel's 'Documents,' ii, 711.

But it was discovered that a fireman, finding the desk too heavy to remove, had broken it open and thrown its contents into the street. One of the neighbours picked up several books and amongst them the MS. of the 'Apocalypsis Explicata.' *

This and other MSS., though belonging to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, to which they had been presented by the heirs of Swedenborg, had a long sojourn in England. They were borrowed from the Academy for the purpose of being copied, and were brought to England in 1788, and passed, by purchase and gift, into the possession of the Swedenborg Society, who very handsomely restored them in 1841, when they had been absent from the place of deposit for more than two generations.†

Some men have posthumous adventures. In this category, along with Columbus and Napoleon, we must place Swedenborg. The story of the visits to his tomb, of the stealing and restoration of his skull —if it was restored—and of the transfer of his body from its London burial-place to his Swedish fatherland, has a romantic interest.

Swedenborg's relation to literature may be considered in yet another aspect, but the topic is too wide for treatment here and now—his influence on later thinkers who have greatly influenced the world, and who have presented some of his thoughts in a form less severe than his own. What has been Swedenborg's influence on Kant, Goethe, the Brownings, Tennyson, and Emerson ?‡

* Tafel's 'Documents,' ii, 713.

† Tafel's 'Documents,' ii, pp. 802–834.

‡ See Dr. Frank Sewall's "Swedenborg and Modern Idealism,"

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American thinker, gives Swedenborg a place in his 'Representative Men' as the type of the mystic. After certain critical deductions he passes into glowing eulogy. Swedenborg, he says: "By the science of experiment and use he made his first steps; he observed and published the laws of Nature: and, ascending by just degrees from events to their summits and causes, he was fired with piety at the harmonies he felt, and abandoned himself to his joy and worship. This was his first service. If the glory was too bright for his eyes to bear, if he staggered under the trance of delight, the more excellent is the spectacle he saw, the realities of being which beam and blaze through him, and which no infirmities of the prophet are suffered to obscure; and he renders a second passive service to men, not less than the first—perhaps, in the great circle of being, and in the retributions of spiritual nature, not less glorious or less beautiful to himself."

It is not our function here to discuss either the seer or the scientist, but it is of interest to know that Swedenborg—this penetrating and far-seeing intellect—was a lover of books, a student of history and of art, a man who had drunk deeply at the clear fountains of literature.

"Swedenborg's Influence upon Goethe" ('New Philosophy,' January, 1906, and his letter in the 'New Church League Journal,' July, 1907), and papers by Dr. T. F. Wright in the 'New Church Review.' The little tract by James Spilling on 'Swedenborg and the Brownings' (London: J. Speirs, 1886), may also be named.

GIACOMO ZANELLA E LA POESIA INGLESE.

BY ANTONIO FOGAZZARO, HON.F.R.S.L.

[Read October 27th, 1909.]

GIACOMO ZANELLA tiene un bel posto fra i maggiori poeti che fiorirono in Italia nella seconda metà del secolo decimonono. Negli anni intorno al 1870 ebbe popolarità grande. Il volume di versi da lui pubblicato nel 1868 rispondeva, in Italia, al desiderio di moltissimi che, avendo cara l'avita fede cattolica e tenendo insieme in grande onore la scienza, salutarono nel nuovo poeta un conciliatore geniale dei diritti dell'una con i diritti dell'altra. Il loro sentimento non era pienamente giustificato. I versi dello Zanella rivelavano nel Poeta una larga notizia e anche un alto concetto del progresso scientifico, ma lo mostravano anche sospettoso della superba filosofia che dalle altezze della Scienza potrebbe minacciare la Fede, e avverso fieramente ad alcune teorie pericolose per l'autorità della Bibbia, come la teoria della discendenza applicata all'uomo. Infatti la evoluzione intellettuale dello Zanella si compiè con i sonetti del volume "Astichello" che hanno per nota fondamentale l'amaro scetticismo col quale il Poeta, negli

ultimi anni del viver suo, era solito considerare i vanti della Scienza e della Civiltà.

Ma il successo grande delle sue poesie al loro primo apparire, se in parte fu dovuto al carattere di modernità che venne loro attribuito con soddisfazione da lettori religiosi, se in altra parte fu dovuto alla compiacenza dei cattolici in generale e del clero in particolare per il raro fenomeno di un prete così ricco d'ingegno e d'arte da forzare il laicato all'ammirazione, fu anche in parte dovuto a certa novità nell'ispirazione, che si accompagnava alla classica purezza della forma. La forma era lavoro di un conservatore devoto alle migliori tradizioni letterarie italiane, nutrito di latinità, ma che aveva però in mente il precetto famoso: "Sur des pensers nouveaux faisons des vers antiques."

Erano in parte nuovi i pensieri; sopra tutto era nuovo il sentimento malinconico e profondo di certe poesie, erano nuove certe immagini, certe forme allegoriche. Il Pellegrino della "Religione materna," che nel partire prima dell'alba prende dalle mani della madre la lampada della Fede, cammina sicuro nelle tenebre al suo lume per vie difficili, la vede scolorarsi al nascer del giorno, la crede spenta sul mezzodì, ne rivede a sera tremolar la fiamma e giunto alla fine del viaggio la posa per ricongiungersi alla madre, non aveva antenati nella letteratura italiana. Davanti ad esso il lettore si arrestava pensoso come davanti a un viso che gli è nuovo e tuttavia confusamente altri gliene ricorda. Non aveva forse nelle vene il Pellegrino dello Zanella qualche goccia del sangue di un altro pellegrino famoso, di un pellegrino straniero?

Vera e propria somiglianza no, ma non c'era un'aria di famiglia comune a quello dello Zanella e a quello del Longfellow? Sì, vi era; e tuttavia il pellegrino italiano somigliava bene a suo padre, aveva nel volto un che di mite, di gentile, di mansueto, di particolarmente veneto, vorrei dire, non che d'italiano. Il lettore si arrestava poi su qualche strofa di altre liriche, non perchè vi trovasse ricordi, somiglianze, ma perchè gli pareva scoprirvi un'arte insolita di trarre poesia da realtà volgari, non già mediante squisitezze di lavoro esterno, come usò il Parini, ma penetrando dentro quell'anima di poesia che si cela in certe realtà di apparenza prosaica.

Notava inoltre il lettore come il Poeta mostrasse di sentire, più vivamente che i suoi maestri italiani non mostrino avere sentito, la poesia della casa e della famiglia. Rileggendo il poemetto "Milton e Galileo," col quale si apre il volume, meditando le invettive eloquenti contro Roma papale che lo Zanella pone sulle labbra di Milton, tanto eloquenti da far parere fiacche al confronto le risposte di Galileo, il lettore si domandava se questo sacerdote cattolico, inflessibilmente fermo nella propria fede, non avesse però molto familiari le letterature pregne dello spirito della Riforma. Chi conobbe lo Zanella da vicino sa che fu ignaro della lingua tedesca, che ammirò il Goethe e gustò Enrico Heine nelle versioni francesi, ma che per il pensiero tedesco, in generale, provò un'antipatia profonda. In parte per effetto della odiosa dominazione austriaca, in parte per effetto del suo amore di chiarezza, del suo particolare sentimento estetico e anche di una conoscenza molto imperfetta della materia, pensiero tedesco fu per lui

simbolo di oscurità, di pedanteria, di orgoglio. Pochi versi egli declamava con tanto entusiasmo come i famosi di Giacomo Leopardi: "Che non provan sistemi e congetture E teorie dell'alemanna gente?"

Quel lettore che io dicevo, giunto verso la fine del volume, avrebbe scoperta la fonte a cui largamente si abbeverò il poeta. Per meglio dire, ne avrebbe scoperto alcuni sottili rivoli nelle versioni dall'inglese di Tennyson, di Shelley, della Hemans. Ma solo molti anni dopo il pubblico potè apprendere quanto amore avesse posto da lungo tempo lo Zanella alle lettere inglesi, quanto larga e profonda conoscenza ne possedesse. Chi scrive n'era informato fin da quando avendo a maestro, nei primi anni dell'adolescenza, Giacomo Zanella, ne ricevette in dono un volume che tuttora conserva, carissimo ricordo: "The works of Thomas Gray." Gray è stato, io credo, il primo amore concepito dal poeta vicentino nei suoi viaggi ideali in Inghilterra. Fu la famosa "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" che lo innamorò. Lo colpì quella religiosità profonda e malinconica dell'Inglese, tanto affine alla sua; lo colpì l'onda regolare, armoniosa del verso; si compiacque di trovarvi l'origine di certi versi bellissimi del suo contemporaneo fratello d'arte, Aleardo Aleardi.

"Ivi forse
Dorme un occulto Pindaro senz'arpa,
Un Ildebrando, a cui mancò la stola
Venerabile e i tempi."

Grande ammiratore del Foscolo, altro affetto che lo legò, per le memorie del Digamma Cottage e del Cimitero di Chiswick, all'Inghilterra, egli si com-

piacque pure di poter leggere nell'originale le strofe care a Ugo che ne cita, scrivendo a Giustina Renier Michiel, questa, tradotta dal veronese Torelli:

"E il gufo ognor pensoso
Si duole al raggio della luna amico
Di chi violando il suo ricetto ombroso
Gli turba il regno solitario antico."

Si compiacque finalmente di scoprire un altro suo legame spirituale con Tommaso Gray: il comune amore delle lettere latine, lo studio grande del poetare latino. Posta l'educazione, poste le abitudini mentali e le idee di Giacomo Zanella, questa comunanza di affetto e di studii dovette avere per esso il valore di una vera fraternità. Radicata nel latino, l'arte dell'uno e dell'altro poeta obbediva alle stesse norme fondamentali, agli stessi freni, agli stessi stimoli. Si pensi alla simpatia di carattere morale e religioso che l'italiano dovette sentire per l'inglese e si comprenderà che lo Zanella abbia preferito il Gray a qualunque altro dei poeti che onorano l'Inghilterra. Vissuto modestamente, potè negli ultimi anni fabbricarsi una villetta presso quell'Astichello che diede il nome a un piccolo tesoro di squisita poesia; e certo pensò allora quanto sarebbe stato felice di eguale sorte il suo Gray che scriveva al Nicholls: "Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garden and sit on a bench in the open air . . . ." Maggiori ambizioni non aveva nutrito Giacomo Zanella.

Era naturale ch'egli fosse inclinato ad ammirare il Pope, un perfetto maestro della scuola stessa alla quale egli appartenne come poeta, della scuola che

non riconosce vera poesia dove non è squisito artificio di forma. Lo Zanella vide facilmente nel "Rape of the Lock" una fonte del "Giorno" di Giuseppe Parini. Dico riguardo alla qualità dell'arte, perchè, com'egli stesso notò nel suo parallelo letterario che ha per titolo "Alessandro Pope ed Antonio Conti," il tono dei due poemi era ben diverso e il riverente affetto di Giacomo Zanella andava all'altezza morale del grande, fiero abate italiano. Forse non vi andò senza qualche intima riserva; forse, per il purissimo vicentino, Giuseppe Parini non fu sufficientemente forte contro la *contumace Venere* e troppe fralezze umane, ancorchè lievi, rivela qua e là il suo verso; ma peggio era per il Pope.

Chi ha letto i 'Paralleli letterari' di Giacomo Zanella, vero monumento della sua grandissima cultura, sa bene com'egli rendesse giustizia ai grandi poeti inglesi del secolo scorso, per quanto riguarda l'arte. Ammirava nell'animo suo Byron e Shelley molto più ancora che non osasse, prete e timorato, dirlo al pubblico. Con più aperto cuore parlò del Keats, molto compiacendosi di notare come il Keats, anche rievocando il mondo ellenico, non lo contrapponesse al mondo cristiano, mentre altra via tenne lo Swinburne. E giudicando amaramente il paganesimo dello Swinburne, egli mirava, senza nominarlo, al Carducci. A ogni modo, anche a Byron e a Shelley, del quale ultimo tradusse mirabilmente "To a Skylark," "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," "Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples," egli rese un omaggio particolarmente meritorio per un poeta italiano.

In uno studio sullo Shelley e il Leopardi, Giacomo Zanella scrive: "In una delle molte prefazioni alle poesie del Leopardi si dice ch'egli si aperse innanzi una via dove non era vestigio prima di lui. Ciò non è vero: Byron e Shelley lo hanno preceduto; e Byron e Shelley vivevano in Italia, quando l'ingegno di Leopardi metteva i primi frutti."

E la squisita ode dello Zanella, "Gli ospizi marini" riflette languidamente un raggio di 'Child Harold.' Quando vi leggo la invocazione al mare:

"Pel guardo, che colti
Nei gorghi crudeli
Quei vivi sepolti
Rivolgono ai cieli;
Pei lerci cadaveri
Che ai lidi piangenti
Orribile avventi,"

non posso a meno di ricordare l'entusiasmo col quale il mio antico maestro mi diceva le magnifiche stanze che cominciano:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!"

e poi esaltano la potenza feroce del mare sull'uomo.

Di Felicia Hemans lo Zanella non mi parlò mai, ch'io ricordi. E tuttavia ne tradusse non meno di sei composizioni poetiche, fra le quali "The Homes of England" con rara felicità. Non vedo intimi legami fra la lirica della Hemans e quella dello Zanella. Stupisco invece ch'egli non abbia attinto più largamente a Tennyson, del quale tradusse soltanto l'idillio "Dora." E'vero che in tutta l'opera poetica di Alfredo Tennyson, niente si troverebbe

di più affine che "Dora" al genio di Giacomo Zanella, se non forse "Enoch Arden." Inferiore di potenza all'autore di "Dora," lo Zanella non avrebbe saputo creare una figura così profonda nella sua semplicità delicata; ma pochi altri furono disposti da natura, com'egli, a sentirne la bellezza. E nel tradurla gli uscì piano il verso come prima giammai, e da quel verso limpido traluce quasi più intera l'anima del traduttore che quella del Tennyson, il quale ebbe tante altre corde differenti alla sua lira.

Qualche mescolanza di sangui è utile al vigore delle generazioni anche in letteratura. Lo stesso Giosuè Carducci, poeta nazionale per eccellenza, attinse sangue straniero alla vena di Vittor Hugo e di Enrico Heine. Lo Zanella sarebbe stato in grado di praticare utilmente una infusione di buon sangue inglese nella poesia italiana. Disgraziatamente, non dico per lui ma per la nostra poesia, egli fu sacerdote. Come il sacerdote deve radersi una parte dei capelli, così deve troncarsi una parte delle sue penne di alato poeta, una parte delle sue più belle e più forti penne. Lo Zanella dovette tacere le tempeste del cuore e le tempeste del pensiero; anche quelle che purificano l'atmosfera interna. Se fosse stato così grande e potente da reggere in pugno il flagello che Dante usò per la gloria di Dio e della Chiesa, avrebbe dovuto appenderlo alla parete e alla parete lo avrebbe appeso, perchè fu prima sacerdote che poeta.

Non arrivò all'altezza di Giuseppe Parini, non avrebbe saputo scrivere "Il Messaggio," ma neppure avrebbe voluto. Perciò non gli fu dato di trarre alla propria vena poetica i più freschi e vividi rivi

della poesia straniera. Ciò non gli tolse di giovarsi, nella misura che potè, della inglese, nè gli tolse di farne conoscere alcuni grandi maestri a quel pubblico che avrebbe diffidato della lode di un laico o di un romantico e che si affrettava invece ad accoglierla dalle labbra di un sacerdote, cultore dei modelli classici.

Mi par giusto che tali benemerenze di un poeta italiano verso le lettere inglesi sieno fatte conoscere a una Società inglese di letteratura. E piaciuto a me di esercitare questo umile ufficio, per un doppio sentimento di gratitudine: per quella che serbo al mio antico maestro diletto e per quella che professo agl'illustri membri della Società Reale che mi scelsero a loro collega.

TRANSLATION.

Giacomo Zanella and English Poetry.

Giacomo Zanella holds an important position among the greater poets who flourished in Italy during the latter half of the nineteenth century. His popularity was great about 1870. His book of verses, published in 1868, appealed to many in Italy, who, while cherishing the inherited Catholic faith, yet held science in great esteem, and therefore welcomed, in the new poet, a genial conciliator of the conflicting rights of both. Their feeling was not fully justified, however; Zanella's poetry showed him to be possessed of a wide knowledge and a lofty conception of scientific progress, but it also showed him to be suspicious of the self-sufficient philosophy that from the ramparts of science might eventually menace the faith, and also fiercely averse to certain theories endangering the authority of the Bible, such as "The Descent of Man." Indeed, Zanella's intellectual development culminates in the sonnets in the volume entitled "Astichello," which have as their dominant note that bitter scepticism with which the poet in his later years viewed the boastings of science and civilisation.

But the great success of his poems on their first appearance, if due on the one hand to that modern-

ism attributed to them with satisfaction by religious readers, and on the other hand to the complacency with which Catholics in general and the clergy in particular viewed the rare phenomenon of a priest, richly endowed with genius and with the art of compelling admiration from the laity, yet was also due to a certain freshness of inspiration, accompanied by a classical purity of style.

His style was that of a conservative, devoted to the best literary traditions of Italy, nurtured in the Latin spirit, but keeping in mind the famous precept: "Sur des pensers nouveaux faisons des vers antiques."

The thoughts in his verses were for the most part original, and especially their deep and melancholy sentiment, as well as some of his metaphors and allegories. One of these has no forerunner in Italian literature, viz. the "Pilgrim," in "Maternal Religion." Starting before dawn, he takes from his mother's hands the lamp of faith, by the light of which he walks safely through the darkness by difficult paths, sees it fade at the birth of day, believes it to be extinguished at noon-tide, sees the flame flickering again at even, and coming to his journey's end puts it down for the re-union with his mother. Before this allegory the reader stops thoughtfully, as before a face that, while new to him, yet recalls others to his mind. Did not this "pilgrim" of Zanella's have in his veins some drops of the blood of another famous pilgrim, a foreign one? The resemblance may not be a true and actual one, but was there not some family likeness

between this pilgrim of Zanella's and that of Longfellow's? Yes, but yet the Italian pilgrim strongly resembled his creator—he had in his face a certain mildness and gentleness peculiarly Venetian, not to say Italian.

The reader is arrested by some strophes of other lyrics, not because he finds memories and resemblances, but because he seems to discover in them a rare ability to find poetry in common things, not through exquisite phrasing, as Parini did, but by penetrating to the soul of poetry, hidden under apparently prosaic realities. The reader will also note that this poet, much more than his Italian masters, showed how intensely he felt the poetry of home and family.

As one reads the little poem on Milton and Galileo, with which the volume opens, and meditates upon the eloquent invectives against papal Rome, which Zanella puts into the mouth of Milton—words so eloquent as to make Galileo's answers sound feeble beside them—the reader asks himself if this Catholic priest, although so steadfast in his own faith, was not very familiar with the literature impregnated with the Reformation spirit. Those who knew Zanella intimately know that he was ignorant of the German language, that he could only admire Goethe and delight in Heinrich Heine through French translations, whilst for German thought in general he had a profound antipathy. Partly on account of the hated domination of Austria, partly by reason of his love of clearness and of his particularly aesthetic sentiment, and also of his very imperfect acquaintance with the matter, German thought stood for him as

the symbol of obsurity, pedantry, and pride. There were few verses he recited with so much enthusiasm as the famous ones of Giacomo Leopardi: "What systems and conjectures and theories do the people of Germany not attempt to prove?"

The reader, getting towards the end of the volume, may have discovered the fount from which the poet abundantly drank, or rather slender rills from it, in the Italian translations from Tennyson, Shelley, and Hemans. But it was many years later before the public was able to learn of the love which Zanella had so long borne for English letters, and what a wide and deep knowledge of them he possessed.

The writer of this paper was aware of this from the earlier years of his youth, when, having Zanella as his master, he received from him as a gift a volume that he still treasures as a precious memento —'The Works of Thomas Gray.' Gray was, I believe, the first love of the Vicentian poet, conceived in the course of his imaginary travels in England. It was the famous "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" which captivated him. He was struck by the profound piety and melancholy of the English writer, so akin to his own, he was struck by the regular and harmonious flow of the verse, he was pleased to find there the sources of certain beautiful verses by his contemporary brother-in-art, Aleardo Aleardi:

> "There perhaps
> Sleeps a hidden Pindarus without his harp,
> A Hildebrand lacking the venerable stole and temples."

A great admirer of Foscolo—and this was another

of those affections which bound him to England, through the memories of Digamma Cottage and the cemetery of Chiswick—it gave him much pleasure to be able to read in the original the verses dear to Ugo, of which, in writing to Giustina Renier Michiel, he quotes the one translated by the Veronese Torelli:

> "Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
> The moping owl does to the moon complain
> Of such as, wandering near her sacred bower,
> Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Finally he found, to his delight, another spiritual link with Thomas Gray—the mutual love of Latin literature, the noble study of Latin verse. Given the education, the mental bias and the ideas of Zanella, this similarity of interests and studies must have seemed to him to constitute a real brotherhood. Rooted in the Classics, the art of each poet followed the same fundamental rules, was depressed by the same deterrents, and moved by the same stimulants. One only needs to consider the attraction that a moral and religious character like that of the Englishman must have had for the Italian in order to understand why Zanella preferred Gray to any other of the poets who are the glory of England. Having lived in modest circumstances, he was able, in his later years, to build a little villa near Astichello, which has given the title to an exquisite little gem of poetry, and certainly he thought at that time how happy Gray would have been with a like fate —Gray who wrote to Nicholls: "Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garden, and

sit on a bench in the open air . . . " Higher ambitions Zanella himself had never cherished.

It was natural that he should be inclined to admire Pope as a perfect master of the school to which he, as a poet, belonged—that school which refuses to recognise poetry as real, unless combined with exquisite style and form. In "The Rape of the Lock" Zanella easily recognised a source of the "Giorno" of Giuseppe Parini, though only as regards artistic quality, for, as he himself has noted in his literary parallel, entitled "Alexander Pope and Antonio Conti," the tone of these two poems is very different, and the reverent affection of Giacomo Zanella went out to the moral superiority of the great and proud Italian Abbot, though not without a certain intimate reservation perhaps, for, to the very pure-minded Vicencian, Giuseppe Parini was not sufficiently strong against tempting beauty, and here and there in his verses there appear too many human frailties, unimportant though they may be; but it was far worse with Pope.

He who has read the "Paralleli Letterari" of Giacomo Zanella—a real proof of his great culture—knows well what justice he rendered to the great English poets of last century, so far as their art is concerned. He admired Byron and Shelley far more than, as a priest, and a timorous one, he dared to express publicly. Of Keats he spoke more frankly, and gladly noted how this poet, although he re-evolved the world of ancient Greece, did not oppose it to Christendom, whilst Swinburne pursued another course. Whilst judging bitterly the paganism of Swinburne, he looked up to Carducci,

though he does not mention him. However, for an Italian poet, he rendered particularly meritorious homage to Byron and Shelley; of the latter's works he translated, "To a Skylark," "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," and "Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples." In a study of Shelley and Leopardi Zanella writes the following: "In one of the many prefaces to the poems of Leopardi, it is said that he opened a way that had never before been trodden. This is not true—Byron and Shelley had preceded him. These two were living in Italy when the genius of Leopardi bore its first fruits."

The exquisite ode of Zanella's "Hospices of the Sea" reflected a pale ray from "Childe Harold." When I read the invocation to the sea—

> "By the imploring eyes raised heavenwards, of those
> Who, caught in thy cruel abyss, are buried alive,
> By the horror of the perishing corpses which
> Thou dost cast upon the complaining marge,—"

I cannot fail to recall the enthusiasm with which my old master quoted to me the magnificent stanzas beginning:

> "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!"

and which afterwards magnify the awful power of the sea over man!

Of Felicia Hemans, Zanella never spoke to me so far as I remember. Nevertheless he translated at least six of her poetical compositions, one of which was "The Homes of England." I do not see any close bond between the lyrics of Hemans and those of Zanella.

What amazes me is that Zanella should not have

drawn more largely from Tennyson, of whom he only translated the idyll "Dora." It is true, however, that amongst all the poetical works of Alfred Tennyson there is nothing more akin to the genius of Giacomo Zanella than "Dora," unless it be "Enoch Arden." Less powerful than the author of "Dora," Zanella would not have created a character so profound, yet so delicately sympathetic, but few other writers were so disposed by Nature to feel the beauty of that character, and in his translation his verse runs more smoothly than ever before, while it reveals the soul of the translator almost more than that of Tennyson, who had so many other strings to his lyre.

A fresh "strain" is as productive of vigour in literature as it is in human generation. Even Giosue Carducci, the national poet *par excellence* of modern Italy, has drawn foreign blood from the veins of Victor Hugo and Heinrich Heine. No one better than Zanella could so usefully bring about an infusion of good English blood into Italian poetry. Unfortunately, not so much for himself as for our poetry, he was a priest. As a priest must shave a part of his head, so this winged poet had to clip his pinions, the strongest and most beautiful. Zanella had to keep silence over the storms of heart and mind, even over those which purify the inner nature. Had he been great and powerful enough to wield the scourge that Dante used for the glory of God and the Church, he would have been compelled to hang it up on the wall, and this he would have done, because he was first a priest and then a poet.

He did not attain to the heights of Giuseppe Parini; he would never have written "Il Messaggio," nor would he have wanted to. Thus it was not given to him to draw to his own poetic stream the freshest and most sparkling tributaries of foreign verse. This did not prevent his using English literature up to the measure of his ability, nor did it prevent his making known many great masters to a public which would have hesitated to accept the praises of a layman or of a romanticist, but which, on the contrary, hastened to welcome them from the lips of a priest, a devotee of classic models.

It seems fitting to me that so much in an Italian poet that is deserving of the recognition of English men of letters should be made known to an English society of literature. It has given me great pleasure to perform this humble office from a dual sense of gratitude. I feel grateful both to my beloved master and to the illustrious members of the Royal Society of Literature who have elected me as one of their colleagues.

A JAPANESE MEDIAEVAL DRAMA.

BY MARIE C. STOPES, D.SC., PH.D., F.L.S.

[Read November 24th, 1909.]

In the original Japanese there are 240 *Nō* plays or "lyric dramas" collected in the Yokyoku Tsukai, which were mainly composed in the early fifteenth century, and all prior to the sixteenth. Of these half a dozen alone have been translated into English. The texts of the old plays, the Yokyoku or *Utai* as they are now called in Japan, are still widely read, loved and studied by the men of culture there. Their place in Japanese literature and Japanese affections is unique. Nevertheless it is not surprising that the West knows so little of them, for they have been considered untranslatable by many, they are remote from modern lines of thought, and even from a Japanese demand much preliminary study, while the music that accompanies their representation to the untrained western ear generally seems to be, as Dickins describes it, "a discord of drums, tambourines and flutes."

As these wonderful old plays, full of poetry, pathos and indescribable charm, are so little known in the West, I need no excuse for bringing one of them before you this afternoon, but at the same time I am well aware that I need great indulgence

for the poverty and imperfections of the translation that I offer.

The lyric plays, or *Nō* dances as they are often called, are very short, each taking only about an hour to perform in all the slow dignity that is required. Since the *Nō* plays became the special recreation of the nobility in the early fifteenth century the pomp and circumstance that surrounded their performance was extreme. It required much culture, both general and in Chinese classical lore, to understand them fully, and the enjoyment of their performances was only possible to the upper classes. The interest the aristocracy took in them was not confined to on-looking. Some of the pieces are supposed to have been written by the Emperor, and the greatest men of the time were proud to act in them—both Hideoshi and Iyeyasu, two of the most renowned men in Japanese history, are reported to have acted parts in some of the *Nō* plays. Even to-day in Tokio, where still the old antipathy to the ordinary theatre exists among the better classes, I found that many of the most intellectual men in the capital were deeply interested in the *Nō*.

University professors, leading lawyers, and statesmen, men who would scorn to enter a theatre door, study the "songs" and give private recitals of them, and a few are trained sufficiently to act a complete part, "dancing" and all, in public. The training necessary for this is extraordinarily detailed, as every inflection, every movement of the body, every step and posture is most strictly prescribed, and the secret of some of the parts is in the hands of only one or two people.

It may appear to us a useless artificiality that such minutiæ should be observed so strictly, but I am convinced that this is principally because we are incapable of appreciating the full meaning and suggestion of it all. The performances have an increasing power to hold and impress a sympathetic westerner, even ignorant as he must inevitably be. They transport him into a world where he can *feel* but can neither see nor understand the influences and emotions that exist in it.

For the complete performance of a piece no common theatre suffices, but a special stage is demanded, which used in the past to be erected in the Court or some nobleman's castle. To-day there are half-a-dozen places in Tokio where one can see performances from time to time. Let me describe one as it is given at one of the best houses.

By 9 o'clock in the morning many of the audience will have arrived already, men and women in dark-coloured dignified ceremonial dress, with their star-like white crest on each sleeve. The theatre has no arrangements for "foreigners," and all the seats are flat cushions on the straw matting of the theatre floor. These are arranged in groups of four or six, railed in with wooden partitions six inches high to form "boxes." The audience sits round three sides of the stage, as is shown in the diagram (see p. 4), which indicates the relative placing of the chorus, music and actors on the stage. The principal actors spend most of the time in the positions which are indicated, though they move with the action of the play.

The stage is about eighteen feet square, and stands

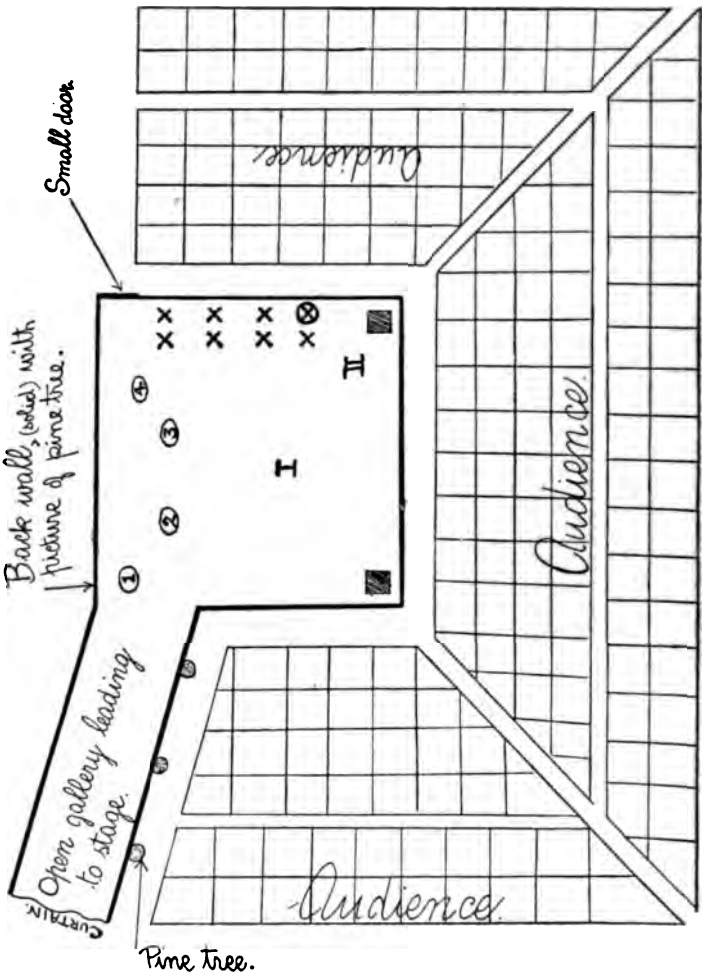

Diagram of stage arrangement in the *No*, showing also the position of the audience.

On the stage the chorus is represented by crosses, the leader of the chorus marked ⊗.

The numbers I and II represent the positions during most of the action of the leading actors.

I represents the *shite*.

II represents he *waki*.

The encircled numbers show the positions of the musicians, who are stationary during the piece.

1, The *taiko* player.

2, The *otsuzumi* player.

3, The *kotsuzumi* player.

4, The *fue* player.

The squares at the front of the stage represent the two pillars supporting its roof.

a little above the level of the audience. It is made of very smooth boards and is peculiarly resonant, a fact which is of special importance in the "dancing," when the actor has to stamp once or twice at intervals with his soft, cotton-covered feet, and yet make a loud though deadened sound. At the front corners of the stage are two square pillars supporting the roof. The latter is shaped somewhat like a temple roof, and is distinct from that covering the surrounding audience—reminiscent perhaps of the old out-of-door performances in the temple grounds where the audiences went entirely unprotected.

Leading to the stage is a gallery nine feet wide, along which the actors pass very slowly on their way from the green-room to the stage, and pause at each of the three pine trees stationed along it. A curtain shuts the end of the gallery from the green room. All the woodwork is unpainted and unstained, though very highly polished, and there is neither scenery nor appliances to break the harmony. The three actual pine trees and a flat painted pine on the wall at the back of the stage are all the ornament there is. The tree painted on the bare boards is not realistic, but much conventionalised, with emerald green masses of foliage.

Before the play begins the chorus comes in, robed in blue or blue-grey, and enters into the colour scheme. The men sit on their heels with their legs folded straight and flat along the ground, and before them lie their fans, which remain closed unless they are singing. The chorus chants at intervals throughout the piece, sometimes informing the audience of the events supposed to be taking place, or to have

taken place, sometimes moralising on the fate or feelings of the hero, sometimes describing his emotions, sometimes even instructing him. While they are doing this their fans are raised upright, with one end touching the ground, and are laid down again directly the words are finished. The Japanese name for the chorus is *ji*, a word meaning also "ground"—the ground colour, as it were, on which the figures of the drama are painted. Chamberlain and others who have given some account of these dramas have noted the obvious comparison and contrast to the old Greek plays that is suggested by this stage and chorus.

After the chorus is seated the musicians enter with their instruments. In important dramas, with a full set of musicians, the first is the *taiko* player, who regulates the time. He plays on a flat drum set in a wooden stand on the floor, which he strikes with wooden sticks. This instrument introduces a touch of gorgeous scarlet into the colour harmony by its ornamentation of rich silk cord and tassel. The next musician holds the *ōtsuzumi*, an elongated drum, on his knee, and then follows the *kotsuzumi* or hour-glass-shaped drum held on the shoulder, and lastly the *fue* or flute. Chamberlain calls the small drums tambourines, and is followed by Dickins in this, but the name gives quite a wrong impression of the instruments, which are shaped like hour-glasses, and have a much more dignified sound than tambourines emit.

The music played by these musicians is not generally appreciated by even those Westerners who visit the *Nō* themselves, and is described as a

"discord." This is more than an inadequate description, it is a libel. The music is not planned on our scale, but it has, to me at any rate, an effect both pleasing and, with the exception of a few notes here and there, in complete harmony with the piece as a whole, while it is distinctly stimulating to the imagination.

The actors enter the gallery, and pass with very slow, precise, and regulated steps, which have been decreed for centuries. Their costumes are completely representative of the part they are playing, and are often very elaborate, and sometimes brilliant. Only men act, and for the women's parts they wear a mask. In every part the actors have to depend on the power of the words and the very restrained but expressive action which is allowed to create in the minds of the audience all the scenery and accessories. Sometimes an extra fan, or a bamboo pole, or an outline boat is brought onto the stage by an attendant when they are needed by the actors, but these things, too, require to have an illusion created round them if they are to seem the things they profess to be. In the art of illusion, and the power of holding the minds of the audience with so little to guide the eye, the *Nō* dramas are supreme. Archaic, primitive, one hears them called because of the absence of scenery and their childlike simplicity and need of "make believe." But words which unaided can hold an audience, a drama which can paint the scene directly on the mind with little intervention of the eye, is surely not rightly described as primitive.

The words of the *Nō* indeed and the tones of the

chanting act powerfully on an audience if it be cultured enough to realise their import, and not on the primitive man. The words are full of subtle allusions to the classical lore, poetry and tradition of the nation, and the chant holds in it notes of pathos and music which suit the words well. There is in the whole a ring of fire and splendour, of pain and pathos which none but a cultured Japanese can fully appreciate, but which we Westerners might hear—though the sounds be muffled—if we would only incline our ears.

I have knelt for eight hours at a time at a *Nō* performance, listening to sounds which sometimes seemed to me to express more perfectly the poetry and unutterable sadness of life than any other combination of sounds man has devised, Wagner's musical dramas included.

A translation of such a subtle, complex thing as the Japanese *Nō* can hardly even be a faint re-echo of the originals. The fundamental differences of language, tradition, classical allusion, and the construction of poetry are such that no translation can retain the aroma of the Japanese text, and least of all a *literal* translation. From French or German a literal translation may have the value of accuracy even if it has not beauty of literary form. A literal translation from the Japanese makes nonsense. In turning these nonsensical sounds into the sense they covered in Japanese there is a grave temptation to add to or to take away from their original meaning or sub-meaning. Hence no two translators' efforts could ever entirely coincide even in dealing with a few lines of verse. The Chinese and Buddhistic

allusions made in the Japanese texts with just a word or incomplete phrase must be somewhat expanded if they are to convey any meaning to readers ignorant of the stories to which they refer. Then there are the "pillow words" and "pivot words," described so clearly by Chamberlain and others, which are found in all Japanese poetry, but are very much used in the *Nō*, and which lead the thought lightly from idea to idea in Japanese which would appear in English to be entirely disconnected.

Now, to come down from generalities to the particular case of the "Sumida River," the *Nō* piece which is presented to-day in English dress for the first time. It is one of the important *Nō-no-utai*, but has not yet been translated so far as I am aware. It is at the same time one of the most beautiful and pathetic, and illustrates in a number of ways the old Japanese attitude toward life. It is written in the usual mixture of "words" and "songs" which form the librettos of these dramas.

In the translation I have put the whole of the text into verse. Why did I choose to do this and render the "words" of the actors in a long-metred rhythm when Chamberlain, Aston and Dickins, the three chief translators of Japanese, all say it is prose, and give it as such in the extracts they translate from other *Nō* pieces? My principal reason is that our English prose is too prosy, and is a very different thing from the Japanese prose chants in the originals. Every syllable in Japanese ends in a vowel, which would make rhyming monotonous, so it is not used in the pieces. For the same reason prose, in Japanese, cannot have the harsh,

unregulated sounds it has in our own, for Japanese is a language of melodious words. Then, further, though the form of the phrases may be prose when written down, in the actual performance the words are chanted, and to a foreigner, and even to many Japanese, they are well nigh indistinguishable from the "songs" which are scattered between. The songs and verselets, moreover, are broken up into the prose, so that often even in written form one can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins. Taking into consideration this and the jaggedness of our tongue, I felt that English prose does not at all represent the feeling and impression of the Japanese prose in the *Nō*, and I have consequently put the prose sections into long metrical lines.

For the "songs" a shorter line seems more suitable, and fits better the words available, and these songs are made, as in the original, to vary here and there. Rhyme, of course, is not used in the Japanese, but it sometimes seems right to utilise it in the translation. Chamberlain employs it almost entirely throughout his versions of the songs in the *Nō* dramas he translates, but I found that one is liable to strain the sense a little to fit this, while further, the ring of rhyme constantly recurring in the piece does not seem to me to echo the original so truly as does the less formal versifying. Dickins's method of translation on the other hand is the literal one; he retains the Japanese number of syllables in each line and fits his English words into this. The result, however, although it has a certain swing, is hard reading, for the sentences can scarcely be described as English.

I have endeavoured to make, so far as possible, a

version which is sufficiently readable for any one to enjoy the *Nō* without having the poetic vein broken by prose or by jagged, un-English phrases which divert the interest from the theme. At the same time I feel that fidelity to the original is a first requirement, and have therefore kept as close as possible to the wording of the text. An anglicised paraphrase seems uncalled for.

The real student of Japanese literature has some excellent translations of the *Nō* in the works of Chamberlain, Brinkley, Aston and Dickins. Chamberlain translates four complete dramas, the "Robe of Feathers," the "Death Stone," "Life is a Dream," and "Nakamitsu" in his 'Classical Poetry of the Japanese.' Aston gives most of the *Nō* "Takasago," one of the most famous, in his 'History of Japanese Literature,' and Dickins also translates the same "Takasago" in his 'Primitive and Mediaeval Japanese texts.' It is particularly interesting to compare Dickins's and Aston's translations of the same drama, more especially as Dickins gives the romanised texts of the original, from which it can be inferred how much variety is possible in translating them.

Of the numerous other untranslated dramas, Professor Sakurai and I hope to translate as many as possible from time to time, and begin now with the version of the piece called "The Sumida River." Our aim is to present to the reading public of England rather than to the student versions of these old plays which are still so much loved in the East.

This drama is attributed to Motomasa, who died in 1459, and was a grandchild of Kiyotosuga, who is

generally regarded as the founder of the *Nō* proper. Hence the date of the *Nō* is about a century earlier than most of our morality plays, while they are far finer than the latter.

The plot, as in all the *Nō*, is exceedingly simple —indeed, as Aston points out, there is very little "dramatic" value in any *Nō* performance.

The story is shortly this: A woman is travelling from Kioto, spoken of as the City Royal, or the capital, to Azuma, the east of Japan, and ultimately to the Sumida river, which is the same as that now flowing through Tokio. She seeks her only child, a little boy who was kidnapped from her widowed home the previous year. While crossing the ferry she learns that the child had died on the roadside of hardship, on the very spot where the people of the district are now assembling for prayer. She is prevailed upon to join them, and late at night the child's spirit-voice is heard, first praying and then speaking a few words to her. The play opens with the ferryman explaining who he is and how he is ferrying travellers across the river because of the universal prayer to be held in the village that night. He is supposed to be speaking to one traveller when another enters and tells of his long journey eastwards.

There are only three actors, the principal part, the *shite* in Japanese, being that of the mother; the second or *waki* is the ferryman, and the third is the traveller.

THE SUMIDA RIVER.

A TRANSLATION OF THE JAPANESE *Nō, Sumida gawa.*

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[Read November 24th, 1909.]

Dramatis Personæ:

The Mother.
The Ferryman.
A Traveller.
Spirit of the Child.
The Chorus.

Scene: The banks of the Sumida River in the Province of Musashi, toward evening.

Ferryman, speaking to a traveller who does not appear in the cast (words):

I am he who plies the ferry in the province of Musashi,
Over Sumida, the river, known to many far and wide.
And to-day my boat must hurry with its many loads of people,
For our village holds a festival of universal prayer.
On this day both priest and layman with no thought of their distinction
Will remember this great matter and assemble one and all.

Traveller (song):

The goal of my long journey is the East,
The goal of my long journey is the East,
Far Azuma,* and like its distance stretch
My days of travel, long, in weary thought.

* Azuma, a name for the east of Japan, really the region surrounding Tokio (literally the eastern capital).

(Words)

From the capital* I travel, I who now am speaking to you,
And I journey on to Azuma to visit there a friend.

(Song)

Behind me rise the mountains I have passed
Faint in the distance as the clouds and mists.
Behind me rise the mountains I have passed
Faint in the distance as the clouds and mists.
O'er many a mountain path my way has lain,
Wide province after province have I crossed.
Before me now lies the great Sumida,
The river of renown, and at my feet
The waiting ferry do I now behold,
The waiting ferry do I now behold.

(Words)

I have hurried, for already, 'tis the ferry of the river,
And behold, the boat is leaving, I must enter it at once.
What ho! Boatman! stay a moment. I would travel in your boat.

Ferryman (words):

Very good sir! Now at once though, may it please you to get in.
Yet I first would like to ask you, what is that loud noise behind you,
There behind, whence you have travelled. What a strange affair it is.

Traveller (words):

'Tis a woman who is coming from the capital and acting
Like a mad thing—quite amusing in a funny heedless way.

Ferryman (words):

Oh in that case let us tarry till the mad thing can o'ertake us,
We can stay the boat a little, for this way she'll surely come.

* The old capital in the west, Kioto.

The Mother (song):

While still a child remains
No parent's heart can know
The blackest depths of woe,
[But they stole mine from me.]

And now the bitter pains
Of harsh uncertainty
Do hourly torture me
Where ever I may be.

I ask all those who pass
Along the snowy way *
To Azuma to say
Where lies my little love.

There is no news. Alas!
No answer can I find.
Shall I then ask the wind
That blows unseen above?

Chorus:

If one but waits
The wind vibrates
The branches of the pine-trees till they speak.

If one stays still
He often will
Have brought to him the tidings he does seek.

The Mother (song):

Fleeting as are the gleaming drops of dew,
Desolate as the moor of Makuzu
In autumn, is this world of lost delight.

Chorus:

Fretted with sorrow pass her day and night.

The Mother (song):

I am a woman who had lived for years
At Kitajirakawa in the capital;

* In the original these lines contain a series of plays on words connecting the thoughts. For example, the Japanese word *yuki* means both "snow" and "going."

When suddenly I lost my only child,
Lured from me by a man who kidnapped him.
They told me that beyond Osaka's pass,*
Far to the East, to Azuma, he went.
And since I heard it I have felt my mind
Losing its hold on ordinary things,
Set only, full of love, upon the way
The child did follow. Tracing out the marks
Of his dear feet, I wander here and there.

Chorus (i):

Thousands of miles the journey is in length,
Yet never does the parent's heart forget
The child she loves and seeks. So do we hear.

Chorus (ii):

Although the tie is very sweet that binds
A little child to its fond parent's heart,
It is in nature transient, and one finds
When this world ends their time has come to part.†
Only for this world's re-births will it hold
Nor can outstay the future myriad worlds.
So like the four birds in the fable old
Before them cruel separation lies.‡
And even so this woman gives her life
To seek her lost child through the provinces
Of Shinotsuke and Musashi, till
She now has reached the river Sumida:
The end of hope to find him would for her
Destroy all heart to live.

The Mother (words):

Pray, oh boatman, kindly let me also enter in your ferry.

Ferryman (words):

Who, then, art thou? Whither going? And from whence hast thou just come?

* This is not the large commercial town of the same name.

† According to the Buddhistic belief, re-incarnation in the same relations of parent and child hold only for this world.

‡ Reference to an old Chinese fable of a bird who had four young and was bitterly distressed when the time came for them to fly away.

The Mother (words):

From the capital I travel, to Azuma, seeking someone.

Ferryman (words) (in jest):

As thou art, then, from the city, and seem also to be mad,
Entertain us, show us something that is curious or funny.
If thou do'st not, I'll not let thee travel now upon this boat.

The Mother (words):

Oh how vexing! I expected from the ferryman the answer,
"Enter now upon my ferry for the day is not yet done."

(Song) 'Tis often so that people from the city
By local ferry boats are hindered sore,
But o'er great Sumida thy ferry passes,
And so thy words I scarcely can believe.

Ferryman (words):

It is true; thou art a person from the distant City Royal
And thy gentle nurture tallies with its reputation here.

The Mother (words):

Ah! That word!* I do remember. It was here that Narihira†
That the famous Narihira wrote beside this very ferry:

(Song) Bird of the Royal City—come!
I ask of you, a boon if true,
The name that they have given you.
In the town the one I love
Is she? Or is she not?

* "That word" is the word for "reputation," which has a root the same as one used in the following famous poem which she quotes, the link between depending on one of the Japanese "pivot words."

† Narihira is one of the well-known early poets of Japan; he died in 880. Chamberlain, in his 'Classical Poetry of the Japanese,' quotes an opinion of Tsurayuki (who died in 946) on Narihira. He says: "Narihira's stanzas are so pregnant with meaning that the words suffice not to express it. He is like a closed flower that hath lost its colour, but whose fragrance yet remaineth." Narihira is noted among the classical poets for his conciseness and frequent obscurity.

The Mother (words):

Pray, oh boatman, over yonder is a white bird that we know not
In the capital. By what name do you call it in this part?

Ferryman (words):

That bird is indeed a seagull, flying in from the wide ocean.

The Mother (words):

They may call it gull or plover, what they wish to by the sea,
But when standing here by Sumida with that white bird before us
Why did you not name it rightly, as the bird of City Royal? *

Ferryman (song):

Yes, truly, truly, I have sadly erred.
This is the place far famed for that same bird.
I had in very truth the thing forgot
And though this is the place the thought came not.

The Mother (song):

The gull of the wide sea brings to thought
The waves of the evening tide.†

Ferryman (song):

And the roll of the waves to our minds has brought,
The past when Narihira cried.†

The Mother (song):

"Is she or is she not?" To the bird he spied.

Ferryman (song):

His thought was a lover parted from his side.

The Mother (song):

The same thought guides me, for I seek
My loving child. To all I speak
Asking if any news there be
Of where my child lies hid from me.

* She is vexed with him for not entering into the spirit of the place and realising the quotation she has just given.

† These lines depend on pivot words, which by playing upon the text words in the Japanese connect the ideas prettily.

Ferryman (song) : For a lover to pine
The Mother : For a child to seek
Ferryman Is in the same way
Mother : When love does speak.

Chorus (song) :

Oh Bird of the Royal city, come!
For I ask too, a boon of you.
In Azuma, the child I love
Is he, or is he not?
In Azuma, the child I love
Is he, or is he not?
Ah! though I ask and ask, it answers not!
Vexing art thou! Bird of the Royal City—
A country bird would'st thou be better called!
Yet this same bird comes singing from the banks
Of Horie River, where the boats race past.
That river is in Nariva, and this
The Sumida, flows down through Azuma.
When one reflects on this, how vastly far
In my lone journey do I seem to come.
That being so—lo! Ferryman, I pray
The boat is full, but still is room for me,
So let me enter, Ferryman I say,
So let me enter, and then push away.

Ferryman (words) :

Such a tender hearted madthing as this woman, never has been!
Come aboard at once, but notice that the ferry is a swift one,
Take good care to step in gently [to the traveller] you sir too. I pray come on.

Traveller (words) :

May I ask, what is that yonder where the people by the willow
Are assembled in great numbers? Why should they be waiting there?

Ferryman (words):

Well, that is a public meeting for a universal prayer.
I would tell you, while we're crossing, if you'll listen to the tale,
The sad story in connection with this festival of ours.
It was last year, in the third month, on the fifteenth day I reckon,
Yes! That is so, and to-day we have the very self same day,
That a kidnapper did journey from the capital, and with him
Was a lad whom he had purchased, twelve or thirteen years of age.
He was going to the north-east, but the child was not yet hardened
And the long fatiguing journey made him very sadly ill.
It was just here by the river that he could go no step farther,
But fell down, and there remained. Oh! a heartless man was with him!
And the child in that condition by the roadside simply lying
Was abandoned by the merchant who went off to the north-east.
Then the people of the district nursed and tenderly did treat him
(Though I fancy it was really just the Karma of his past),*
Something in his childish features and his little ways they noted,
As if he were of importance, so they watched him carefully.
Worse and worse however fared he, till the end seemed just approaching,
Then they asked him—"Who now art thou? and from whence hast thou just come?"

* And therefore hopeless to attempt to nurse him through the illness.

And his father's surname asked I, and the province of his birthplace:
"In the capital my home is, and at Kitajirikawa."
So he answered; "and my father, who is dead, was Yoshida.
I, his one child, had been living with my loving mother only,
But was kidnapped, and was taken far away, and hence my illness.
Truly, often am I thinking of the people in the city,
Of their hands and feet and shadows* even, often fondly thinking,
As beside the road I'm dying, where I will be buried soon.
Just to mark the spot I pray thee, be so kind, and plant a willow."
Feebly spoke he, and repeated four or five times a calm prayer.
Then it ended. A sad story, is it not, that I have told you?
As I see now, in this boat, there are some people from the city,
Unintentioned though it may be, yon will honourably join us,
And your lamentation offer with our prayers on this occasion?
What! The shore! With this long story we have quickly come to land.

Traveller (words):
Truly, here to-day I'll linger, and a prayer with you will say.

Ferryman (words):
How now! Why does that mad woman not come here from out the boat?

* The *shadows* of people are much more real in Japan than here. The shadow pictures that are continually thrown on the white paper screens must fill a large place in the memory of one who has lived in Japan.

Come, at once! Come up, I beg you! Yet how tender hearted is she!
Having simply heard the story she is truly shedding tears.
Yet at once, I really beg you, you must come out of the boat.

The Mother (words):
Pray, oh boatman, of that story, what, I beg you, is the date?

Ferryman (words):
'Twas last year, and in the third month; and, moreover, this same day.

Mother (words):
And that child, what age?

Ferryman: Twelve years.
Mother: Ah—his name?
Ferryman: Umewakamaru was he.
Mother: And his father's surname know you?
Ferryman: 'Twas a certain Yoshida.
Mother: And since then, the parents, have they never sent to make enquiries?
Ferryman: No; no relatives enquiring ever come.
Mother: But sure the mother!
Ferryman: It is strange beyond believing, but 'tis true—
I answer No!

Mother (song):
Alas! Nor kith nor kin. It is too true!
His parents even did not come to you.
It must be. Yet, oh Heavens, how sad! *That* child
Is him I seek. I, whom you now called wild.
Oh Heavens. Oh mercy. It must be a dream!

Ferryman (words):
Oh, unutterable sorrow. Until now it lay outside me;
It was other people's business. Now you say it was *thy* child?
Pitiful! But wherefore grievest? He is now beyond recall.

Come this way and I will show thee where his grave lies.
Now 'tis near.
This the tomb of him who left us. Offer now thy deep-felt prayers.

Mother (song) :

E'en though I feared it might be so, till now
Hope led me on to make this journey long
To distant, unfamiliar Azuma ;
But at the end of the sad way I find
Naught in this world but mark of where he lies.
Ah ! Cruel is it !—If his fate was death—
That he should leave his birthplace and have come
To a road corner in strange Azuma,
And mingled with the roadside earth to lie
Beneath a tangled mass of springtime's weeds,
Beneath this very ground so it doth seem.

Chorus (i) :

Then shown unto the mother in earth's form,
May there appear the dear one of her world ?

Chorus (ii) :

The one is taken who might be of use !
The one is taken who might be of use !
The one whose work is over does remain,
The mother, like a withered broom tree left,*
In whose mind comes and goes his likeness dear,
As things are wont in this uncertain world.
To man at any moment may come grief,
Like heartless storm that shatters blooming boughs.
The voice of such a storm has called up clouds
That fly unsettled and have hid the moon
That else had lit the long night of her life.
Yea, verily how fleeting must the world
Appear to her before us now. Alas !
Yea, verily how fleeting must the world
Appear to her before us now. Alas !

* This arises as a play on the words *Hawa*, a mother, and *hawaki* a broom tree, and also refers to a legend about a broom tree which appeared and disappeared.

Ferryman (words) :

Now, however much thou grievest, 'tis of no avail whatever;
Join then with us in the prayer for his good in future worlds.

(Song) The moon has risen, and the river breeze
Blows cool. 'Tis late already, and the gong
Tolls out, and we should be upon our knees.

The Mother (song) :

But still the mother in her agony
No prayer can voice, but only weeping lie
Upon the ground that hides her darling joy.

Ferryman (words):

Yea! 'tis sorrowful, but others have assembled in large numbers,
Wilt not thou, the mother, also offer prayers on his behalf?
It is *thy* prayer that his spirit surely would rejoice to hear.

(Song): I place the gong* now in the mother's hand.

Mother (song) :

For my child's sake, I do as I am told,
And in my own hands will the gong hold now.

Ferryman (song) :

Check then thy grief and clear thy voice for prayer.

Mother: In unison we pray this moonlit night.

Ferryman: Our thoughts united, to the west† we turn.

Mother and Ferryman:

Thee I adore, Eternal Buddha great,
Who still the same, for six and thirty times
A million million worlds of Paradise ‡

* The gong in the Buddhist shrines is struck by the one who prays.

† The west is the direction of the Buddhist heavens.

‡ The words are from the Buddhist scriptures, according to which there are thirty-six million million worlds, all presided over by emanations of the same Buddha.

For ever in the west dost permeate.
Thee I adore, Eternal Buddha great.
Thee I adore, Eternal Buddha great.

Chorus : I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.

Mother : And to my prayer the river Sumida
Adds its loud voice the breeze.

Chorus : I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.

The Mother :
If true thy name, bird of the City Royal,
Add too thy voice, for this the city's child.

Child and Chorus :*
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.

Mother (words) :
To the voice of prayer is added my child's voice. Oh! it was certain
His voice was it, I do know it, and within this mound it seemed.

Ferryman (words) :
As you say, we also heard it. And we now will cease our praying,
Thou his mother art, and solely, honourably deign to pray.

Mother (song) :
Even if nothing but his voice return,
I would that I could hear that voice again.

Child : I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.

* The spirit of the child is heard with the chorus' chant.

Chorus (song):

The voice is heard, and like a shadow too
Within, can one a little form discern.

Mother (song): Is it my child?

Child: Ah! Mother! Is it you?

Chorus (song):

The mutual clasp of hand in hand exchanged,
Once more he vanished as he first had come.
But in her thought increasingly the form
Of his reflection did repeat itself
As in a polished mirror, to and fro.
While gazing at the vision came the dawn
And dimly flushed the sky, till naught was left.
While what appeared to be the child is now
A mound grown thickly o'er with tangled weeds,
It has become naught but a rushy marsh,
A mark of what was once so very dear.
Ah pitiful indeed is this our life.

THE END.

JOHN DONNE: POET AND PREACHER.

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To realise at the outset Donne's relation in time to his contemporaries, it should be remembered that he was nine years younger than Shakespeare, twenty-one years younger than Spenser, ten years younger than Drayton, the same age as Ben Jonson, six years older than Fletcher, eleven years older than Beaumont, and that he was thirty-five when Milton was born. He outlived Shakespeare fifteen years, Spenser thirty-two years, Drayton and he died the same year, Ben Jonson outlived him six years, Beaumont died in the same year as Shakespeare, pre-deceasing Donne by fifteen years, Fletcher died six years before him, and Milton outlived him forty-three years; George Herbert, his closest imitator, was twenty years his junior, and outlived him only two years; Drummond, of Hawthornden, twelve years his junior, outlived him eighteen years.

Donne stood quite alone amongst this galaxy of brilliant writers. He was civil to Ben Jonson, and he was friendly with George Herbert; the others he does not mention. Edmond Gosse considers this aloofness to be due to the fact that Donne was an innovator in poetry. He was repelled by the classical

sweetness, regularity, and imagery of previous facts, and aimed at something more vigorous and startling. His ruggedness was not due to ignorance or want of musical ear, for some of his lines could not be surpassed even by Milton in the exquisiteness of their beauty. "What there was to know about prosody was, we may be sure, perfectly known to Donne. But it is evident that he intentionally essayed to introduce a revolution into English versification. One of the main objections that he took to the verse of his youth was that it was so mellifluous, sinuous, and soft. A five-syllabled iambic line of Spenser or of Daniel trots along with the gentlest amble of inevitable shorts and longs. Donne thought that the line should be broken up into successive quick and slow beats. The conventional line vexed his ear with its insipidity, and it doubtless appeared to him that his great predecessors had never completely shaken off a timidity and monotony which had come down to them from Surrey and Gascoigne. It is possible that he wished to improve on the rhymed verse of Spenser, as Shakespeare had improved on the rhymed verse of Sackville."

Donne's fame and popularity suffered from his reserve and unwillingness to publish. The first poem he printed was the "Anatomy of the World," a short funeral ode on Elizabeth Drury, the daughter of his patron; the second a corresponding "Progress of the Soule," next year, on the same subject. For the most part little of his poetry was published till the posthumous edition of 1633. In spite of this reticence he enjoyed an extraordinary reputation as a poet, and it was owing to copies of

his verses handed round amongst his friends and at the Court of James I.

With regard to the reputation in which he was held in his own epoch, Drummond, of Hawthornden, records that Ben Jonson "esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things." About 1619 one of the MS. copies of Donne's poems fell into the hands of Carew, then about in his twenty-fifth year. Hitherto Ben Jonson, in his lyrics, had been his model; Donne's compositions now excited his amazement and his curiosity. "For the moment," says Gosse, "the existing poetry of the country seemed to be blotted out in a mist of admiring wonder. England had 'no voice, no tune,' but what Donne supplied. . . . Carew endeavours to define the extraordinary effect of the first reading of Donne's verses. He describes rapturously—

'the fire
That filled with spirit and heat the Delphic choir,'

at the approach of this new voice, and he proceeds with the calmness gained by some twelve years of familiarity with this extraordinary and bewildering genius, to distinguish what it was which produced on the minds of himself and others this impression of Donne's novelty and unchallenged supremacy. In the first place there was in Donne the note of revolt against the conventional imagery, diction, and order of ideas, which had belonged to the Renaissance. This new poetry was a 'fire' which purged the Muse's garden of its pedantic weeds, that is to say, of the time-honoured classical conventions (gods and goddesses, shepherds and shepherdesses, urns and

groves, founts and springs, and endless classical allusions). For servile imitation of the ancients, seen through the Italian atmosphere, Donne substituted 'fresh invention.' He 'paid the debts of the penurious bankrupt age' by exchanging for mere loans upon antiquity a new, rich, realistic poetry of endless possibilities of resource.

"What these young poets saw in Donne, and what attracted them so passionately to him, was the concentration of his intellectual personality. He broke through tradition; he began as if poetry had never been written before; he, as Carew says,

> 'opened us a mine
> Of rich and pregnant fancy.'

He banished the deities from his verse; not a Roundhead fiercer than he in his scorn of 'those old idols.' He wiped away 'the wrong' which the English language in its neo-pagan raptures had 'done the Greek or Latin tongue.' His gigantic fancy put such a strain upon the resources of the English language that its 'tough, thick-ribbed hoops' almost burst beneath the pressure. The earlier Elizabethan writers had been 'libertines in poetry'; Donne recalled them to law and order. This is how Carew describes the extraordinary emotion caused by the first reading of Donne's poems:

> 'the flame
> Of thy brave soul, that shot such light
> As burned our earth, and made our darkness bright,
> Committed holy rapes upon the will,
> Did through the eye the melting heart distil,
> And the deep knowledge of dark truths did teach.'

"Once again, Donne has—

'drawn a line
Of masculine expression, . . .
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,'

that is to say, the ancient poets have no advantage in originality over Donne, save the purely accidental one of having been born in an earlier age."

I must add a brief of estimate of Donne by George Saintsbury, from an introduction to a recent edition of his poems. "There is hardly any, perhaps indeed there is not any, English author on whom it is so hard to keep the just mixture of personal appreciation and critical measure as it is on John Donne. It is almost necessary that those who do not like him should not like him at all; should be scarcely able to see how any decent and intelligent human creature can like him. It is almost as necessary that those who do like him should either like him so much as to speak unadvisedly with their lips, or else curb and restrain the expression of their love for fear that it should seem on that side idolatry. But these are not the only dangers. Donne is eminently of that kind which lends itself to sham liking, to coterie worship, to a sham enthusiasm; and here is another weapon in the hands of the infidels, and another stumbling block for the feet of the true believers. . . ."

"I am not without some apprehension that I shall be judged to have fallen a victim to my own distinction, drawn at the beginning of this (introduction), and shown myself an unreasoning lover of this astonishing poet. Yet I think I could make good my appeal in any competent critical court.

For in Donne's case the yea-nay fashion of censorship which is necessary and desirable in the case of others is quite superfluous. His faults (of taste, of metre, of obscurity, of morality) are so gross, so open, so palpable, that they hardly need the usual amount of critical comment and condemnation. But this very peculiarity of their's constantly obscures his beauties even to not unfit readers. They open him; they are shocked, or bored, or irritated, or puzzled by his occasional nastiness (for he is now and then simply and inexcusably nasty), his frequent involution and eccentricity, his not quite rare indulgence in extravagances which go near to silliness; and so they love the extraordinary beauties which lie beyond or among those faults. It is true that, as was said above, there are those, and many of them, who can never and will never like Donne. No one who thinks 'Don Quixote' merely a funny book, no one who sees in 'Aristophanes' merely a dirty-minded fellow with a knack of Greek versification, no one who thinks it impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had not written the 'Sonnets,' no one who wonders what on earth Giordano Bruno meant by 'Gli Eroici Furori,' need trouble themselves to like Donne.

"But for those who have experienced, or who at least understand the ups and downs, the ins and outs of human temperament, the alternations, not merely of passion and satiety, but of passion and laughter, of passion and melancholy reflection, of passion earthly enough and spiritual rapture almost heavenly, there is no poet, and hardly any writer like Donne. They may even be tempted to see in the strangely mixed

and flawed character of his style, an index and reflection of the variety and rapid changes of his thought and feeling. To the praise of the highest poetical art (in technique) he cannot indeed lay claim. He is of course entitled to the benefit of the pleas that it is uncertain whether he ever prepared definitely for the press a single poetical work of his; that it is certain that his maturer years regarded his youth with too much disapproval to bestow any critical care on his youthful poems; (and that almost all his poems were written before he was twenty-five). . . . But if Donne cannot receive the praise due to the accomplished poetical artist, he has that not perhaps higher, but certainly rarer, of the inspired poetical creator."

The prosaic mind of Hallam was exactly one of those which, as Saintsbury says, are bound to dislike Donne. Speaking of him as the founder of what Dr. Johnson calls the metaphysical school of poets in England, Hallam says: "Donne is the most inharmonious of our versifiers, if he can be said to have deserved such a name by lines too rugged to seem metre. Of his earlier poems many are very licentious; the later are chiefly devout. Few are good for much; the conceits have not even the merit of being intelligible; it would be difficult perhaps to select three passages which we should care to read again."

I think I shall be able to show you by the quotations which I shall have the pleasure to produce, that this judgment of Hallam's is harsh, undeserved, and unsympathetic.

But before I do that I must run briefly through

the events of his life, so that I may remind you what kind of man he was.

He was born in London in 1573, when Elizabeth had been thirteen years on the throne. His mother was daughter of John Heywood, the epigrammatist, a nephew of Sir Thomas More; his father, a prosperous London merchant of gentle Welsh descent, died early in 1576, leaving a widow and six children. Young Donne was brought up a strict Roman Catholic. In his twelfth year he was admitted to Hart Hall, Oxford, where he began his life-long friendship with Sir Henry Wotton, afterwards the famous Provost of Eton, as well as with other distinguished men. Being a Roman he could not take a degree, and spent some time in foreign travel, during which it is thought that he got rid of his patrimony. With many other young enthusiasts he joined Essex's expedition to Cadiz in 1596, and visited other parts of Spain, the Azores, and Italy. In 1592 he was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn. For a long time he had been doubtful about the Roman claims and tenets, and after very careful and conscientious examination he joined the Reformed Church of England. On his return from Cadiz he was appointed secretary to the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, ancestor of the Dukes of Bridgewater, the Dukes of Sutherland, and the Earls of Ellesmere. He had married a sister of Sir George More, the representative of Sir Thomas More, Donne's great-uncle, who lived at the magnificent old Elizabethan palace of Losely in Surrey, and it was in that way that the introduction came. Here Donne made the acquaint-

ance of many of the chief men of his day, especially about the Court of King James, and wrote, without printing it, the greater part of his poetry. He seems to have had in a strong degree the rare gift of personal magnetism, and his friends wrote to him in varying tones of genuine affection. His wit, beauty, and charm won him also the passionate love of his cousin, Anne, the young daughter of Sir George More, who lived with her aunt, Lady Egerton. Lady Egerton died in 1599; and, perhaps through want of supervision, the young people were secretly married at the end of 1600. When the secret came out Sir George More was violently indignant, and procured the committal to prison of his son-in-law and the two Brookes, who had been witnesses of the marriage. Nothing less would satisfy Sir George More than that the Lord Keeper should dismiss his luckless secretary from his honourable and lucrative office, and from the splendid prospects that lay before him; and thus one blind act of romantic imprudence suddenly reduced the poet to penury. He was soon set at liberty, but his career was spoilt, and he found himself, at the age of twenty-seven, with a bride of sixteen, a disgraced and needy man, with a scanty fortune, and no ostensible means of livelihood. After a while a reconciliation took place between him and his wife's family, but Sir Thomas Egerton declined to reinstate him in his office. But the aunt, Lady Egerton, had been widow of Sir John Wolley, of Pyrford, when the Lord Keeper married; and now Francis Wolley, who may have been her son, offered them a home at Pyrford, near Guildford, where they lived for the

next four years—till 1604. Donne then made an attempt to resume his footing at Court, and moved to Peckham and Mitcham. At Mitcham he had many friends, and he was in constant attendance on the chief personages who frequented the Court. His most generous patron and friend was Lucy, Countess-Dowager of Bedford, daughter of Lord Harrington, a wealthy heiress, at whose house at Twickenham Donne was a frequent visitor, meeting there a brilliant circle of wits and courtiers, such as have rarely assembled at any great salon in England. "He had also attracted the King's notice, and was kept in occasional attendance on his Majesty. The young man's musical voice, readiness of speech, and extraordinary memory, made him acceptable at the royal table, where he appears to have been called upon sometimes to read aloud, and sometimes to give his opinion on questions that arose for discussion. The King became convinced that here was a man whose gifts were such as were eminently suited for the calling of a Divine; and in answer to such applications as were made to him to bestow some civil appointment upon the young courtier, only made one reply, that Mr. Donne should receive church preferment or none at all." Donne, however, was far too conscientious to take so momentous a step in a hurry; and though he was also urged to take orders by the King's favourite chaplain, Thomas Morton, afterwards Bishop of Durham, he felt that the gay and licentious life he had led before his marriage was too fresh in men's minds to warrant such a choice.

In 1610, at the King's request, he wrote in six

weeks' time his 'Pseudo-martyr,' against those Romanists who unnecessarily made themselves quasi-martyrs, and with the object of buttressing the royal argument about the attitude of Romanists to the oath of allegiance. He also wrote many poems about this time. The poetic epistles to the Countess of Bedford, the Countess of Huntingdon, the Countess of Salisbury, and the two daughters of Robert, Lord Rich, must all be referred to this period; also the beautiful funeral elegies on Lady Markham, Lady Bedford's sister, and Mistress Bulstrode, who died in Lady Bedford's house. The exquisite poem called the "Litany," sent to Sir Henry Goodere, was of the same date as 'Pseudo-martyr.' The 'Divine Poems' and 'Holy Sonnets' had been written earlier, and sent in 1607 to Lady Magdalen Herbert, mother of the church poet.

In 1610, also, the University of Oxford conferred on Donne the degree of M.A. *honoris causâ*. Soon after this Sir Robert Drury, of Halstead, Essex, one of the richest men in England, who had a palace in the Strand, after which Drury Lane is now called, lost his only child, a daughter, in her sixteenth year. The parents were in great grief, and seem to have asked Donne to write an epitaph. He not only did so, but wrote on her the beautiful elegy called "The Anatomy of the World," one of the finest of his poems; the poem on the same subject next year was equally remarkable—"The Progress of the Soule." In November, 1611, Sir Robert and Lady Drury resolved to travel on the continent, and took Donne with them. They were

away nine months, and spent most of their time in France and Belgium. It was in Paris that Donne saw the telepathic vision of his wife with an infant in her arms, in consequence of which Sir Robert sent a servant to Drury House, where Mrs. Donne was living, who brought the news of the birth of a still-born child.

On his return to England in 1612, Donne found that Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, had risen to the chief place at Court; he placed himself under his protection, and announced his intention of at length taking orders. The same year died Henry, Prince of Wales, on whom Donne wrote a very touching elegy. Early next year, 1613, the Princess Elizabeth was married to the Elector Palatine, and Donne wrote a very musical and charming epithalamium. On January 25th, 1614, he was at length ordained, having spent the three years preceding his ordination almost exclusively in the study of divinity. It was at this time that he composed his curious poem called "Biathanatos," pronounced unique of its kind, in which he discusses whether under conceivable circumstances suicide might be excusable. In 1613 Donne had written an epithalamium on the marriage of his patron Somerset with the divorced Countess of Essex, a marriage about which there was afterwards a dreadful exposure. There is no reason to suppose that he was aware of the circumstances until they became publicly known.

After his ordination King James almost immediately made him chaplain, and commanded him to preach before the Court. A few months later

James, on a royal progress, visited Cambridge, and obtained the degree of D.D. for his new chaplain. In that first year no less than fourteen country livings were offered, but not wishing to leave London he declined them all. In 1616 he accepted the rectory of Keystone in Huntingdonshire, and in the same year the much more valuable rectory of Sevenoaks. Three months later he was elected by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn to be Divinity Reader, preaching twice a Sunday in term time. Dr. Jessop says that "he was immediately recognised as one of the most eloquent and able preachers of the day." The sermons which he delivered at Lincoln's Inn are amongst the most ingenious and thoughtful of any which have come down to us, admirably adapted to his audience, and they will always rank as amongst the noblest examples of pulpit oratory which the seventeenth century has bequeathed to posterity.

In 1617 his wife died, aged little more than thirty-two. During sixteen years she had borne him twelve children, of whom seven survived her. She was buried in old St. Clement Danes, but her monument was destroyed when the church was rebuilt. Donne threw himself more than ever into preaching, and his health suffered from his assiduous studies. In 1619 Lord Doncaster was sent on a mission to Germany and Donne went with him as his chaplain. One of his noblest and most eloquent efforts is his temporary farewell to the Benchers on this occasion. At Heidelberg he preached before the Princess Palatine. At the Hague he preached before the States-General, and they gave him the gold medal

struck six months before in honour of the Synod of Dort. In 1620 he was once more preaching at Whitehall.

In 1621 came a great recognition of his merit; the King gave him the Deanery of St. Paul's in succession to Dr. Valentine Carey, who was made Bishop of Exeter. "It was a splendid piece of preferment," says Dr. Jessop, "with a residence fit for a bishop" (on the site of the present Deanery, but on a much larger space), "and furnished with two spacious court-yards, a gate-house, porter-lodge, and a chapel, which last the new Dean lost no time in putting into complete repair." He continued to hold his preachership at Lincoln's Inn for another year. In the same year, 1622, his first printed sermon appeared, delivered at Paul's Cross to an enormous congregation, in obedience to the King's commands, in explanation of the Royal supremacy. Two months later Donne preached his glorious sermon before the Virginian Company, which had not been succeeding well commercially, but contained a minority who were animated by loftier aims, such as Lord Southampton, Sir Edwin Sandys, and Nicholas Ferrer of the famous community of Little Gidding. Donne's sermon struck a note in full sympathy with these larger views and nobler aims. It may truly be described as the first missionary exhortation printed in the English language. As a preacher at this time Donne stood almost alone. His popularity was always on the increase, he rose to every occasion, and surprised his friends, as Walton tells us, by the growth of his genius and his earnestness even to the end.

In 1623 and 1624 he was chosen Prolocutor of Convocation. In 1623 it is interesting to note that his daughter Constance married Edward Allen, Founder of Dulwich College. Left a widow three years later, she returned to her father and managed his household. In 1624 he was presented by the Earl of Kent with the Rectory of Blunham, in Bedfordshire, which he held *in commendam*, and by the Earl of Dorset with the Vicarage of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, the duties of which he performed with the most conscientious regularity up to the end. His last few years were uneventful, marked chiefly by the publication of his great sermons: one on the accession of Charles I, another on the death of George Herbert's mother, who had become Lady Danvers. He wrote a hymn, which was set to music and sung by the choir of St. Paul's. He composed verses on the death of the Marquis of Hamilton in 1625, and probably many of his devotional poems belong to these years. In 1629 he fell ill, and went to stay at his daughter Constance's house at Barking, who had married an alderman of London named Samuel Harvey. Appointed in 1631 to preach at Whitehall on Ash Wednesday, he appeared there in a most emaciated condition. His text was, "Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death." There is a tone, says Dr. Jessop, of almost awful solemnity throughout the discourse, but no sign of failing powers. Donne lingered on for five weeks, and died on March 31st of that year. Before he died he had himself painted in his shroud, and it is from that strange picture that his monument is taken, which is almost the only one that escaped the

fury of the great Fire of London in 1666, and stands in a niche in the south aisle of the choir of the new cathedral at the present day. Walton's life is full of the touching tributes of his numerous devoted friends.

Donne's poems have been divided into ten principal classes; (1) songs and sonnets; (2) marriage songs; (3) elegies; (4) divine poems; (5) letters to several personages; (6) commendatory verses; (7) funeral poems; (8) "The Anatomy of the World," with the "Progress of the Soul"; (9) satires; (10) epigrams.

It remains to give a few specimens. First, from the songs and sonnets. The thought of the first stanza of "Good-morrow" is very characteristic of Donne's originality:

"I wonder, by any troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? Were we not weaned till then?
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but *this*; all pleasures fancies be;
If ever any beauty I did see
Which I desired and got, 'twas but a dream of thee."

The following song shows him in his lightest mood:

SONG.

"Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

"If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear,
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

"If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three."

In the song "Canonization," that is by love, there are several charming verses, of which this is one:

"We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns all shall approve
Us canonized for love;"

Here are two exquisite stanzas from "Love's Growth"—

"And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown,
Gentle love deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awaken'd root do bud out now.

"If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
Produced by one, love such additions take,
Those like so many spheres but one heaven make,
For they are all concentric unto thee;
And though each spring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate this spring's increase."

There is a pretty conceit in the song called "The Bait," of which I quote four stanzas:

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

"There will the river whisp'ring run
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the sun
And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

"When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

"For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait:
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby
Alas! is wiser far than I."

The picture from Nature in the next lines could hardly be surpassed:

"Upon this Primrose hill,
Where, if heaven would distil
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own primrose, and grow manna so;
And where their form, and their infinity
Make a terrestrial galaxy,
As the small stars do in the sky;
I walk to find a true love; and I see"

As a specimen of the "Marriage Songs," I will quote the first stanza of that for Princess Elizabeth and the Count Palatine on St. Valentine's Day, which is full of vivid observations of Nature:

"Hail Bishop Valentine, whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers.
And other birds are thy parishioners;
Thou marriest every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou makest the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch, or the halcyon;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine."

The following sonnet is one of a great number of remarkable beauty from Donne in later life and graver mood:

"Thou hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;

I run to death, and Death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and Death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh.
Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee
By Thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain.
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart."

The next is from the noble poem called "The Litany":

"Hear us, O hear us, Lord; to Thee
A sinner is more music, when he prays,
Than spheres' or angels' praises be,
In panegyric alleluias;
Hear us, for till Thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say;
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word;
O Thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear Thyself now, for Thou in us dost pray."

The following lines are a fine example of one of his finest poems, "The Anatomy of the World," written on the death of Sir Thomas Drury's daughter:

"Immortal maid, who though thou wouldst refuse
The name of mother, be unto my Muse
A father, since her chaste ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These hymns may work on future wits, and so
May great-grandchildren of thy praises grow;

And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrify with vice.
For thus man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These hymns thy issue may increase so long,
As till God's great Venite change the song."

And again, later on:

"Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate
She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat hearkening how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, because in all she did
Some figure of the golden times was hid.
Who could not lack, whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form that made it live;
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be stay'd in, then when she was in it;
She, that first tried indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
She, to whose person paradise adhered,
As courts to princes; she, whose eyes ensphered
Star-light enough to have made the South control
—Had she been there—the star-full Northern Pole;
She, she is gone; she's gone.

A short specimen of his satires (if there be time) must end these quotations:

"Away, thou changeling motley humourist,
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffin'd when I die.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines, and here
Nature's secretary, the philosopher,
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body;

Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild, uncertain thee?
First, swear by thy best love, here, in earnest
—If thou, which lovest all, canst love any best—
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet;
Not though a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel-gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk perfumèd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer;
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue coats, twelve or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin, or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?"

Noble lines stud every page. Such is:

"Great Destiny, the Commissary of God,"

or—

"This soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
Prisons of flesh,"

or—

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her deeds, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might say her body thought,"

or the description of death as—

"A groom
That brings a taper to the outward room,"

or when complaining of the tyranny of love he says—

"I long to talk with some old lover's ghost
Who died before the God of Love was born,"

or the couplet—

> "I must confess it could not choose but be
> Profane to think of anything but thee."

Walton tells us that he was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit, both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much to contemplate—especially after he entered into his sacred calling—the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say in a kind of sacred ecstacy: "Blessed be God that He is God, only and divinely like Himself."

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct (react) at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

Saintsbury, summing him up, says:

"*Nos passions*, says Bossuet, *ont quelque chose d'infini.* To express infinity no doubt is a contradiction in terms. But no poet has gone nearer to the hinting and adumbration of this infinite quality of passion, and of the relapses and reactions from passion, than the author of 'The Second Anniversary' and 'The Dream,' of 'The Relique' and 'The Ecstasy.'"

"And so we leave him," says Gosse, "surely the most undulating, the most diverse of human beings. Splendid and obscure he was in the extreme versatility and passion, the profundity, the saintliness, the mystery, of his inscrutable character. No one in the history of English literature, as it seems to me, is so difficult to realise, so impossible to measure, in the vast curves of his extraordinary and contradictory features. . . . We are tempted to declare that of all great men he is the one of whom least is essentially known. Is not this perhaps the secret of his perennial fascination?"

Personally, I should be inclined to describe him as a man of immense genius, unlimited human sympathies, great poetic gifts, an imagination undaunted by the highest flights, a magnetic personal fascination, and indefatigable energy. To whatever influence he surrendered himself it absorbed him for the time. In his youth it was singing the delights of love, in manhood the pursuit of knowledge and imagination, in later years the worship of God and the teaching of religious truth; in each field alike he, in his day, had few rivals.

MODERN FEATURES IN AN ANCIENT AUTHOR: XENOPHON.

BY W. J. COURTHOPE, C.B., D.LITT., V.P.R.S.L.

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THERE are certain Greek writers, and those the greatest of all, whom we regard as in a special sense the representatives of ancient civilisation. Their work was produced at the most vigorous period of Greek political life: it seems to condense into itself the essence of Greek character; on the other hand, it stands in marked contrast with some of the most characteristic features of the modern order. The form, for example, of the Attic drama, while it reflects the inmost spirit of Greek religion and morality, furnishes a very complete antithesis to the genius of poetic tragedy in the great ages of Spain and England. The solemn and tragic history of Thucydides is so completely absorbed in the contemplation of contemporary events in Greece, which look physically small by the side of modern interests, that it suggested John Bright's sneer at the size of the Ilissus, as an argument against classical education. The philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, spacious as it is, confines its view of ethical, political, and social matters within such strictly Greek limits that the modern metaphysicians

of Germany profess to be able to leave it out of account in their speculation. Hence, while it is to these greatest Greek writers in particular that we turn in an archaeological sense for a scientific view of ancient life as it really was, yet, in doing so, we have to get quit of our own circumstances, and, as it were, to emigrate in imagination to another sphere.

But if we regard classical literature in a spirit of humanism, the matter presents itself in a different light. The illustrious writers to whom I have alluded treated their subjects in an exclusively Greek manner; they drew a ring fence, so to speak, round Greek interests and Greek institutions, classifying the world outside under the general name of "barbarians." This they had a full right to do, for whatever of freedom, art, and philosophy illuminated the history of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., was to be found only in the city states that flourished on the shores of the Ionian and Aegean seas, and naturally the surviving monuments of that civilisation reflect mainly the life and character of the self-governed City. In our own days, however, the social interests of mankind have expanded beyond the City into the Nation, and though we shall always regard the Greeks as our masters in all that relates to art and letters, we are conscious that there is in our own society, in spite of its "barbarian" descent, a large range of modern interest and sympathy of which the greatest Greek writers knew next to nothing. The more valuable to us are the works of their immediate successors, who wrote when the Greeks

were beginning to explore the world beyond their own classic park-paling, and whose sympathetic imagination seems to provide a link of connection between the old Hellenic society and the society of Christian Europe. I desire in the present paper to ask your attention, in a way which must necessarily be rather suggestive than complete, to the character of one of the most distinguished of these more cosmopolitan Greek writers, Xenophon, and to a few features in his work, which seem to bring him nearer to our own imagination than his great contemporaries, Plato and Thucydides.

To illustrate the modern side of Xenophon's character, I will in the first place deal with him in his personal capacity, and more particularly as the friend and disciple of Socrates, in which aspect he will appear in striking contrast with Plato. The exact dates of Xenophon's birth and death are unknown, but his long life probably covered a period from about 430 B.C. to 350 B.C. During this era the city of Athens, of which he was a native, may be said, in homely phrase, to have been going downhill. We see it passing from the unconscious to the self-conscious stage of political existence. It was still a democracy, and a democracy, like ours in England, of a very conservative type. The whole people, admitted to the Ecclesia by Cleisthenes' extension of the franchise, nearly a century before the birth of Xenophon, possessed the power of deciding all issues arising out of the foreign policy of the State; and in coming to their decisions they were influenced by instincts and beliefs implanted in their minds by the still more ancient legislation of

Solon. To these time-honoured creeds the majority of the people were still devotedly attached, but there was an intellectual minority which was always inclined to question the foundations of the ancestral faith. The social atmosphere of Athens, therefore, encouraged revolution, and many of the ablest intellects in the city were endeavouring to reconstruct by analysis the basis of belief and action. Of these teachers the most eminent was Socrates. Socrates, as everyone knows, was informed by the Oracle at Delphi, much to his own surprise, that there was no one living wiser than himself. On reflection he came to the conclusion that those whom he had hitherto accounted wise were not so wise as they seemed, and in order to test his conclusions he set to work by an original method of cross-examination to inquire into the grounds of his fellow-citizens' knowledge. The result was that he found everybody, though unconscious of the fact, to be in a state of complete ignorance.

Now it may fairly be said that Socrates, as he really lived, thought, and spoke, is, to our English ideas, an almost inconceivable figure. We find it difficult to think of any attention being paid in these days to a person who should always be running round to the Stock Exchange, the Law Courts, the Lobby of the House of Commons, or Lord's Cricket Ground, asking every one he met his opinions about the Ten Commandments and the British Constitution. On the other hand, we are equally astonished at the idea of a democratic state resolving to condemn to death a person, generally acknowledged to be virtuous and well-meaning, as if he were a public

criminal. Our opinion of the Athenians rather resembles that of the Islingtonians in Goldsmith's "Elegy on a Mad Dog."

> "Around, from all the neighbouring streets
> The wondering neighbours ran,
> And swore the dog had lost his wits
> To bite so good a man."

This is a very natural view to take, because we are in the habit of considering social life in other communities solely in the light of our own experience. But if we take the trouble to transport ourselves in imagination into the life of ancient Athens, we shall readily comprehend that the accusers of Socrates, Anytus and Meletus, were not altogether the stupid fanatics that at first sight we are apt to think them; and we shall arrive with more certainty at the conclusion I am endeavouring to put before you—namely, that of the two great disciples of Socrates, Xenophon was much nearer than Plato to our modern view of social and political morality.

For what was the charge brought against Socrates by his accusers? Plato and Xenophon both tell us it was twofold. To quote the 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon, the indictment ran: "Socrates offends against the laws by not paying respect to those gods whom the City respects, and by introducing other new deities; he also offends against the laws in corrupting the youth." I pass over the first of these charges, as being peculiar to Socrates and the City of Athens and not particularly interesting to ourselves, and come to the second, which is really

an indictment of Socrates for the use made by him of his negative methods of logic. By his own admission, Socrates' way was to convince everybody of ignorance before proceeding to supply them with a ground-work of true knowledge. Anytus said, according to Xenophon, that the effect of this was "to excite the young to despise the established form of government." Nor could this very well be denied. Since the government of Athens was by the people in their Assembly, and every man of full age was allowed to address the Assembly, it was certain that the people, moved by their orators, would pass their decrees on such intuitive principles of right conduct as they had learned from their parents. Everyone in the Assembly had been taught by his parents that the good citizen ought to be just, temperate, wise, and courageous, and everyone thought that he knew instinctively what ought to be decided about cases involving such principles; but Socrates' first step in talking to anyone who wished to take part in public affairs was to prove to him by question and answer that he knew nothing as to what in the abstract justice, temperance, wisdom, or courage really were. What was the natural consequence of such negation? "See," Anytus might have said, "the results of your teaching in those bad citizens, your pupils, Critias and Alcibiades. You first of all prove to them by cross-examination that there is no ground for the customary moral principles they have been taught; and then you teach them to argue about justice and other matters in such a way that, as is well known, Alcibiades, when he was only eighteen, was able to make an experienced

statesman like Pericles involve himself in self-contradiction."* Xenophon, indeed, says, in Socrates' defence, that after he had convinced his pupils of ignorance he proceeded to build up their principles by teaching them how to form true definitions; nevertheless, he adds: "When he himself went through any subject in argument, he proceeded upon propositions of which the truth was generally acknowledged."† "That is just what I say," Anytus might have argued, "you first teach your pupils to question truths which are generally acknowledged, and then you make use of the very truths you have destroyed to deceive these young men with the idea that they have acquired some new truth." And he might have gone on: "Your method of reasoning is not only useless but unfair. You take advantage of your intellectual superiority to ask questions of your pupils in such a way that their answers will bring you to the conclusion you want, however sophistical this may be." As an example of this he might have taken the conversation which Socrates is reported by Xenophon to have held with one Euthydemus, in which conversation Socrates wished to prove that justice is conscious behaviour in conformity with the laws, and in which he conducted his argument by question and answer, thus:

Question: "Do you know what sort of actions are called just?"—*Answer:* "Those which the laws sanction." *Question:* "Those, therefore, who do what the laws sanction do what is just and what they ought?"—*Answer:* "How can it be otherwise?" *Question:* "Those who do just things therefore are just?"—*Answer:* "I think so."

* 'Memorabilia,' Book i, cap. 2. † *Ibid.*, Book iv, cap. 6.

Question: "Do you think that any persons yield obedience to the laws who do not know what the laws sanction?"—*Answer:* "I do not."

If Euthydemus had not been under the spell of Socrates he clearly ought to have answered here: "Yes! many people who do not know what the law contains act unconsciously in conformity with it." Socrates, however, goes on, carrying Euthydemus still further into sophistry:

Question: "And do you know any persons who do other things than those that they think they ought to do?" *Answer:* "I do not."*

But here Euthydemus, who must have had the same experience as St. Paul, should have replied:

"Yes! almost everybody. For that which I do I allow not: for what I would that do I not; but what I hate that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. . . . But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."†

Had he answered in this way Socrates could not have come to the positive conclusion which Xenophon reports to have closed the conversation.

Finally, Anytus might fairly have argued: "You, Socrates, profess to instruct young men how to become sound politicians, but the questions you ask them about abstract justice, temperance, and the like have nothing to do with those large concrete questions of public expediency with which they will have to deal in the Assembly. How, for example, would

* 'Memorabilia,' Book iv, cap. 6. † Romans, Chap. vii. 15–23.

your questions teach them to weigh the arguments presented to them on either side in the debate on what should be done with the revolted population of Mitylene, when the Assembly came one day to a decision on the advice of Cleon, which they reversed next day on the advice of Diodotus?" To this Socrates could have made no reply, for the distinction between private and public justice is evident, as Burke shows in his Speech on Conciliation with America, where he says:

"It should seem to my way of conceiving such matters that there is a wide difference in reason and policy between the mode of proceeding on the irregular conduct of scattered individuals, or even of bands of men who disturb order within the State, and the discussions which may from time to time agitate the communities which compose a great empire. It looks to me to be narrow and pedantic to apply the ordinary ideas of criminal justice to this great public contest. I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people."

It must be acknowledged, then, that from the popular Greek point of view there was much force in Anytus' indictment against Socrates' method of negative logic. But now, if we turn to the way in which the indictment was met by Plato and Xenophon respectively, we shall see that the latter was of the two much the nearer to our own view of the subject. Socrates, as he is presented to us in the 'Dialogues' of Plato, appears almost as an incarnation of the negative principle. In the 'Apology' he is made to declare defiantly that, even if acquitted, he will persist in his habits of cross-examination, and in Plato's most brilliant dialogues, such as the 'Protagoras' and the

'Theaetetus', Socrates is above all things used as a dramatised figure for enforcing a purely negative conclusion. It is on the whole pretty safe to conclude that in these 'Dialogues' we have a dramatic version of Plato's own opinions rather than a record of the actual conversation of the man Socrates.

There were two main reasons why Plato should have deliberately developed the negative side of Socrates' teaching—one philosophical and the other artistic. As to the philosophical reason, Plato was, intellectually, a Radical reformer. By birth and temper he was an aristocrat, who greatly preferred the oligarchical form of government at Sparta to the democratic institutions of his own city. He therefore employed with zeal and enthusiasm a logical method calculated to undermine the customary beliefs which King Nomos of the Athenian democracy had implanted in the minds of his countrymen. But he was also a great artist, a man endowed in the highest degree with the genius of the poet and the dramatist; and, as the inventor of the literary form of fictitious dialogue, he perceived how necessary it was to embody his philosophical arguments in a life-like and spirited style. The conversations which Socrates actually held in the public places of Athens furnished him with the necessary ground-work of reality for his ideal dialogues, and Socrates, convicting of ignorance the self-satisfied Sophists of the time, was a figure much more interesting to the imagination than Socrates the preacher of positive philosophical truth. From the poetic point of view the 'Dialogues' of Plato will be interesting to all time, but the negative spirit

that permeated so much of the philosophy of himself and his followers is somewhat out of harmony with modern scientific methods, which, since the time of Bacon, ground themselves on positive experiment and research.

The Socrates of Xenophon appears to us in an exactly opposite and much more modern light. Xenophon was an Athenian Conservative. A lover of discipline and order, he had, no doubt, politically, a preference for the oligarchical *régime* of Sparta, but he was in favour of maintaining the established constitution of his native city*: he recognised the value of religious education and customary morality; accordingly he was seriously impressed by the force of Anytus' attack on the subversive tendencies of Socrates' merely negative dialectic, and his defence was directed to showing that the opinions of Socrates were not really irreligious, and that his negative logic was only the first necessary step towards fortifying the minds of his young disciples with positive philosophy. "When Socrates," he says, "saw that Euthydemus"—(one of those whom he had convicted of ignorance)—"was disposed to learn, he no longer puzzled him with questions, but explained to him in the simplest and clearest manner what he ought to know, and what it would be best for him to study."† No doubt, in point of intellect, Socrates appears in the conversations recorded in Xenophon's 'Memorabilia' greatly inferior to the ideal protagonist of Plato's 'Dialogues,' but as a good man and a good citizen he conciliates our sympathies

* As to this, see the opinion, probably Xenophon's, expressed in the treatise 'On the Government of Athens,' Section 1.

† 'Memorabilia,' Book iv. cap. 2.

more strongly. "Of those," says Xenophon, "who knew what sort of a man Socrates was, such as are lovers of virtue continue to regret him above all other men, even to the present day, as having contributed in the highest degree to their advancement in goodness."* These are evidently the words of a man speaking from his heart about the influence which one whom he reverences as his teacher has had upon his own life; and Xenophon is himself the best proof of the beneficial effects which, in the self-conscious atmosphere of declining Athens, the teaching of Socrates could produce, when acting upon young men of good disposition. In the 'Anabasis' we constantly see the fruits of the Socratic education of the author. In particular, the piety on which Xenophon insists as, perhaps, the most promirent feature of Socrates' character, shows itself in every action of his disciple. He had been, in the first instance, directed by Socrates to consult the oracle at Delphi as to whether or not he should join the expedition of Cyrus, and he tells us very candidly how, wishing to go, he did not put the question in the form ordered by Socrates, but asked instead to which of the Gods he should pray for the success of his journey. An answer having been returned to this question, he relates how he was blamed by Socrates for not having asked whether it would be better for him to go or stay at home, but was afterwards told, as he had put the question in the way that he did, to sacrifice as the God commanded. During the retreat of the Ten Thousand, whenever Xenophon finds himself in a difficult situation he

* 'Memorabilia,' Book iv cap. 8.

refers the matter to the decision of the Gods. On one occasion, being in apparently desperate straits, he relates how he was encouraged by a heaven-sent dream; and when deliverance came, he tells us his first action was to pour a libation to his divine preservers. On another occasion, when the omens at the sacrifice appeared doubtful, he is careful to point out to his readers how completely the event justified him in following the line of conduct suggested by the heavenly sign. When the expedition came to a successful end and the booty was divided among the army, Xenophon devoutly dedicates a tenth part of his own share to the service of Apollo and Artemis. In all these actions we note the teaching of the master who had such implicit faith in the promptings of his own Daimon.

It is not only in the religious turn of Xenophon's thought, but in the practical qualities displayed by him as a leader of men, that we trace the beneficial effects of the Socratic teaching. A more inspiring example of unselfishness, energy, and intellectual resource than appears in Xenophon's modest narrative of his own conduct during the retreat of the Ten Thousand is not to be found in the pages of history. It is also full of traits immediately touching our own instincts of humanity. Now he appeals, like Sarpedon in the 'Iliad,' to the feeling of honour: "In the name of Heaven let us not wait for others to come and exhort us to noble deeds, but let us be ourselves the first to urge others to exert their valour." Now we see him toiling on an equality with the rank and file of the army in a crisis where the salvation of all depends upon the individual

energy put forth by each. His tender care of the disabled stragglers in desperate moments during the retreat offers an advantageous contrast to the selfish cruelty of Napoleon when he found himself embarrassed by his sick and wounded in Egypt. Above all, the practical effects of Socrates' logical teaching on a receptive mind may be observed in Xenophon's tactful handling of the retreating army. As the leader of miscellaneous "Condottieri," his difficulties even in modern times would have been great; but they were infinitely increased by the fact that his volunteer troops were members of free communities, accustomed to self-government and little amenable to discipline. Xenophon had, in fact, to govern under the most trying conditions a military democracy, and was always liable to impeachment before it both by discontented soldiers and jealous rivals. His history shows him at one time accused of wishing to sacrifice the general interests to his own ambition, by founding a military colony on the Euxine; at another he was attacked for the necessary sternness with which he enforced discipline; and on a third occasion he had to face a mutiny which, if the leaders of it had succeeded, must have placed the Ten Thousand in a position fatal to the chances of their safe return to Greece. In all these situations the habit of clear and logical thought which he had acquired from the teaching of Socrates enabled him to cope with his turbulent followers. His recorded speeches are models of dialectic, and the tact, the courtesy, and the persuasive argument by which he brought his audience to the conclusions that he desired, are admirable examples of Socratic reasoning.

And this brings me naturally to speak of the modern features of Xenophon as a historian, when compared with his great predecessor, Thucydides. Both of them relate contemporary actions in which Greeks are the protagonists; both took part in the actions which they describe; both were exiled from their country in consequence of their conduct being regarded as injurious to the State. But the temper of each is widely different. Thucydides devotes his attention entirely to the purely Greek interest of the Peloponnesian War; he describes with the philosophical air of an impartial observer the relations of the different Hellenic States to each other, the character of each community, the importance of each event in the general drift of Hellenic conflict; he never mentions himself, though we know that his exile from Athens was due to his conduct during the war. In the 'Anabasis' of Xenophon, on the contrary, we see the Greeks brought into contact with the barbarian world, while the personality of the writer is necessarily rendered prominent by the nature of the situation in which he was placed.

Hence, while the leading feature of Thucydides' history is its air of philosophic observation, the leading feature of Xenophon's is romantic picturesqueness. We get quite away from the purely classic interest of the Peloponnesian War. The characters of the leading actors in the 'Anabasis'—Cyrus, Clearchus, Cheirisophus, and others—are sketched by the pen of Xenophon in their bold human outlines, unaffected by the nice distinctions of civic intrigue which make up so much of the total effect in the portraits of Thucydides. For the

first time, too, the vast spaces of Eastern life and character are brought into relation with the life of the West. Greek and barbarian collide, not as in the history of Herodotus, where the small armies of free civic Greece are seen standing on their defence against the myriad subjects of Oriental despotism, but as the pioneers of the later movements which have carried the political aspirations, the civil arts, and the military strategy of Europe into the heart of India, China, and Japan. The experiences of the retreating Greeks among the mountains of Armenia read like an anticipation of the difficulties of our own armies on the Himalayan frontiers, and the desultory attacks of the tribesmen on the disciplined Greeks recall the difficulties of English soldiers in the Afghan War of 1879, or on the march to Chitral. The traveller in the vivid descriptions of the 'Anabasis' may march to-day in the track of the Ten Thousand from the Great Wall of Media to the fords of the River Zab; he may accompany them along the devious paths which enabled them to elude the opposition of the Kurds in the rocky passes of their mountains; he can stand with sympathy on the exact spot where Xenophon records the despair he felt at finding himself confronted with the strong lines of the enemy drawn up to bar his passage at what seemed to be the single ford of the river Kentrites: he can realise on the heights above Erzeroum the sufferings of the Greeks, smitten with snow-blindness and frost-bites as they struggled across the Armenian hills; and he can imagine the joy with which after their first glimpse of the sea from Gaur Tagh, the whole army

received at Trebizond the proposal of Antileon to finish their return to Greece on shipboard:

"For my part, my friends, I am quite exhausted with packing my kit, walking, running, carrying arms, marching in the ranks, mounting guard, and fighting; and I could wish since we have arrived at the sea, to rest from such labours, and to sail the rest of the way, arriving in Greece, like Odysseus, outstretched and asleep."*

Xenophon was not only a writer of romantic history, he was the inventor of historical romance. His 'Cyropaedia' scarcely makes any pretence to be really historical. Professing to relate the history of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire, it in reality presents an idealised portrait of Cyrus, the leader of the expedition of the Ten Thousand; under cover of describing the educational system of the early Persians, it gives an imaginative account of the Lacedaemonian discipline which Xenophon admired: the figure of Cyrus himself is used for the purpose of introducing that Socratic method of dialectic reasoning about social and military problems, which, as I have said, may be noted in the discourses of Xenophon to the retreating Greeks. In all these respects Xenophon's work furnished a model to successors who, in mediaeval and modern times, have followed in his footsteps as writers of historical romance. Thus his practice of using historical personages to allegorise contemporary men was copied by Mlle. de Scudéry when she employed the figure of Cyrus to represent the great Condé, and introduced into her famous romance, under cover

* 'Anabasis,' Book v, cap. 1.

of Persian female names, portraits of Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de Sablé, and the other noble ladies who led the fashion in the society of the Hotel Rambouillet during the wars of the Fronde. In the 'Cyropaedia' also appears the first glimpse of Love as the principal element in Romance. The affecting story of the devoted attachment between Panthea and her husband, Abradatas, no doubt gave the original hint to the numerous Greek novelists (one of whom, it may be remembered, bore the name of Xenophon) who, in the decadent days of the Roman Empire, interested their readers in the vicissitudes of faithful lovers, thereby pointing out a new path to the mediaeval *trouvères* who told the stories of Enid and Gawaine, Tristram and Iseult.

Finally we come to the very modern figure that Xenophon presents in his domestic capacity. During the retreat of the Ten Thousand the civic ties that bound him to his native city seem to have been loosened: at any rate there is no record of his having returned to Athens; but he joined Agesilaus, King of Sparta, in his campaigns against the Persians, in Asia Minor, and, apparently being attached above all things to his general, accompanied him when, at the confused battle of Coroneia, Agesilaus commanded the Lacedaemonians against a miscellaneous army of Athenians, Argives, Boeotians, and other Hellenic States. We may perhaps assume that, in consequence of his preference of military to civic considerations, he was banished from Athens, and received from the Spartans a present of an estate in Elis, near Olympia, which he occupied till the battle of Mantinea in 371 B.C. It

is certain that he was alive in 357 B.C., and many circumstances point to the fact that some of his writings were produced as late as 351 B.C., when the Greek States were feeling their first alarm at the growing power of the Macedonian Monarchy. In his retreat at Skillus he no doubt composed most of his remaining works, and his charming description of his home will commend itself to the hearts of all country-loving Englishmen, both in its religious feeling and the graceful simplicity of its style.

"The river Selinus happens to run through the estate, and another river named Selinus runs close by the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, and in both there are different kinds of fish and shell-fish.

"On the land near Skillus, too, there is hunting of all such beasts as are taken in the chase. Xenophon built also an altar and a temple with the consecrated money, and continued afterwards to make a sacrifice every year, always receiving a tenth of the produce of the seasons from the land; and all the people of the town, as well as the men and women of the neighbourhood, took part in the festival, while the goddess supplied those in tents there with barley-meal, bread, wine, sweetmeats, and a share of the victims offered from the sacred pastures, and of those caught in the chase; for the sons of Xenophon and those of other inhabitants always made a general hunt against the festival, and such of the men as were willing hunted with them; and there were caught, partly on the sacred lands, partly on Mount Pholoe, boars, and antelopes, and deer. This piece of ground lies on the road from Lacedaemon to Olympia, about twenty stadia from the Temple of Zeus at Olympia. There are within the place groves and hills covered with trees adapted for the breeding of pigs, goats, oxen, and horses, so that the beasts of those

who come to the festival are amply supplied with food. Round the Temple itself is planted a grove of cultivated trees, bearing whatever fruits are eatable in the different seasons. The edifice is similar, as far as a small can be to a great one, to that at Ephesus, and the statue is as like as a statue of cypress wood can be to a statue of gold. A pillar stands near the Temple bearing this inscription:

"This ground is sacred to Artemis. He that possesses and reaps the fruits of it is to offer every year the tenth of its produce, and to keep the Temple in repair from the residue. If anyone fail to perform these conditions, the Goddess will take notice of his neglect."*

Occupied in these pious duties Xenophon passed in his quiet home the simple life of a country gentleman and a sportsman, and here he seems to have composed the many surviving monuments of his varied tastes. In his 'Oeconomicus' he has left us the picture of an intelligent master of a Greek house and farm, which is particularly interesting, as showing how modern were the opinions he held of the relations between husband and wife, compared with those of his great countryman, Pericles. Pericles, as we see from his celebrated Funeral Oration, took the ordinary Greek view that wives should live in the inferior position assigned to them in eastern countries; and, as he showed by his own example, his sole idea of intellectual equality in the intercourse of the sexes was grounded on the irregular companionship with the class called Hetaerae. But Xenophon, through the mouth of a certain Ischomachus, whom he represents as a model Athenian gentleman, argues that husband and wife are really

* 'Anabasis,' Book v, cap. 3.

on an equality with each other, though each has different duties to perform in the management of the household:

"Tell me, my dear wife," he makes Ischomachus say in a conversation constructed on the usual Socratic lines, "have you considered with what views I married you, and with what object your parents gave you to me? For you must see, as well as I do, that there was no lack of other persons with whom we might each have been united. But when I considered for myself, and your parents for you, whom we might choose as the best partner for a house and children, I preferred you, and your parents, as it appears, preferred me, out of those among whom it was possible to choose."*

And again:

"I desired my wife to consider herself the guardian of the laws established in the house, and to inspect the household arrangements whenever she thought proper, as the commander of a garrison inspects his sentinels; to signify her approval if everything was in good condition, as the Senate signifies its approval of horses and horse soldiers; to praise and honour the deserving like a queen, according to her means, and disgrace any one that required such treatment."†

A glimpse like this gives us a pleasant notion of the well-ordered family at Skillus; and equally suggestive ideas of outdoor pursuits and amusements may be found in Xenophon's Treatises on Riding and Hunting. In the latter, especially, from his habits of close observation and accurate reasoning, he has left us an account of Greek sport which may still be

* 'Oeconomicus,' Cap. vii. † *Ibid.*

read with interest by English masters of hounds. He describes with admirable minuteness the habits of hares, the manner of pursuing them, and the effect of the different seasons on the scent. He recommends names for dogs which, *mutatis mutandis*, have a curious family resemblance to those which are in use to-day. Particularly good is his description of character in the hunting habits of individual hounds.

"Of tracking the hare there are many different modes in a single pack; for some when they have found the track proceed onwards without giving tongue, so that it is not known that they are on it; others merely move their ears and keep their tails still; others keep their ears unmoved, but wag the tips of their tails. Some, again, contract their ears, and looking solemnly down on the track, pursue their way along it with their tails lowered and drawn between their legs; many do none of these things, but run madly about the track when they have fallen upon it, barking and trampling out the scent in a senseless manner. Others, after making many turnings and windings, and discovering the scent in advance of the hare, leave her behind; whenever they run upon the track they seem all abroad, and when they see the hare before them they tremble, and do not advance upon her till they see her start. Whatever dogs, again, in tracking and pursuing run forward, and keep a constant look-out for what other dogs discover, these have no confidence in themselves. Some, on the other hand, are so rash that they do not allow their wise companions to take the lead, but hinder and confuse them. Others, following eagerly a false scent, and showing great excitement at anything they find, take the lead at once, though they know very well that they are deceiving the rest; others do the same without being conscious of it."*

† 'Cynegeticus,' Cap. iii.

It would be easy to multiply examples of Xenophon's modern spirit; but time forbids, and I hope that those I have given may induce some, who perhaps only know him by name, to make the acquaintance of one of the most manly and delightful authors in the whole range of the world's literature.

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

BY PROFESSOR C. LLOYD MORGAN, LL.D., F.R.S.

[Read March 11th, 1910.]

I TAKE as my text a well-known saying of Coleridge's, that "the true antithesis of poetry is not prose but science." I propose to consider, not so muchwhat Coleridge meant by this saying, as what we mean when we either accept or reject it. Nothing like an exhaustive or, indeed, an adequate discussion is possible within the time at my command. I can but attempt to present a point of view.

First, then, What is science? Of course everyone in these enlightened days knows what it is. But the trouble is that what everyone knows is apt to be vague and indefinite in outline. Dull, therefore, as it may be, difficult as it is to steer a course between the Scylla of commonplace and the Charybdis of technicality, I must indicate at some, though I trust not inordinate, length the nature of my own outlook on the field of science.

We live in a world in which many things are happening. We take note of them as they occur, and shape our behaviour in accordance with the experience we gain. I suppose science began when men tried to observe, describe, and explain them systematically. The primary end in view was the guidance of behaviour and conduct in the midst of

these events. But as time went on and knowledge grew, the observation, description, and explanation of happenings and events became an end in and for itself. Not that the practical use to which the scientific knowledge was put ceased to be of importance. What took place was rather that there arose a distinction between science itself and its application to the needs of practical life. Science and the technic arts were differentiated. If, then, we leave on one side this industrial or other such application, important as it is, we may say that it is the business of science first to observe and describe the course of events, and secondly to explain them.

Under what conditions are they to be observed and described? Obviously under many and varied conditions; but, among others, under the conditions of their sequence. Each event has a beginning and an end. We place ourselves in the position of an observer and note the exact nature of the beginning, the exact nature of the end, and the exact nature of the connected sequence between the beginning and the end. But in this complex world a number of events may be going on at once; we have therefore, so far as is possible, to disentangle the event we wish to study from all other events and fix our attention upon it; and we have to be quite sure we have in view its own proper beginning, which is essentially connected with its own proper end. When we have its own beginning we call it the cause, while we call its end the effect. It is clear that we must have the whole event, and nothing but the event, in our mind's eye. Just as everything that is relevant must be included, so, too, must

everything that is irrelevant, from the point of view under consideration, be excluded. Under these conditions we may say that science deals with causes and effects.

Well, of course everyone knows and is quite ready glibly to repeat this formula. But not everyone understands its scientific meaning. Quite a considerable percentage of people—a percentage I will not attempt to estimate—regard the cause as something outside the events making them be what they are. That, as I conceive the matter, is *not* the scientific point of view. For science the cause is the antecedent part of the happening; the effect is the subsequent part. I omit for the sake of brevity all reference to the co-existent conditions, which have also to be taken into consideration. The state of the solar system at the present moment differs from what it was five minutes ago. Something has happened. An event or process has occurred. The planets have swept onwards in their orbits. What makes them perform their easy and orderly dance to the music of the spheres? That is not the question. As a plain matter of fact and observation certain changes do take place. As a matter of interpretation what the physicist calls the configuration at the beginning of the process, or some moment arbitrarily selected as the beginning, is the cause of the configuration at the end of the process regarded as the effect. We don't go outside the process to describe or explain it in scientific terms, save in a sense to be presently indicated.

Parenthetically I may remark that, natural processes being continuous, any given event is connected

with other preceding events and with yet other events which follow. Thus the cause of one event is the effect of some foregoing event, and its effect may be the cause of another which succeeds in due course. In this way trains of natural processes are found to be linked up in series. For science the universe is rather a vast process than a colossal thing—a process which is held to be explicable in terms of connected antecedence, co-existence, and sequence. It is the business of science to explain it. But what do we mean by explain? It is found that the beginnings and ends of events take place in accordance with definite rules. These rules are, from one point of view, simply general expressions of the fact that as a matter of observation events do occur together and run their course in certain definite ways which science may formulate. But that is not all. In accordance with these rules science frames a thought-model, or in technical phrase an ideal construction. Thus the astronomer frames an ideal construction of the solar system, the physicist conceives a thought-model of the atom, and so forth. It must be a working model, and it must express symbolically all the essential facts and nothing but the facts—at any rate must not conflict with the facts. The fascinating task on which the man of science is engaged—I mean here the real man of science who is contributing by research to the advance of knowledge—his fascinating task is the re-fashioning of thought-models, and to this end the making of new observations of his own and the collating of the observations of others. In a sense, then, we are constantly going outside the process as

actually observed; we are bringing it into relation with the ideal construction framed for the interpretation of such processes. That is what we mean by scientific explanation. Of every particular process we ask: Within what ideal construction does it fall? What answers to it in the scheme of thought which represents, as in a working model, the scheme of things?

Let us here pause to take note of two essential characteristics of this method of procedure: first the detachment of the standpoint of science. By detachment I mean this: that the happenings and events are treated in and for themselves, and the ideal construction is something which we project on to the screen of the universe as interpreted. It is true that we cannot have observations without an observer, nor reasonings concerning them without a rational being. But science eliminates as far as possible all special idiosyncrasies of the particular observer and reasoner, and presents the results reached by his observations and his constructive thought as disclosing the real nature of the phenomenal universe, with all its varied events and happenings. How these events appeal to us, stir us, move us, affect us emotionally, stimulate our pity or wonder, our likings and dislikings, our sorrow or laughter, our love or hate—all this is wholly outside the interpretation of these events by science. Science views them so far as is possible in complete detachment from all these very real human interests. Obviously I don't mean that we should study or can study any branch of science without feeling interested in it—for after all even the student of science is also a

human being. But I say that scientific results, when they are reached and when they are understood, are in a sense independent of our interest. There are the facts, and there is the interpretation in terms of ideal construction: if you are interested in them so much the better for you; but it doesn't alter either the facts or the reasonings. The appeal to your interest is another story.

The second point to notice is this: that when science has dispassionately explained an event in terms of connected antecedence, co-existence, and sequence—in terms of the beginning and the end, and the connection between them—in terms, too, of the appropriate ideal construction, its interpretation is done. No doubt a number of other questions may be asked. How is it that there is a system of Nature with its series of events? How come there to be general rules of sequence or laws of Nature? What is, or ought to be, our attitude towards them and towards some power, which, as we may believe, brings them into being and controls them? There are many such questions—real and vital questions, for man. But they are not scientific questions, at any rate not questions for empirical science. They may be philosophical questions, or metaphysical questions, or theological questions, or (to employ the least inadequate term) metempirical questions; but they are not scientific questions. Empirical science as such has no concern with them; they belong to a different branch of human inquiry.

Now in such a great and complex universe as that in which we live, where there are such a vast number of multifarious events with which we have

to deal, and where the events are connected and related in such various ways, men of science have to divide themselves up into groups, each of which studies some particular class of events, or some particular kind of connection or relationship among the events. Stress may be laid either on the connections and relationships themselves as they obtain in events of many different kinds, or upon the events themselves, within which there obtain relationships of several diverse orders. Thus the members of one group of men of science, the mathematicians, select the numerical and quantitative relationships and devise the best methods of dealing with them. These relationships are common to all kinds of events. Others select for study the physical or chemical relationships which characterise certain kinds of events. On the other hand, the astronomers deal with the events themselves—events of a particular kind—those which take place, let us say, in the solar system; the geologists study those events which occur, or have occurred, during the changes of the earth's surface, and the crust of the earth which lies beneath it; the biologists select as their field of study the events of animal or plant life, and so on. Thus we get the sciences, or the branches of science, divided into relationship-sciences and event-sciences. They are mutually dependent, though in different degrees. The biologist, for example, in his study of the processes of living organisms as an event-science, has to utilise the conclusions reached by physicists and chemists in their relationship-sciences, while the chemists and physicists have to utilise the results of that

wider and more abstract relationship-science, mathematics. Each branch of science has to develop the best possible method, whether it be for interpreting a sequence of events or for elucidating a set of relationships—the best method from its own special standpoint. The term "science," therefore, covers not only a body of results, but also the method, or group of methods, by which these results are reached—not only an interpretation of Nature but a method of investigation.

The next question is this: What are we to understand by events, or happenings, or occurrences, or processes, and are there any such happenings (to select one of these words) which are not included within the field of scientific investigation? I think that we must reply that everything that happens in this universe may be regarded as an event or occurrence or process, and that nothing which can be empirically interpreted in terms of connected antecedence, co-existence, and sequence is outside the scope of scientific method. A timid lad comes in with blanched cheeks and says he has seen a ghost. Is this a matter for scientific investigation? Unquestionably it is. First, there has been a series of mental happenings, which psychology endeavours to investigate in accordance with its methods and in relation to its ideal construction. There has been a mental process that had a beginning and an end which were in some way connected and related. Psychology as a science deals with mental processes in terms of antecedence, co-existence, and sequence. Secondly, there has been a physiological process which resulted in the blanched face and twitching

mouth. Thirdly, something occurred, we will assume, in the lane down which the lad passed, which he rightly or wrongly interpreted as a ghostly apparition. If there was such a happening, science may investigate it and may reach its own interpretation, to be compared with that of the lad. It is part of the business of science to bring mental happenings into relation with bodily happenings and with happenings outside the body in the surrounding world.

Now suppose that you read a poem, are interested in it, are moved by it, and express a judgment of its excellence. Is that a matter for scientific investigation? Why not? There is a mental process with beginning and end, with a mode of development which involves certain psychological relationships. This process may be compared with other such processes, and the particular case may be explained in reference to the general rules which hold good in such cases. But just here I anticipate a note of protest. It will be said that when we inquire into the worth and value of the judgment we enter a different universe of discourse. No doubt, it will be urged, the psychologist may attempt to indicate certain antecedent conditions which serve to make the judgment what it is—inherited aptitudes, a liberal education, and so forth. In doing this, however, you are dealing with the genesis of the judgment as a mere psychological fact. You do not afford a criterion for the estimation of its value and worth. To this the man of science will make answer: Why should we not describe and compare worth-judgments and

ascertain their relationships, just as we compare any other facts and processes? Why should we not frame an ideal construction in the science of aesthetics just in the same way as we do in physics? For the good and sufficient reason that in such cases the facts are not only facts, perhaps we may say, with assured confidence, not chiefly facts, but also values. But is not this also true of physics? When we compare the weight of a cubic inch of aluminium with that of a cubic inch of lead, the facts are not only facts, but also values—values in terms of weight. What, after all, are values but compared relations? and why should aesthetic values be excluded from the purview of a relationship science? Because the values are of a wholly different order. From the standpoint of physical science the weight values are just properties of the aluminium or the lead under the conditions of the earth's attraction. They link up with other physical values by which they may be checked under the conditions of experiment and observation. But the value or worth of a poem lies not so much in the poem as in its appeal to you, or me, or somebody. It links up, indeed, with other such values; but there is no common standard of valuation which can be fixed in the same definite and detached way as the standard weight of a pound avoirdupois.

I should weary you if I carried further, as I might, this discussion. My own opinion is that what may be termed values of appeal, in aesthetics and ethics, for example, do afford material for scientific study, but only on the condition that the investigation is conducted from the point of view of an independent

observer standing outside them, who must preserve his attitude of scientific detachment and must study them as dispassionately and coolly as he studies any other happenings or relationships in the universe of thought and things. But here we come upon the distinction which I conceive to be real and fundamental. It is the distinction between felt experience and knowledge about it. In the latter we are centres of projection from which emanate ideal constructions and scientific treatises. In the former we are centres of influence—influencing and being influenced. Is there not a vast difference—a difference *toto coelo*—between living and conducting a biological research on life-processes, between feeling and pursuing a psychological investigation of the feelings, between the glow of moral satisfaction or the numbing ache of remorse and an ethical disquisition on their nature and origin, between the appreciation of a beautiful poem, a noble cathedral, a great picture, a rich symphony, and a discussion of aesthetic principles. Whether aesthetics and ethics may claim the rank of branches of science or not, they endeavour to develop systematic knowledge of certain modes of human experience; and there is all the difference in the world between having an experience such as a thrill of genuine appreciation and knowing anything or even everything about it.

I must now apologise for bringing three little bits of coal to Newcastle, and quoting two familiar sonnets and a short prose extract as pegs on which to hang some further remarks—as texts for the second part of my discourse. I give the two sonnets first without comment.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

"Mysterious night! When our first parent knew
Thee from report Divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this wondrous frame,
This gorgeous canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame
Hesperus, with the host of heaven came;
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find
Whilst tree and leaf and insect stood revealed
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why should we then shun Death with anxious strife,
If Light can so deceive, wherefore not Life?"

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

"Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old,
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself."

Now in these two sonnets the form and the method of treatment are not the form or method characteristic of science. The purpose is not the explanation

of events under the canons of scientific exposition. Each makes a direct appeal to us—to which we may or may not respond—an appeal through the mode of expression, an appeal through the form of thought, an appeal to which we must, if we appreciate the sonnet, vitally respond in some fashion. A human being is telling us something of his mind and heart, so that the movements of our minds and the beat of our hearts may answer to his. So far from there being any effort to assume an attitude of detachment from what is set before us, man speaks to man, relying upon a kindred nature. Blanco White, in what has been termed "his one immortal sonnet," reminds us that in the glare of sunlight all the starry heavens are hidden from view, and he asks whether in the glare of life much may not be hidden which the darkness of death will reveal. Is he dealing with light and life in their detachment from human needs and aspirations as in a paragraph in a book on optics or one from a treatise on biology? Far from it. Just in its supreme human interest lies the power of the sonnet's appeal. Longfellow sketches some of the episodes of history which the Old Bridge at Florence has witnessed. Is it his purpose to teach us history? By no means. But he does want us to *feel* the abiding influence of history, which has touched even the stones of the Old Bridge at Florence. But do the stones really feel? Can they glory in the fact that Michael Angelo has leaned on them? Perchance not. The sonnet is an example, not of scientific interpretation, but of that kind of literature which is called poetry.

My prose quotation is from Ruskin, where he

tells of the influence on Turner of the subdued tints of a Swiss landscape:

"He took pleasure in them," we are told, "because he had been bred among English fields and hills; because the gentleness of a great race was in his heart, and its power of thought in his brain; because he knew the stories of the Alps, and of the cities at their feet; because he had read the Homeric legends of the clouds and beheld the gods of dawn and the givers of dew to the fields; because he knew the faces of the crags and the imagery of the passionate mountains, as a man knows the face of his friend; because he had in him the wonder and sorrow concerning life and death, which are the inheritance of the Gothic soul from the days of its first sea kings; and also the compassion and the joy that are woven into the innermost fibre of every great imaginative Spirit, born now in countries that have lived by the Christian faith with any courage or truth."

In this passage, then, we are told that Turner took pleasure in and was influenced by Alpine scenery, *because* he had been bred among English fields and hills, and *because* the gentleness of a great race was in his heart, and its power of thought in his brain. This is followed up by other clauses, each beginning with the same word. And yet do we not feel that the main purpose of the passage is literary and not scientific? The form and structure of the passage are literary. The appeal is literary. Ruskin's aim is to help us to appreciate Turner and his work. In each clause he wants *us* to feel the influences which affected the artist. He wants *us* to appreciate the imagery of the passionate mountains, and the wonder and sorrow concerning life

and death, the scientific relevance of which to Swiss scenery is not obvious. He says in effect: "You won't even understand the appeal of scenery to Turner unless you realise in imagination what Turner was as a man. My object is to call up the appropriate mental attitude." In and through this appeal to our appreciation by reference to certain values which he must make us feel—not only understand, mark you, but feel in the innermost fibres of our mental being—in order that we may admire Turner's work, Ruskin was using the methods of the man of letters rather than those of the man of science.

Now I shall not be so unwise as to attempt a definition of literature. I merely venture to contend that it is always intrinsically and essentially an appeal from man to man. Of course, viewed from without, as aesthetics endeavours to view it, the appeal is under certain canons regarding matter and form of thought, feeling, and expression. But literature, as embodied in the strong, free, independent man of letters, as it pulses in the give and take of its inner life, snaps its fingers at the canons. The man of letters just makes his appeal and presses it home in any way which shall be effective. It is sometimes urged that it must be an appeal to our sense of beauty. Unquestionably it often is such an appeal. But does this important appeal exhaust the field? Is there not literature that appeals to our sense of the weird, the ridiculous, the humorous, the funny—even the nonsensical? May we not say that the appeal of literature is to the whole wide gamut of the emotions? And why the emotions

only? What about the intellect and the will? Is not great literature splendidly intellectual? Assuredly it is, though perhaps we may say that it is not so much *to* the intellect as *through* the intellect to the whole being. It is richly intellectual, but it is never narrowly intellectualistic. Science and some forms of philosophy are intellectualistic—not literature; just as theology is intellectualistic—not religion.

Literature, like science, employs the method of ideal construction. Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is assuredly a product of ideal construction. But the office of the man of letters is different from that of the man of science. Both employ imagination; and the product of the imagination is in each case an embodiment of more or less abstract conceptions. The man of science utilises imagination to illustrate his conceptions in concrete form. His imaginative embodiment is always a transcription or symbolisation of empirically observed or observable facts—facts as they are in the phenomenal world. It is conditioned by the stern realities of the universe so far as these may be ascertained. The imaginative embodiment of the man of letters is not so conditioned. The conditions imposed on him are not those of brute fact but those of his art. It may no doubt be urged that great literature is true to Nature; but it is Nature as transformed by the human mind, not Nature as transcribed in scientific interpretation. Literature makes its appeal through the medium of an ideal construction framed and fashioned by the creative artist to this very end; whereas the purpose of the ideal construction of

science is to elucidate the phenomena of the universe.

If we contend that literature always involves a personal appeal, and urge that it is always an appeal to some phase of the man's whole being—of his experience and not an isolated section of that experience—it is obvious that some branch of scientific literature may make such an appeal. But the primary purpose of the man of science, as such, is not to appeal but to interpret, though no doubt as man and writer he may also wish to make a personal appeal. Take up a scientific treatise in which evaporation is discussed, the facts described, the relationships disclosed, an explanation discovered. The aim is to develop a scheme of interpretation—to frame an adequate ideal construction. The conditions of acceptance are that the interpretation and explanation shall be consonant with the whole body of scientific doctrine. We may say that the treatment is admirable both in substance and in form, and that it affords a thrill of appreciative satisfaction. Well and good. But this was not the primary purpose of the man of science as such. His scientific aim was to explain. It may chance that he is an artist as well. Every worthy man of science is an artist whose art-work is the interpretation of Nature, and as artist he makes his appeal. As man of science his purpose is to explain, not to afford personal satisfaction or to evoke sympathy. Indeed, in a sense as man of science, he bids us resolutely exclude all wider emotional appeal. "Feel as much as you please," he says in effect, "but you must not let your feelings warp your judgment." That, surely,

is part of the intellectualistic attitude of science. And now having laid aside the treatise on evaporation, read just a little sentence translated from a Persian poet:

"The sun sinks down in the ocean and azure-hued vapours arise. It is Nature's incense of devotion perfuming the heavens."

Is that the purely intellectualistic attitude from the standpoint of scientific detachment? Are the conditions of acceptance strictly logical? Is the primary aim explanation under the same canons? I think not. This little fragment of literature makes different fibres of my mental being tingle. The appreciation is of a different order from that of solely intellectual satisfaction.

But after all, it may be said, there is a literature of science, as well as what may be termed the literature of broader and wider appeal, of which we may take poetry as an example. There are, however, distinguishing features in method. While both science and poetry depend on the existing mental background of those to whom they severally appeal —depend, to vary the analogy, upon the soil in which their germinal ideas are sown—they depend thereon in markedly different degrees. Furthermore, in an adequate treatise on science it is expected of the author to supply to a very large extent the background in which his conceptions are set or to furnish references to accredited sources of information. He has not only to give us his thought, but to exhibit with due diligence and care its relationships, and indicate its exact position in the scheme of scientific

knowledge. Not to do so is to fail in the art of scientific exposition. With the poet it is different. It is no part of his function to supply the mental background. That you must bring for yourself to the study and appreciation of his work. And the fuller and richer your background the more sympathetically will you respond to the poet's appeal. Hence the fact that it is suggestive rather than expository.

> "What does it all mean, poet? Well
> Your brains beat into rhythm, *you tell*
> *What we felt only,*"

as Browning says. How much is condensed in those six little words; or again, in the four words to which these two lines lead up—

> "But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear,
> The rest may reason and welcome; *'tis we musicians know.*"

How suggestive is Tennyson's line—

> "Heaven and earth are threads of the same loom."

So subtle and even elusive is the suggestiveness of poetry, from the merely intellectualistic standpoint, as to give rise to the paradox which Mr. Crothers felicitously expresses when he says: "To understand poetry is a vain ambition. That which we fully understand is the part that is *not* poetry. It is that which passes the understanding which has the secret in itself."

I must again draw attention to the distinction, which I regard as fundamental, between the life of

experience as it is felt to be coursing within us, and an explanation, necessarily in intellectualistic terms, as set forth in the ideal constructions of those branches of science which are called psychology and aesthetics. The influence of literature on the inner life is one thing; the interpretation of the facts, even in terms of value, is another thing. The distinction is a real and valid one, though it is difficult to render articulate. I can only appeal to experience. Take music for example. Is there a difference between the influence of music, when you actually hear and are stirred by it, on the form and flow of your experience, and a discussion of the tonal and harmonic relationships or a disquisition on the aesthetic principles involved? Or take science. Is there a difference between the science itself as a dispassionate, as far as possible an impersonal and detached interpretation of phenomena, and the influence of that interpretation upon the deeper currents of our mental being?

De Quincey drew the distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The former is relatively impersonal, the latter is never impersonal; its power lies in its human appeal. I suppose we may take a scientific treatise as an example of the literature of knowledge. Its characteristic excellences are perfect lucidity of statement, skilful marshalling of the facts, logical coherence, soundness of generalisation, a body of doctrine which is true to all the essential facts and serves as a means of interpreting them. Now this affords an appeal to the intellect by a man who has the gift of exposition.

It carries with it intellectual satisfaction, which is a mode not only of knowledge but also of feeling. The man of science, through the literature of knowledge, becomes so far a man of letters; but his appeal is to us as desirous of scientific knowledge. Professor Huxley thus contributed liberally to the literature of knowledge, but he was also a man of letters in a much wider sense. He contributed to the literature of power. I take it that, as man of letters in this more catholic acceptation, he stands or falls by his masterly 'Essays.' Some of them are mainly expository and scientific. But is it this that has given them a place in English literature? I think not. Their chief, their vital bearing, is on the influence of science on human thought and on the attitude we should assume towards the universe. The burden of his message is that the advent of science must change our whole outlook on Nature, on life, on education, and on religion; and not only our outlook, our vital income from these sources. He frankly and fearlessly preached Agnosticism. He was not merely concerned in describing facts and formulating explanations, the validity of which was to be determined by the recognised canons of scientific interpretation; he was not only a maker of scientific knowledge to be criticised and accepted or rejected by students of science. This, no doubt, was part of his purpose. But the wider purpose which lay behind this, and which runs through the whole series of 'Essays,' regarded as a whole, is an appeal through science to men and women to modify their whole conception of the universe—not only as a product of the intellect, but also as an influence on

life and conduct. This it is which raises Huxley's 'Essays' to the level of the literature of power. They make an appeal not only to men of science as such, but to all thoughtful people, *as men*. That is why they have to be reckoned with by all who would understand and appreciate and assess at their true value the currents of human thought in the latter half of the nineteenth century. We may or may not agree with the doctrine they preach, but if we take it into consideration at all it does not leave us unaffected; it is not meant to leave us unaffected, nor are we only affected with a glow of purely intellectual satisfaction, such as Euclid's 'Elements,' or Newton's 'Principia,' or even Darwin's 'Origin of Species' call forth in those who are adequately instructed and read these great works in a scientific spirit. They affect us in deeper manner; they call forth a more whole-hearted response, they evoke a more strenuous attitude; we must either accept with glad acclaim or reject with resentment and wrath. This is not something that only contributes to our knowledge and to the satisfaction which knowledge brings. It is something that affects our very life, as it underlies the threefold expression of mental being, thought, emotion, and the exercise of will. Therefore it belongs to the literature of power.

It would seem, then, that the making of science is one thing; and this in its spirit and purpose is antithetical to literature; that the presentation of science in papers and treatises is another thing; and this, if the form of presentation is appropriate to the end in view, may contribute to the literature of knowledge: and that the utilisation of the results

of science for the purpose of influencing in some way men's whole lives, and the modes of mental being that underlie thought, emotion, and action is yet a third thing; and that this (again if the form of presentation and appeal be appropriate to the end in view) may contribute to the literature of power. If by science we understand the first thing (the making of science), it does seem to be antithetical to literature in its method of dealing with facts, in the detachment of the results it attains, in the impersonal attitude towards the facts and results which it constantly strives to maintain.

It must be remembered, however, that neither science nor the literature of appeal can claim a monopoly of any group of natural phenomena—of any happenings or kind of happenings in this universe. It is not in their subject-matter that literature and science differ. It is in their attitude, and spirit, and purpose. And while science must nicely discriminate and, so to speak, distribute cause and effect, literature, and especially poetry, is not so bound, and is thus more naïve and unsophisticated in its treatment. Coleridge speaks—

> "Of those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars
> That give away their motion to the stars."

What could be truer than this from the point of view of direct observation! And yet how glibly might a smug science-student scoff at the topsy-turvydom of his notion. Give away their motion to the stars, forsooth—the stars, the emblems of fixity and immobility. I am tempted to give one more

example of the difference of attitude I have in mind, taken from Keats' 'Hyperion':

> "In pale and silver silence they remained
> Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
> Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
> All the sad spaces of oblivion,
> And every gulf and every chasm old,
> And every height and every sullen depth,
> Voiceless or hoarse with loud tormented streams,
> And all the everlasting cataracts,
> And all the headlong torrents far and near,
> Mantled before in darkness and huge shade
> Now saw the light and made it terrible."

The man of science would say that light revealed the terror of the place; but how effective in its boldness is the poet's thought and expression. The crags and chasms—

> "Now saw the light and made it terrible."

Is that unscientific? Should we not rather say that it has not, and is not meant to have, any reference at all to scientific interpretation and explanation. It belongs to a wholly different universe of discourse. The aim of Keats was not to explain, but to paint a word-picture which should appeal to us, stir us, move us. Of course it may have no effect upon us, save that of producing a sense of irritation. We must have a receptive imagination of the right sort to clasp hands with the creative imagination of the poet. If we are thoroughly and completely commonplace, a dozen expressions in the passage from Keats will simply annoy us—"pale and silver silence," for example, or "sad spaces of oblivion." The com-

pletely commonplace person may shudder and have a bad feeling of goose-flesh when he reads (if he think it worth while to do so) Lowell's lines—

> "the rich buttercup,
> Its tiny polished urn holds up
> Filled with ripe summer to the edge."

The flower, he will say, isn't a bit like an urn—either a sepulchral urn or a tea-urn. You can't talk (if you want to talk common sense) of a ripe summer, though you may speak of summer as the condition under which pumpkins or gooseberries ripen. And how can you possibly fill the flower to the edge with ripe summer? You can't pour ripe summer from a jug as you fill the tea-urn with boiling water — and so forth. One hears commonplace folk say things scarcely less absurd than these—just because they *are* commonplace, and glory in the fact. They may be worthy people and do excellent work in this varied world—but literary appreciation is not their province—of which they are mightily proud.

But I must now draw to a conclusion. Coleridge said that the true antithesis to poetry is not prose but science. What, then, is the nature of the antithesis between literature and science? I have endeavoured to sketch out briefly what is the aim and purpose of science—to afford a rational interpretation of the happenings of the universe, or of some restricted corner of the universe, in terms of connected antecedence, co-existence, and sequence. In the treatment of science the intellectual faculties are employed under certain limited and restricted

conditions, within which its methods are circumscribed. It excludes all reference to value and worth other than that for its own specific purpose of a particular kind of rational interpretation. It is intellectualistic to the core. It is in large measure—and perhaps we may say, in accordance with its ideal, completely impersonal. Now the appeal of literature is never impersonal. It may be splendidly intellectual but it is never exclusively intellectualistic. Value and worth for other ends than interpretation by the pure cold reason are constantly present, and the value and worth are felt not analytically discussed. Insistence on the importance of literary form—form of thought and form of expression—does but emphasise the appeal to something in our nature, other than, wider than, deeper than scientific apprehension and comprehension. In the appeal of literature man as man, in one or more of his many varied moods and aspirations—especially those which are primitive and deep-seated—is always central. That I suppose is the force of the good old-fashioned word, "humanities." Science projects upon the universe an intellectualistic interpretation: it happens to be man's interpretation; but that is in a sense incidental. So far as possible science renders the interpretation impersonal. Literature reverses the process. At large, and in its whole sweep, it gives adequate expression to the appeal of the universe to man in all the rich variety of his nature. Man is always explicitly or by implication central.

The antithesis, then, which, with Coleridge's *dictum* as my text, I have striven to make clear, is

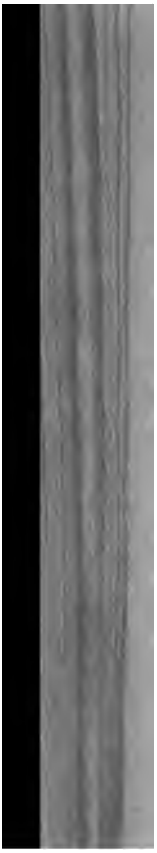
that between the projection of an intellectualistic interpretation on to surrounding Nature, and a literary presentation of some influence of Nature in its bearing upon man's life as the central focus of such influence. Need I ask, in conclusion, to which category the star-reference of Robert Browning or the sea-reference of Walt Whitman belong?

MY STAR.

"All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar),
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matters to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it."

Thus Browning. And thus Walt Whitman:

"Had I the choice to tally greatest bards,
To limn their portraits, beautiful, and emulate at will
Homer with all his wars and warriors, Hector, Achilles, Ajax,
Or Shakespeare's woe-estrangéd Hamlet, Lear, Othello,
Tennyson's fair ladies—
Metre or wit the best, or choice conceit to wield in perfect rhyme, delight of singers;
These, these, O Sea! all these I'd gladly barter
Would you the undulation of one wave, its trick to me transfer,
Or breathe one breath of yours upon my verse,
And leave its odour there."



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